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April 13, 1929

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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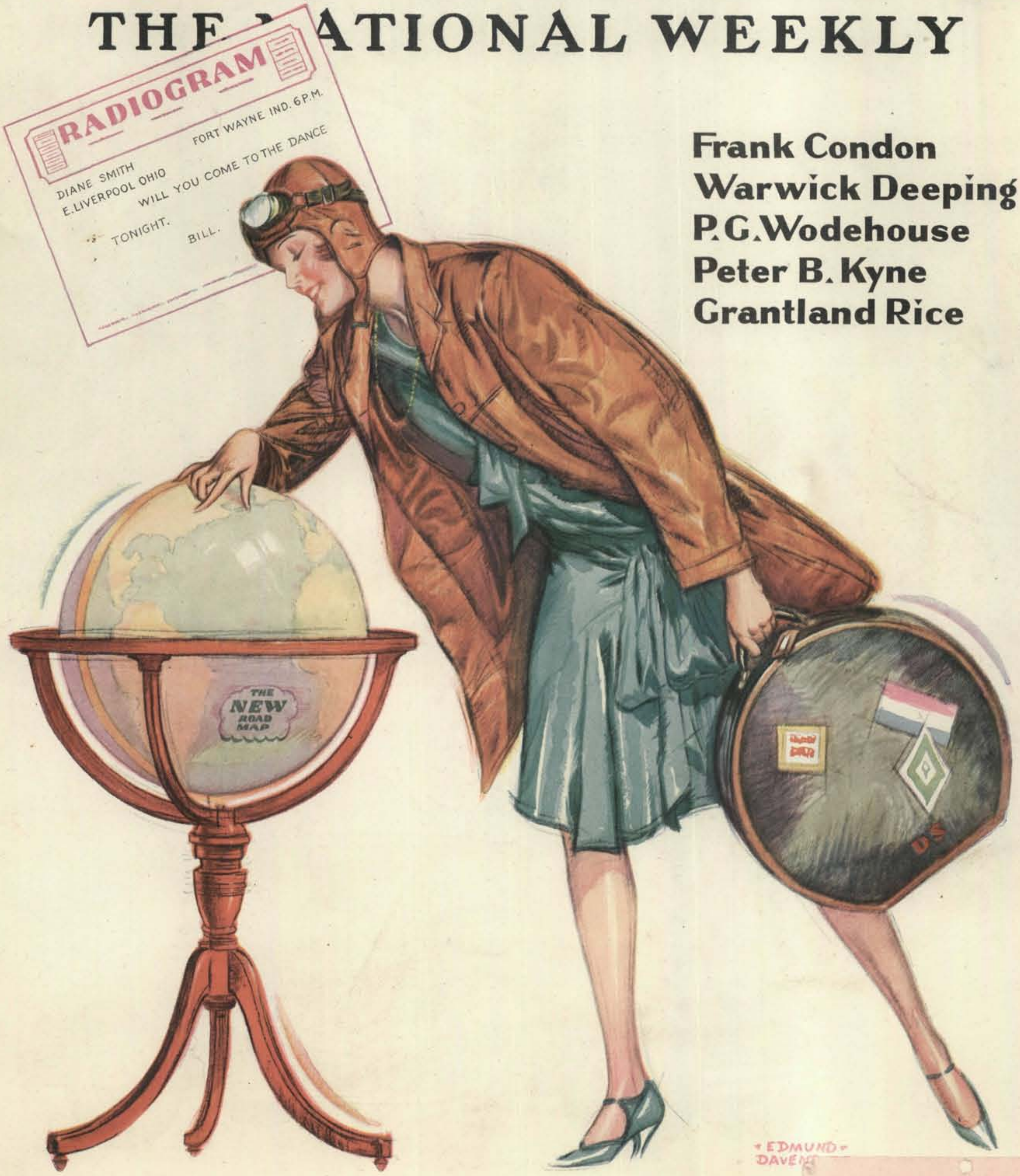
RADIOGRAM
FORT WAYNE IND. 6 P.M.
DIANE SMITH
E. LIVERPOOL OHIO
WILL YOU COME TO THE DANCE
TONIGHT.
BILL.
THE NEW ROAD MAP
US
EDMUND DAVEN

April 13, 1929

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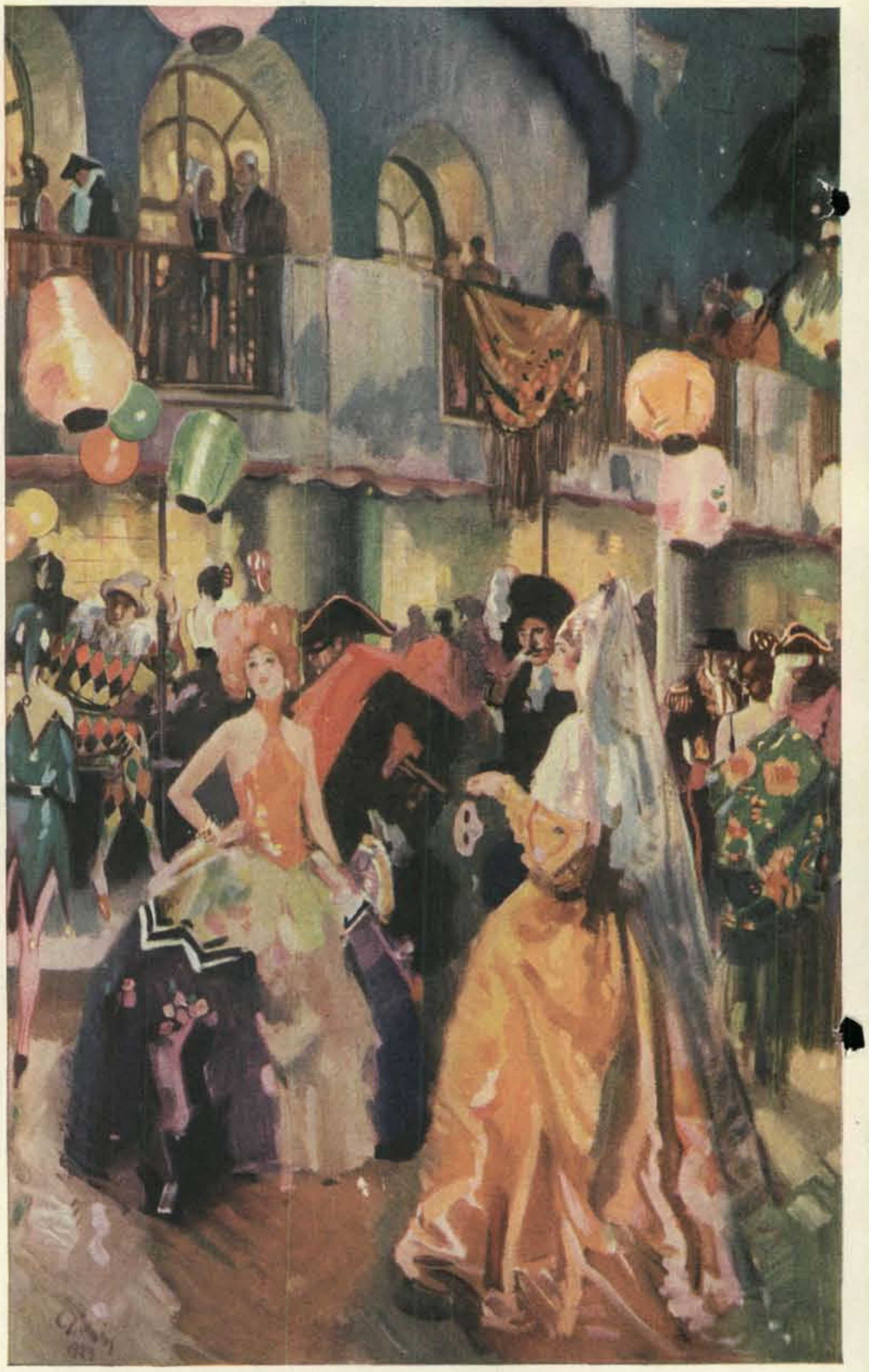

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BEACH AND TENNIS CLUB
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

WHERE those who best know and appreciate fine motor cars foregather, as at The Beach and Tennis Club, Studebaker prestige runs deservedly high. Interpretive style, inspired by championship performance, has won for these splendid eights and sixes a renown for beauty quite as notable as the fame of their fleetness and trustworthiness. Today Studebaker holds *every* official stock car speed and endurance record. These smart new cars provide riding ease unmatched. They offer in color and in contour the youthful, forward styling that only true genius in design could achieve. And Studebaker's unique One-Profit manufacture permits prices that never before bought so much. The car illustrated is The Commander Convertible Cabriolet for Four, available with six or eight cylinders.

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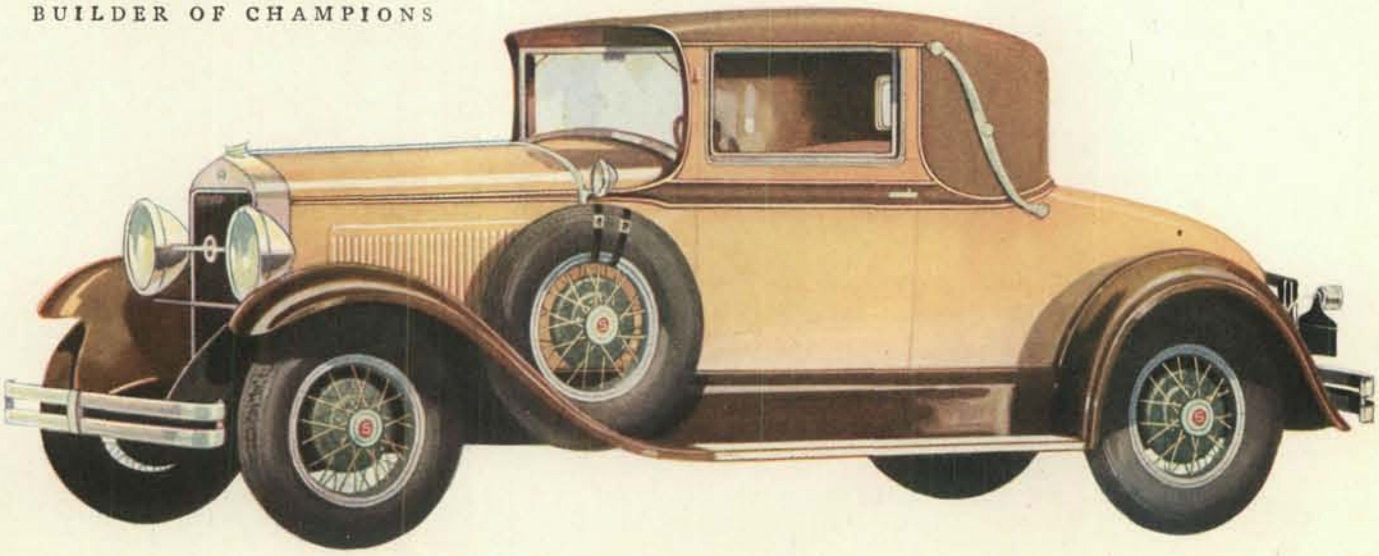

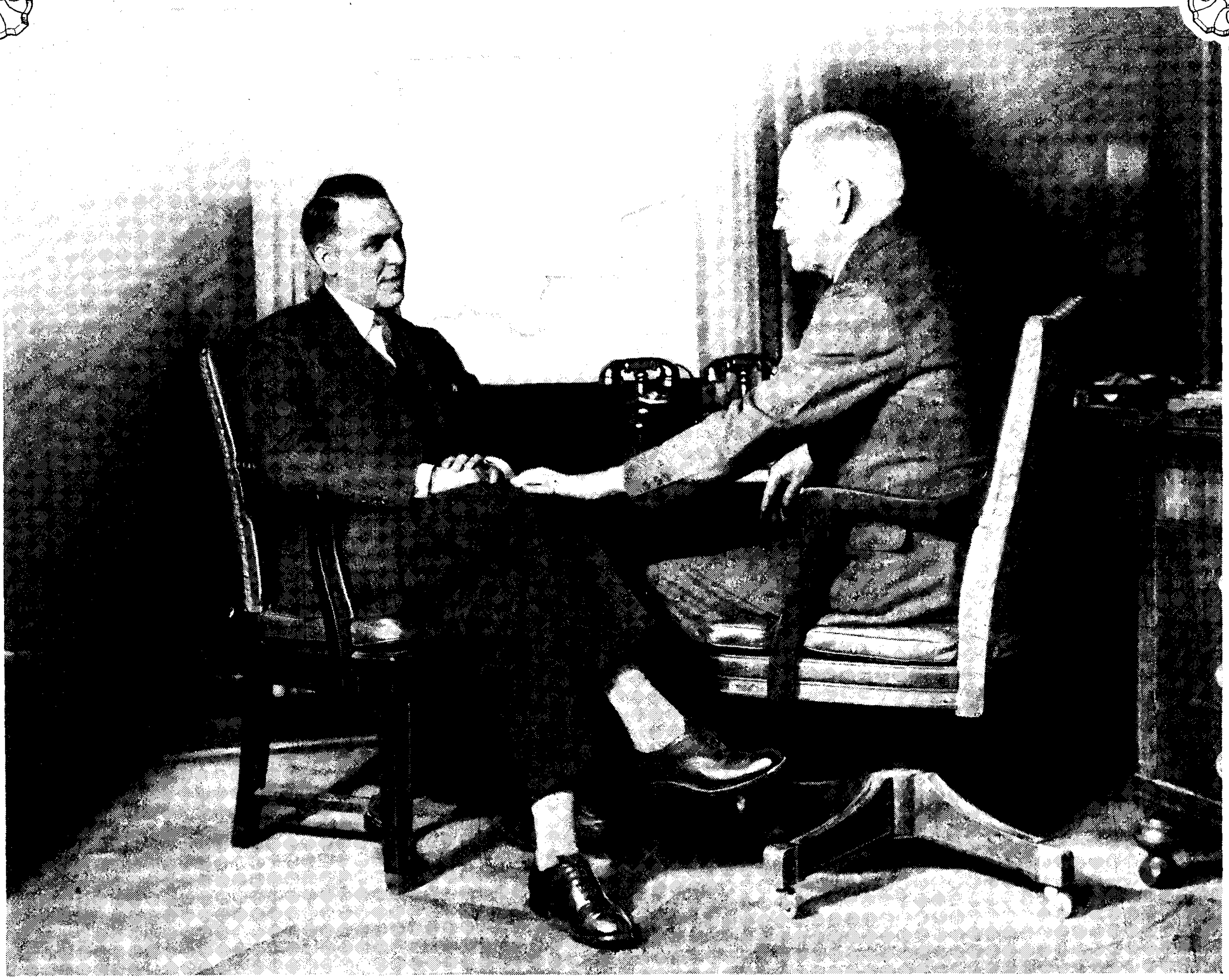

"I'll say little things are important"—

The President regarded the young branch manager with pride. He had just informed him of another promotion, and then added: "I'll say little things are important in business. You've always seemed to appreciate that. And this extends to the details of dress. Show me a carefully dressed man and I'll show you a man who is *careful* and *thorough* in his work. I was glad to notice that you had not affected the 'sloppy socks' fad when you came to us from college—that you wore garters and your socks were neat, and trim. My boy, little things count. They are big elements in success."

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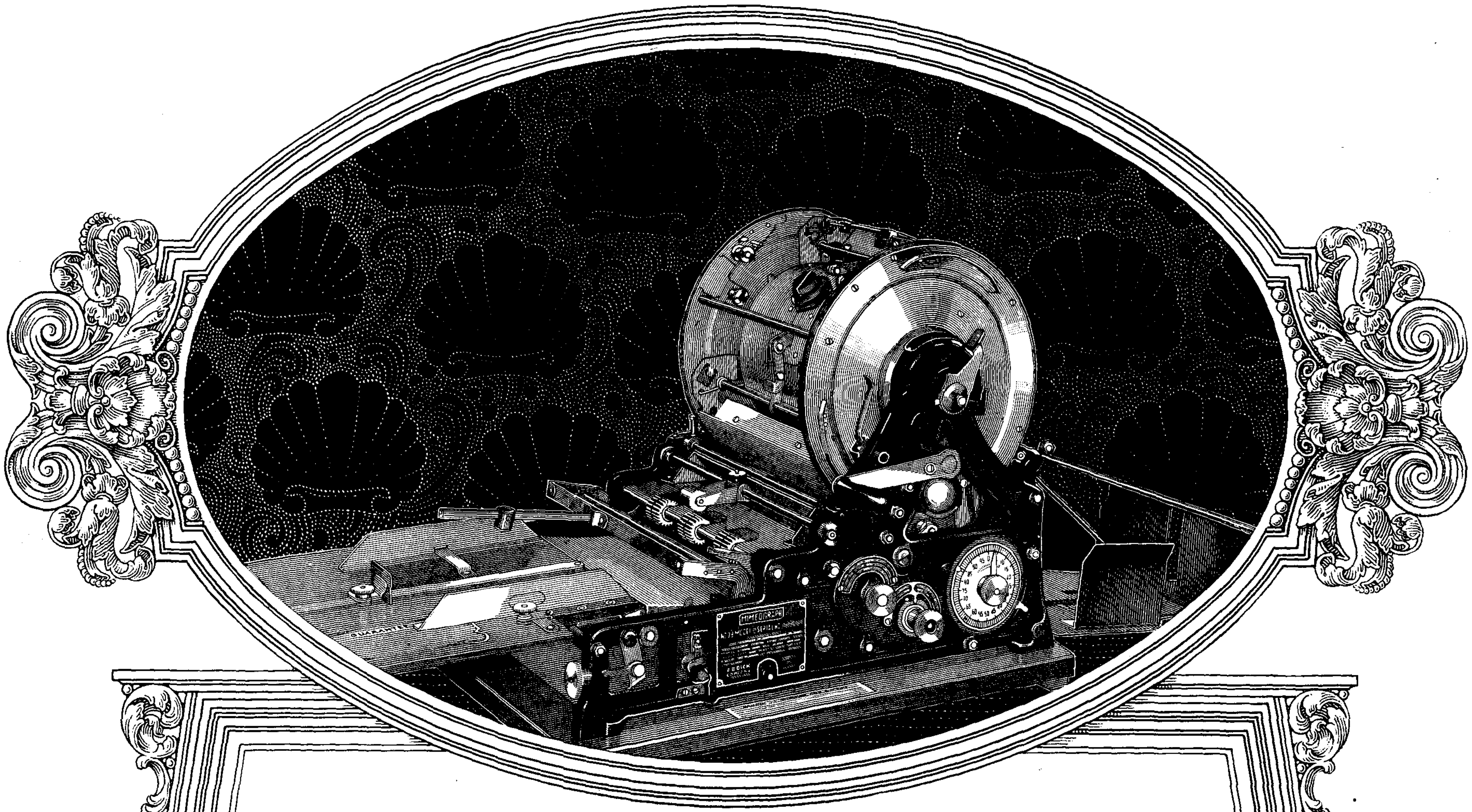

SHAPES—FORMS—PATTERNS

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The charges against Mr. Urish were serious. Here's his defense. You, who don't know the gentleman, may read it—and bring in your own verdict

Trip Number Ten

By Frank Condon

Oct. 28, On Board S. S. Kashmir
Atlantic Ocean
Mr. Elmer W. Watts,
Vice-president and General Manager,
Trans-Pacific Steam Navigation Co.,
San Francisco, California.

Sir:

With regard to your radiogram ordering me to report to you in person and answer certain charges at my earliest opportunity, would state that I shall be glad to do so. You have been completely misinformed, Mr. Watts. There is not a word of truth in them. When the Kashmir reaches Los Angeles, California, I shall hurry up to San Francisco by the night train, and will walk into your office at five minutes after nine on the morning of December third, which will be a Tuesday.

I thought it would be a good idea to mail you this communication from New York City, by air mail, when the Kashmir arrives in New York City, so that you will have at least one month to think it over before I walk into your office, and thus maybe you will not go off half-cocked on Tuesday, December third, when I walk into your office. This notification will reveal the facts to you, and you will have time to mull them over in your mind and get an idea about this man, and so see if you wish to fire me off my job as purser on the Kashmir, which I have now held with notable success for exactly three years and nine days.

Would state at the beginning that I am familiar with the charges preferred, for there is only one human being who would bring such poisonous charges and that is a man named Roscoe Whitehead, aged thirty-one years, who booked passage on the Kashmir at Shanghai on our last trip before this one. Naturally, this fellow would bring charges against me and it is only a miracle he did not shoot or otherwise assault me before leaving the Kashmir at Genoa, for he is not a person of good character.

MR. WHITEHEAD, so I am reliably informed, has requested and demanded that you discharge me from the service for gross inefficiency, founded upon the following episodes:

1. That on Trip Ten, while in Singapore Harbor, I was seen staggering up the gangplank at midnight, smelling of Malay rum, bumping into passengers, acting silly and threatening to fall overboard.

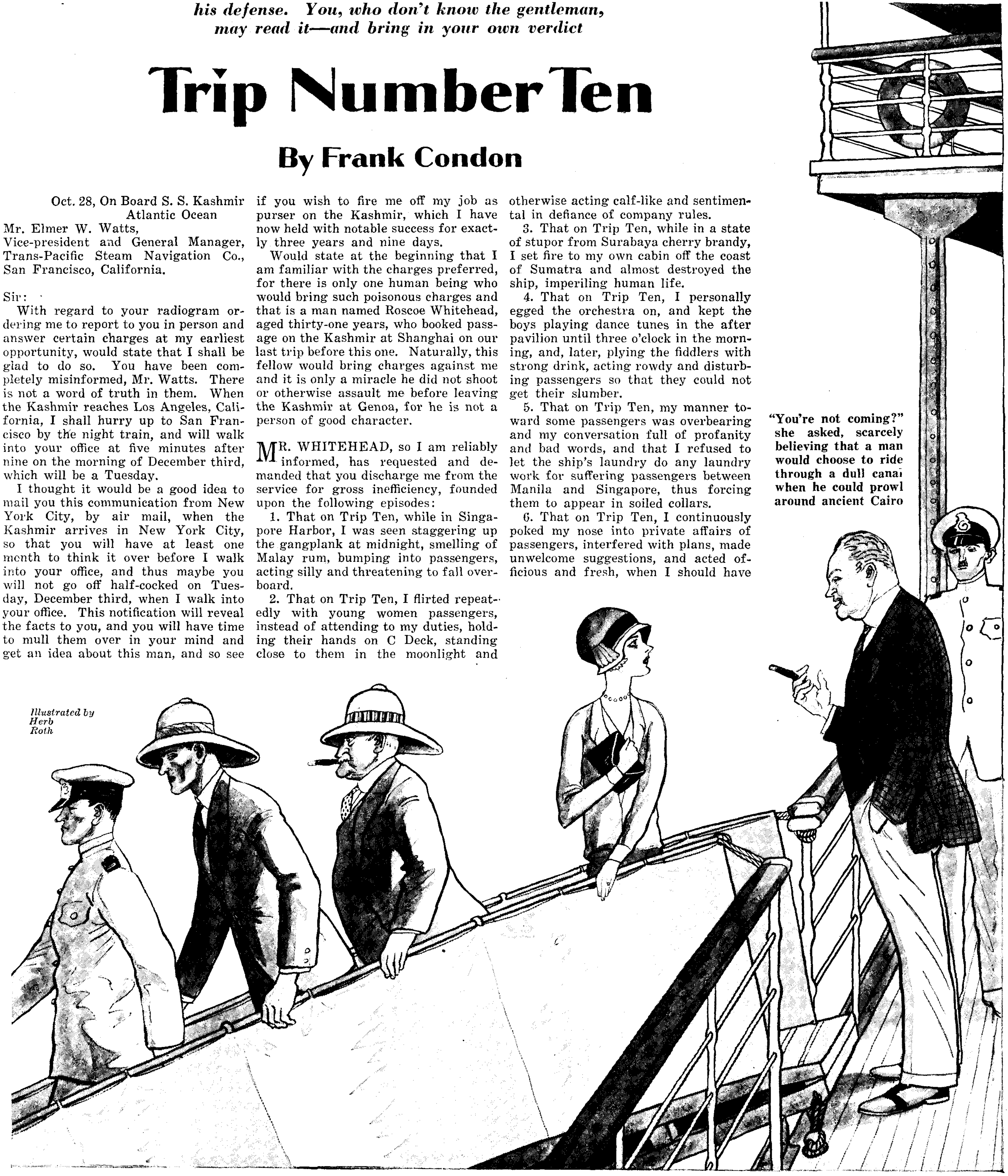
2. That on Trip Ten, I flirted repeatedly with young women passengers, instead of attending to my duties, holding their hands on C Deck, standing close to them in the moonlight and otherwise acting calf-like and sentimental in defiance of company rules.

3. That on Trip Ten, while in a state of stupor from Surabaya cherry brandy, I set fire to my own cabin off the coast of Sumatra and almost destroyed the ship, imperiling human life.

4. That on Trip Ten, I personally egged the orchestra on, and kept the boys playing dance tunes in the after pavilion until three o'clock in the morning, and, later, plying the fiddlers with strong drink, acting rowdy and disturbing passengers so that they could not get their slumber.

5. That on Trip Ten, my manner toward some passengers was overbearing and my conversation full of profanity and bad words, and that I refused to let the ship's laundry do any laundry work for suffering passengers between Manila and Singapore, thus forcing them to appear in soiled collars.

6. That on Trip Ten, I continuously poked my nose into private affairs of passengers, interfered with plans, made unwelcome suggestions, and acted officious and fresh, when I should have



"You're not coming?" she asked, scarcely believing that a man would choose to ride through a dull canal when he could prowl around ancient Cairo

Illustrated by Herb Roth

been attending strictly to my own business.

Well, Mr. Watts, these are some of the charges brought against an innocent man by Roscoe Whitehead, a passenger on part of the run during Trip Ten, and they would make me laugh, only for the fact that you seem to be taking them otherwise.

Captain Hadley has advised me not to worry over the matter, saying it would be odd indeed, if we made a round trip around the world and did not have to come home and face bitter criticism and charges, like we were so many absconders.

"Passengers are unreasonable people," Captain Hadley told me the other night. "My experience with passengers leaves me with the conviction that if ninety per cent of them never get back to America, it would still be a pretty nice country to live in."

FOR your own information, I will tell you just what occurred, and what led up to these charges being made against me by Roscoe Whitehead, who is not a man of first-class character.

When we sailed from San Francisco on Trip Ten, I was approached by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maclay of New York City, who are in the bond business on Broadway. With them was their daughter Barbara, a brunette, with nice blue eyes and brownish hair, a slim girl and yet very dignified.

The Maclays desired some small change made in their cabins, which I authorized. Mr. Maclay was a short man with iron-gray hair and a somewhat testy manner, although he was not bad when you knew him. He did not desire to go on the trip in the first place and was peevish. The first speech I had with him indicated that he would prefer to be back in the bond business.

"I find out it's going to take three weeks to reach Shanghai," he said. "Are you trying to save coal?"

"No," I replied, "this is an oil-burning steamer, Mr. Maclay, and there is no question of saving fuel."

"I can row over there in three weeks," he said in obvious irritation. "This is a scow."

"I should think you would enjoy a nice, long voyage to rest you up from your business cares."

He growled and threw a cigar-lighter overboard. He had a number of these, which burned benzine, and threw one of them overboard at frequent intervals.

"Listen, Harry," he answered, and he always called me Harry, though my name is Grover. "Listen, Harry. I have no business cares. Understand? I have family cares only. I am the kind of a father that gets dragged around by his women, and here I am on this water-logged derelict with nothing to do and lots of time. Let us walk down quietly into my cabin and have a shot."

"No, Mr. Maclay," I said. "I never indulge."

"What's the matter with you?"

"My duties are so important that I decided years ago never to indulge, but I will go with you anyhow."

It was in his cabin that I learned something of the Maclay family and what had brought them to sea. He had a nice private stock and while I sat on a trunk, drinking French bottled water, he pulled corks and complained.

The voyage of the Maclays was more or less a wedding journey, for they were bound out to Shanghai to meet Mr. Roscoe Whitehead, age thirty-one, the same person who has brought these ridiculous charges against me.

After picking up Whitehead in Shanghai, it was the intention of all to continue in the Kashmir back to New York City, where Barbara and Roscoe would be married, surrounded by bridesmaids. Subsequently, the new Roscoe Whiteheads intended to return to Shanghai, where he occupied a position with the National Oil Company at No. 67 Whang Poo Road. Miss Maclay did not wish to be married in Shanghai amid strange Chinese spectators, and her old gentleman did not wish her to marry anywhere, especially this man Whitehead, that nobody had laid an eye on in three years.

"I didn't like him when he was an American," said Mr. Maclay, gesturing with a cork-puller. "What does she know about him after three years? I don't think any man that lives in Shanghai for three years is fit to be married. Have a little beer, Harry."

I said I would not have any beer, but would enjoy some more French bottled water.

"Well, Mr. Maclay," I remarked after thinking it over, and hearing how Barbara and Mr. Whitehead had been childhood acquaintances, "I believe you are making a serious mistake in interfering with Love's young dream. If your daughter prefers this man as a life partner, you should accept the fact gracefully."

"I am not interfering with Barbara," he said. "She is making a big mistake, because she hasn't seen Whitehead in three years. He may have a beard by this time."

"The trouble with fathers," I said, drinking French bottled water, "is that they think they have a right to go nosing around and directing the romantic affairs of their children. Your daughter is a capable and intelligent girl, and you will do well if you stand aside."

At no time on the voyage did I have sentimental notions regarding Miss Maclay. It is true that I was polite to her, and escorted her about the Kashmir, showing her the compass and engines. I played shuffleboard with her three or four times, as I did with other ladies, and sometimes we discussed the more serious aspects of life.

She had a rare smile and certainly looked lovely in the moonlight and I will admit here, Mr. Watts, that I could have fallen in love with her myself, but after all, I am purser of the Kashmir and I remembered my obligations to the line. At no time did I lose my head over this charming young girl, despite what charges you may have in your office.

WE ARRIVED in Shanghai at two o'clock in the morning, on time to the minute, in spite of bad weather off the Japanese coast, and as I was busy with port duties, I did not see Mr. Roscoe Whitehead until the second afternoon. I happened to be standing on the port deck with Mr. Maclay watching some Chinks who were unloading molasses, and I observed two persons coming up the gangplank. One of them was Barbara.

"There he is," remarked Mr. Maclay in a grim voice, and that was where I first beheld Mr. Whitehead, who had stirred up all this trouble.

He was a large, blond man with curly hair and bright blue eyes, a heavy, German-faced sort of person. You could tell he would be noisy in a crowd and would probably relate anecdotes and laugh ahead of anybody else. His clothes were flashy and he wore a tan fedora with a little feather stuck in the band. I scrutinized him as he came up the gangplank, not holding Barbara by the arm, but a pace ahead of her. Experience had taught me never to judge passengers in one jump, but I was conscious of a feeling of disappointment in Mr. Whitehead. To me, he looked like the kind you would leave out of a friendly poker game.

I therefore changed my mind about Barbara and her marriage and later incidents only strengthened the change. We had on board one fairly fast or dissolute group of American passengers, that gathered every afternoon in cabin Number 26 and whiled away the time with cocktails. Mr. Whitehead joined these guzzlers and could be seen sitting on the floor, shaking the silver shaker and telling lies about life in Shanghai.

Within forty-eight hours, I knew that Barbara Maclay had made a mistake coming out to China to get her young man. I am a first-class judge of human nature and could see that Roscoe Whitehead would make any nice girl unhappy. Three years in Shanghai will give a man the wrong outlook on life. I remarked to Mr. Maclay:

"I was all wrong about that marriage. Mr. Whitehead is not a very good egg. I see many travelers on this steamer, and I can tell a good egg from a bad one."

"Too late now," said the old gentleman regretfully.

"It is never too late for anything," I said. "This is a long voyage, Mr. Maclay, and anything may happen."

Sure enough, something did happen in Hong Kong, a few moments before the Kashmir cast off and sailed for Manila. There was no little excitement down on the dock, which is at Kow Loon, caused by somebody trying to come aboard the Kashmir. It was a man carrying two suitcases and knocking over freight coolies as he progressed down the pier. He had no hat, his vest was open and he was hastening. He came up the gangplank in the nick of time and fell over a deck chair, knocked against a pillar and began wiping off perspiration.

"I nearly missed it," he said, which you could see he did.

He was a youngish man, not very large or impressive, but active. There was a startled look in his eye and he smiled whether there was anything to smile at or not. After coming on board, he disappeared with his suitcases, blundered into two occupied cabins, was put out and finally wound up in a small room down near the oil tanks.

He did not complain or cease grinning. His name was William Kirk Byrnes, known as Bill, and officially booked as passenger from Hong Kong to New York City. He was about twenty-four years old and was forever knocking objects over, stepping on things, and sitting in the wrong seat.

IN NO time at all, Bill came to see me about borrowing my portable office typewriter to do some business correspondence, and we went along to get it, becoming acquainted in the process over a bottle of ginger ale, which is about the only beverage I ever touch.

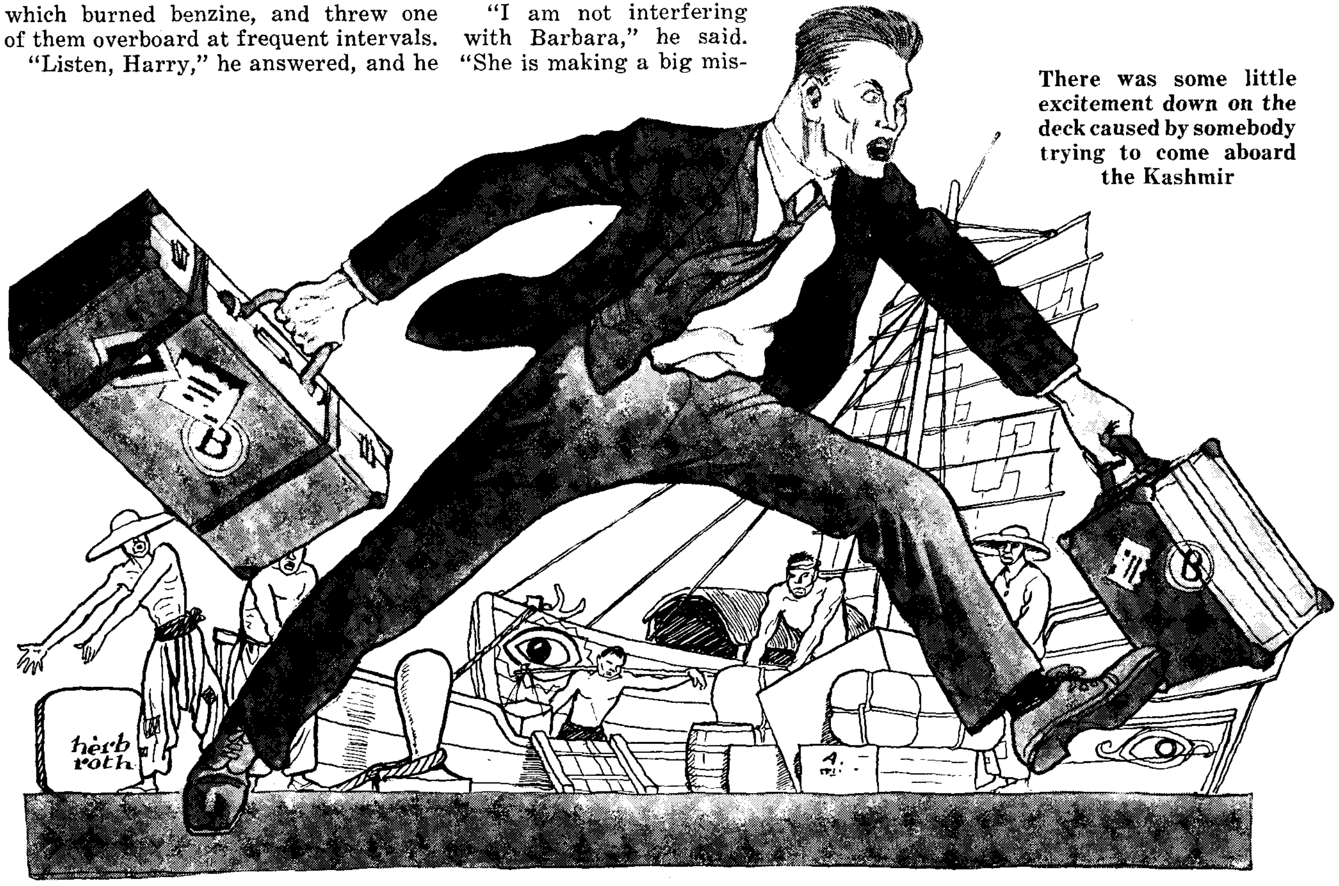
"If you knew about me," Bill said cheerfully, "I doubt if you would lend me your portable typewriter."

"Why so?"

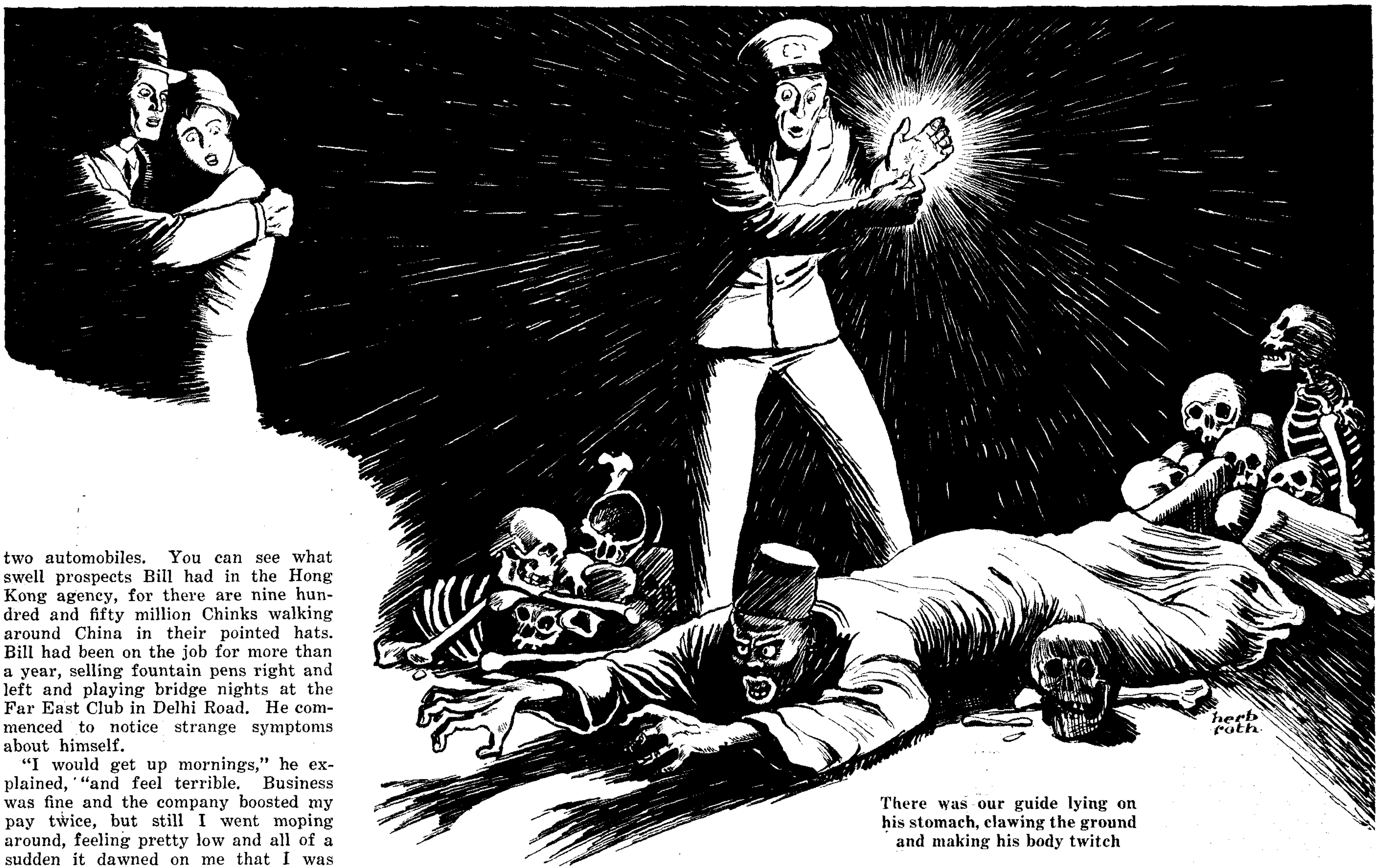
"Because I have already done enough damage on one typewriter back there in Hong Kong, worse luck. I certainly hashed things up pretty bad, and that is why I am riding back to New York on your steamer, when I ought to be in Hong Kong at work."

"What did you do?" I asked, it being part of my duties to learn about our passengers, so that I can be helpful.

Mr. Byrnes had been working in Hong Kong for a fountain pen company and had a very nice job, because the Chinks are wild about owning a fountain pen. They like American fountain pens best, and it is the deathless ambition of every Chink to own two fountain pens, the same as American families yearn for



There was some little excitement down on the deck caused by somebody trying to come aboard the Kashmir



There was our guide lying on his stomach, clawing the ground and making his body twitch

two automobiles. You can see what swell prospects Bill had in the Hong Kong agency, for there are nine hundred and fifty million Chinks walking around China in their pointed hats. Bill had been on the job for more than a year, selling fountain pens right and left and playing bridge nights at the Far East Club in Delhi Road. He commenced to notice strange symptoms about himself.

"I would get up mornings," he explained, "and feel terrible. Business was fine and the company boosted my pay twice, but still I went moping around, feeling pretty low and all of a sudden it dawned on me that I was lonesome. If you want to know what lonesome means, go and be lonesome in Hong Kong."

Finding that he was especially lonesome for the company of nice girls, such as he had known back in Jersey City, Bill concluded that what he required was a wife, a cheerful companion to keep his spirits up when he grew tired of looking at Chinamen in their bare legs. He desired the wife in a hurry. It takes about three months to send a letter from Hong Kong to Jersey City and get the answer back and Bill felt he could not spare the time, with the idea he had in mind. Glancing over the past, he remembered the three girls he admired the most while attending the Jersey City High School, and with whom he had enjoyed slightly romantic dealings.

"One of them was a girl named Agnes," he said, looking gloomily out of my porthole, "and another was named Millie and the third girl was Phoebe Winslow. I got along nice with all of them, and used to go to parties and play games. Any one of them would make a fine wife for a man. You don't happen to know J. P. Davis of New York, do you?"

I SAID I didn't know any Davises in New York. This J. P. Davis was with the Michigan Iron Works at 165 Broadway and was a good friend.

"I figured it out," Bill continued, "that if I wrote Agnes a letter asking would she marry me and reside in Hong Kong, it would take about three or so months, and if she wouldn't marry me, and I wrote Millie, that would be six months, and if I had to go on to Phoebe Winslow, that would be practically one year, and I would never last a year, feeling as low as I did."

"So," I encouraged him, for he had stopped and was looking sad again.

"I wrote the three letters all at once, duplicates almost, telling how I was fixed in China, and they were pretty nice letters, for I am a bear when it comes to correspondence, as my business proves. I placed the three, sealed up and addressed correctly, in a larger envelope, which I mailed to J. P. Davis in New York, asking him to mail my marriage proposals, one at a time about two weeks apart, beginning with Phoebe Winslow.

"If Phoebe replied by cable, 'Yes, I will marry you,' I intended to notify J. P. directing him not to mail out any more matrimonial letters to ladies, thus getting myself a wife in a hurry and saving the greater part of one year—and what do you think happened?"

"What?"

"The large envelope must have burst open somewhere between Hong Kong and New York and all my three letters spilled out into the United States mails and in consequence, were delivered in Jersey City, the three of them on the same day."

"How could you tell?"

"I got three cablegrams, all saying 'yes, darling.' They wanted to start instantly for Hong Kong and I barely headed them off, and here I am."

I had to smile.

"It isn't funny," Bill stated. "Those girls are now preparing to come out to China, and I am hastening back to America to confer with them and see what can be done. I don't want to get into trouble."

"You're in it now," I remarked. "If you don't think you're in trouble right now, I would like to see you when you feel perturbed. What are you going to do?"

"I don't know. I will have to think it over. Perhaps the best way would be to come out truthfully and tell all three of them what happened, marry one of them and hustle back to Hong Kong."

"That idea is no good," I said, because the one you married would always know she was just one third of a threesome. On rainy nights, she would always have something to talk about."

"All right," said Bill. "Here I am, going back to New York to see what I can do. I have plenty of time to think it over, and if anything occurs to you, let me know."

I said I would do so and Mr. Byrnes began to write letters to Chinamen about fountain pens: I strolled up on top to inform a Mrs. Barrow from South Bend that she couldn't keep a Chinese dog in her cabin, as it is against our rules.

TIME slipped by and the Kashmir headed south into hot weather and the passengers began peeling and complaining. Barbara Maclay strolled about, as pretty as ever, but not looking any too happy over her possession of Mr. Whitehead. As purser of the Kashmir, I have plenty of dealings with women, whom I understand thoroughly, and I could see that Barbara was beginning to know more of the man. She wore at times a serious air.

For a prospective bridegroom, he played too much stud poker with the sporting people on board, and likewise drank too many cocktails down in Cabin 26. I am broad-minded about such matters, but when a charming girl has sailed all the way from New York to meet her future husband, that gentleman should spend practically one hundred per cent of his time trying to make her happy. Mr. Whitehead spent all his time on himself. Miss Maclay frequently walked the decks alone, or with her daddy or mother and on one occasion, seeing her leaning against a lifeboat in deep thought, I strolled up and sought to amuse her.

"There is one person on board this ship," I said, "that certainly has got himself into a peck of pickled peppers."

Barbara looked interested.

"It is that young fellow who has been working in Hong Kong, and is now sailing back to Jersey City to marry three nice girls."

"Three?" she asked, smiling, and I told her the sad story of Bill Byrnes and his facility with a typewriter.

"What will the poor fellow do about it?" she asked.

"Nobody knows. He might drown two of them, but he hasn't made up his mind. He asked my advice and I don't know what to tell him."

While we were conversing, the blond blunderer of Hong Kong hove into view carrying a shuffleboard pusher. "There he is," I said.

"Oh, that boy," Barbara remarked. "I remember seeing him when he came aboard."

"Yes, he falls over things."

Bill paused, grinned and looked friendly, which was no effort, and I introduced him to Miss Maclay.

"You don't mind, Bill. I took the liberty of telling Miss Maclay something of your interesting exploits. As she is a girl, she might be able to give you a friendly hint."

Bill sat down on the foot of a steamer chair and looked embarrassed.

"You didn't really propose to three young ladies?" Barbara asked, with her rare smile and Bill answered that it depended on how you regarded such things. After a while, I went away to my numerous duties. Bill was talking and running his hands through his hair in a perplexed way and Barbara was listening.

"That won't do any harm," I said as I wended my way down below, where one of our passengers had got a little full and was throwing his clothes out through a porthole.

A WEEK later, Papa Maclay drew me aside and inquired:

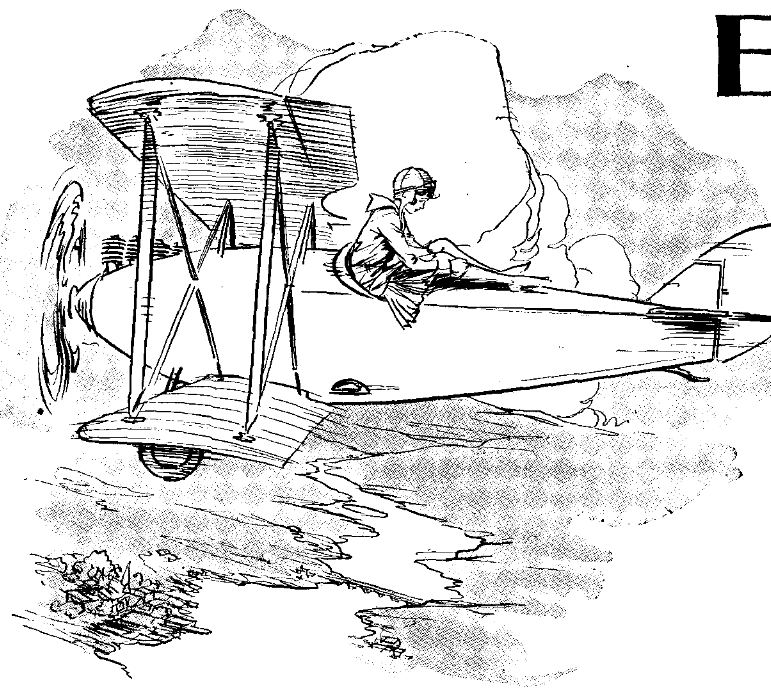
"Who is this fellow Byrnes?"

"Nice boy," I stated. "He sells fountain pens in Hong Kong. How does he strike you?" (*Continued on page 42*)

Excuse My Clouds

By W. B. Courtney

For an initial outlay of $2,000, or a little more, and a modest annual outlay, you can have the carpet of Bagdad at your doorstep. Americans have discovered that aviation is merely a new form of transportation; that it means new everyday joys and comforts to themselves and their families. And this article tells everything you need to know to get a speedy little brother for your family car. What the physical tests are, how to know a good school, how to select a plane adapted to your needs, how to tell a safe plane.



Lady Heath says she changes her stockings while flying. *You'd* better not

EVERYBODY at the Field knew about Darb and each reacted in his own peculiar way. But nobody did anything about it until Kelly came back. I'm calling him Kelly because that's as Irish as his real name.

You'll have to recall the ancient one-car family days to appreciate this Kelly and Darb affair. When closed jobs first entered the cheap-car field smart automobile salesmen impressed their comfort upon the public by driving through wintry streets dressed in palm beach suits, or in shirt sleeves, and—straw hats. Darb was one of those salesmen.

Early this winter Darb took up his bag of tricks and went over to aviation. He secured the agency for a popular cabin plane—a graceful little thing especially designed for private ownership, easy to fly and easy to sell. But Darb must add his touch: a straw hat had sold closed jobs for him in the old field, it would do so in the new. He did a brisk business.

It was a raw day, with a bleak wind when Kelly came back. And there was Darb, coatless, comfortable, smugly smiling under his straw hat as he prepared to show off the plane to an admiring customer.

Kelly, mouth agape, stood up in his cockpit to watch. He was muffled from soles to crown in a fur-lined flying suit and helmet. "I wouldn't mind the shirt sleeves," he muttered to a grinning mechanic who came over, "but the straw hat—a straw hat in an airplane!" Suddenly his freckles rippled: "Son, you know that old Jenny in hangar 6? Well, service her, get her on the line, warm her up—toot sweet!"

Half a minute later a dozen delighted mechanics were tearing at the old plane's gas and oil tank caps, swarming over her from fin to wing tips. They carried her almost bodily across the road, over the mud, and on to the flying field. Kelly, meantime, had disappeared into a locker-room; but the word had gone around the Field that he was up to something, and everybody came on the run.

They yelled with glee when Kelly reappeared. He had taken off his flying suit. Somehow he had managed to draw a shirt on over a windbreaker. Somewhere he had dug up a natty straw hat and tied it on securely with white strings that would be invisible in the air.

Darb was still circling over the frosty Long Island flatlands when Kelly took off.

Darb and his passengers were suddenly aware of something wheezing along beside them in the air. It was Jenny. And there sat Kelly, his shirted shoulders looming above the open cockpit, the straw hat sitting snugly upon his head in the blasts of icy wind that swirled over the cracked and inadequate windshield—a friendly, incredibly silly grin upon his face as he waved to them.

Darb flushed, and his prospect howled. Darb banked and dropped. Jenny floated down over his wing, and Kelly renewed his grins and waves. Darb banked and climbed; Jenny zoomed up from under his tail, while Kelly gleefully pantomimed "Tag, you're it!"

Kelly had his little joke—but *Darb sold the plane.* Darb is but a symptom of a phenomenon—the flood of salesmen who are going into aviation.

What these salesmen realize—instinctively, perhaps—is explained by what the eastern manager for one of the country's most important builders of small planes told me:

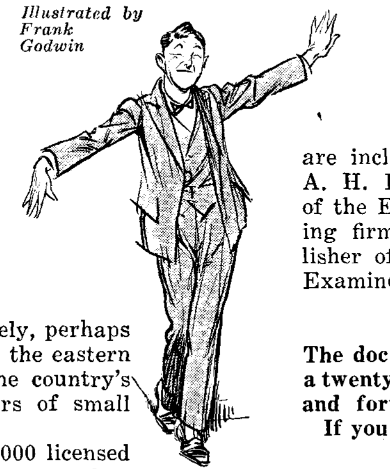
"There are nearly 6,000 licensed pilots in the United States today. More than 12,000 persons are learning to fly. We figure that 25,000 will learn this year. And more than 15,000 new planes will be built here this year. We believe that this summer will mark the sudden expansion of the private market. For the average American has suddenly realized that aviation is nothing more or less than transportation. And after the way of Americans he is going to adapt the small private airplane to his personal needs.

You Pay for Speed

"We manufacturers are faced with the necessity of designing planes to take the light 60 to 80 horsepower motors. *And they'll be every bit as dependable* as the heavier jobs. Contrary to what you probably believe, in the high-priced motors you don't pay for more dependability: you pay for more power and speed. This year safe, good-looking, well-equipped planes with excellent flying qualities will be available for private owners at prices varying from around $2,000 to $4,000 top. And the time-payment plan will operate just as it has in the automobile trade. To gain high cruising speed, low landing speed has been sacrificed. If there is one thing most valuable to a private owner it is low landing speed. These light motors will give him plenty of crusing speed—up to 90 miles an hour in dead air. And a landing speed of 30 miles an hour or less. When the new cowling for motors designed by the Government is generally applied, for a cost of $25 or less you can add about 25 miles an hour to a plane. In other words you can build a motor with a cruising speed of 60 miles—and a correspondingly low landing speed; say twenty—and doctor it up to 85."

"Despite the discouragements to private ownership that have existed up to now the Department of Commerce has granted more than 1,000 private pilot licenses, and the American Air Transport Association estimates that 2,000 strictly private planes are being flown here. It also figures that 40 per cent of this year's plane output will be for private owners. California now has 801 private owners; New York 558; Illinois 464."

Important people are included in these figures. A. H. Kudner, vice-president of the Erwin-Wasey Advertising firm; M. C. Meigs, publisher of the Chicago Herald-Examiner; B. H. Dahlberg, president of the Celotex Company; R. L. Putnam, vice-president of the Magazine of Business; W. D. Mays, famous department store owner of the Pacific slope, and Frank A. Snocker of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company are among the business leaders who are enjoying the adventure of private ownership and operation. Dr. Frederick W. Minty of Rapid City, South Dakota, goes his rounds in sparsely settled country in his small plane. Tom Loffland is one of the many Oklahoma oil men who use a plane as casually as an automobile; W. H. Walker, ex-dean of the Duquesne University; Wallace Beery of screen fame; H. W. Jeffers of Olympia, Washington; Governor John H. Trumbull of Connecticut; Henry B. DuPont of Delaware, and Dr. Walter M. Cross of Kansas City and Frederick Lorthrop Ames of Boston are other prominent private pilots.



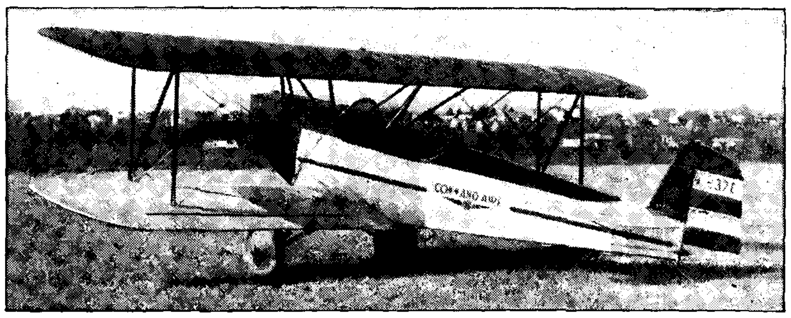
Illustrated by Frank Godwin

The doc will make you walk a twenty-foot line backwards and forwards, eyes closed. If you fail—you can't fly

The Test Will Tell

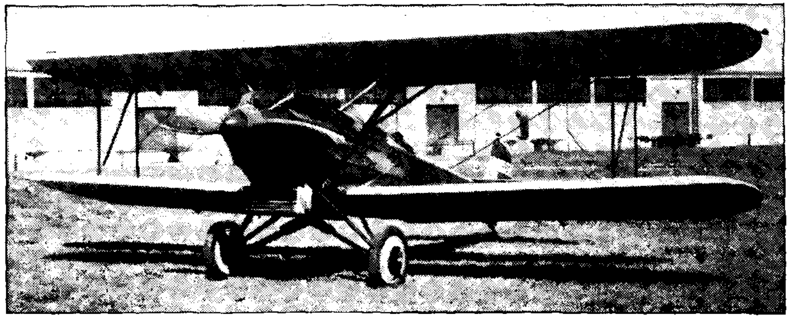
The manager left me and went off to close the sale of a two-place sport biplane to a man and woman, 57 and 46 years old respectively, who had succeeded in getting private licenses. The man retired from business at the age of 50. Since then he and his wife have been traveling around the world. They figured that a small private plane would lengthen their declining years, give their itineraries an elasticity and an extent impossible in other modes of travel. I saw them off from a flying field the other day. They are going to tour the United States, Canada and Mexico by air—taking turns at the stick!

Command-Aire, Inc.

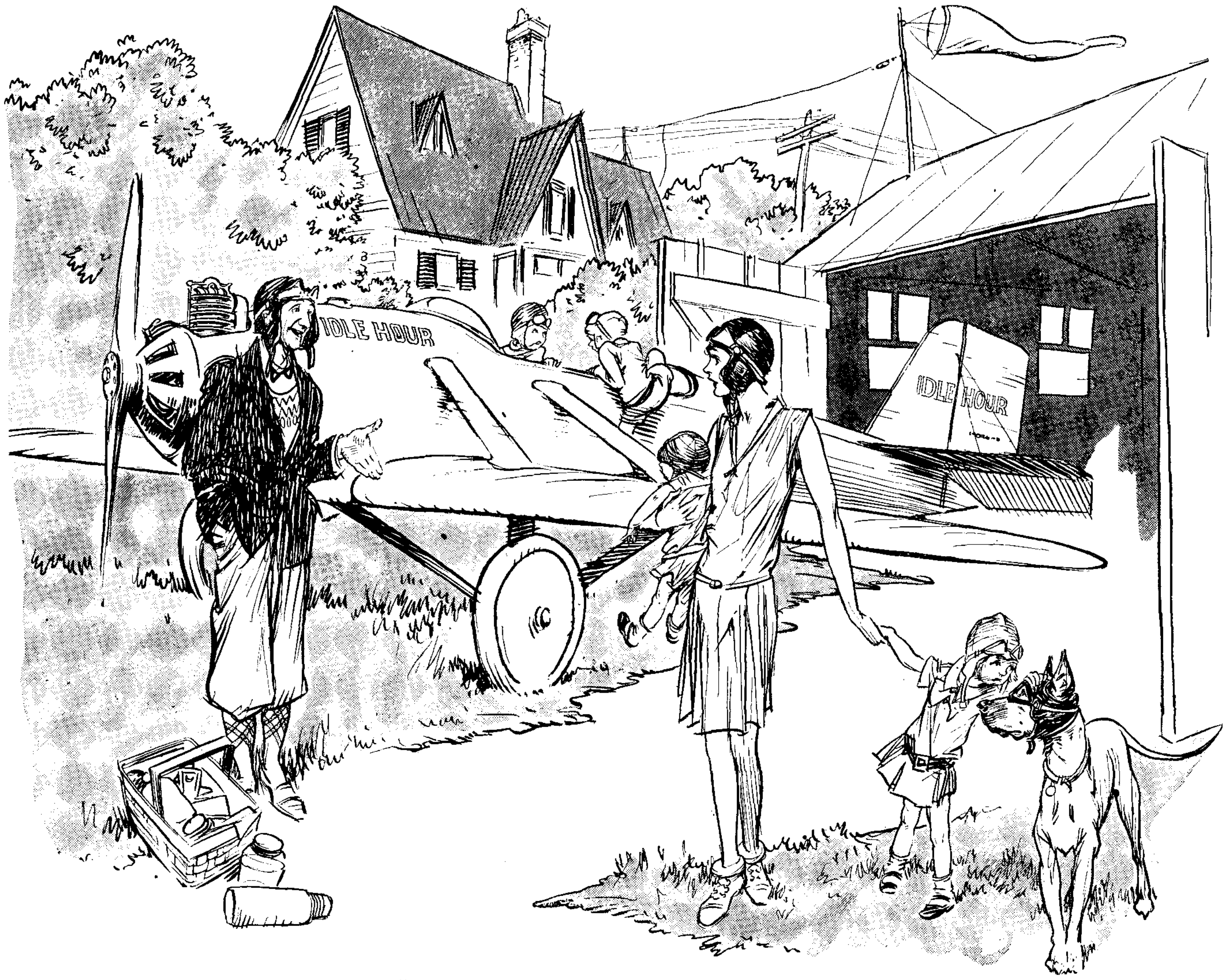


You can forget design and think about beauty—in a licensed ship

Travel-Air Mfg. Co.



This 3-person biplane can be landed in your own big backyard



"Just think, we'll get to Cape Cod from New York as quickly as we used to get to Coney Island!"

I cite this to show that age need not rule you out. However, if you are over 40, and haven't taken particularly good care of your health—your eyesight, particularly—your chances of ever piloting an airplane are not too bright. Atrophied muscles, however, have less to do with the matter than atrophied minds. Take the examination and find out—it will be worth the standard fee set by the Department of Commerce, $10. Doctor L. H. Bauer, medical director of the department, estimates that 85 per cent of the people who can drive cars can qualify for private pilots' licenses.

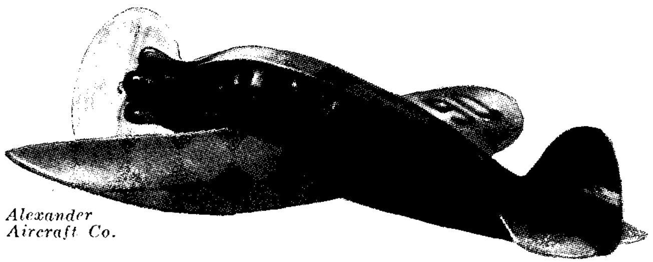
How is Your Balance?

Of course, if you want to build or buy and fly a ship without going to the bother of finding out whether you are qualified to do so, there is no law to prevent you in many states. But you must fly intrastate. The moment you cross a border the Department of Commerce will get you. You could only buy an unlicensed ship, under these circumstances.

And you'd have to teach yourself, or get an unlicensed pilot to instruct you—if you should hold your neck that cheaply.

Soon it will be impossible for you to be a chump in any state. Many states have adopted the Department of Commerce regulations into their local laws. Others have their own codes. It will be to the great advantage of aviation when all states adopt the uniform Department of Commerce rules.

I assume that you want to take up private flying in the safest way. Therefore you must fill out an application for a student pilot's permit on a Department of Commerce form—and then go to a doctor, for the application must be accompanied by the report of medical examination. Any doctor will not do; he must be one of the department's special examiners. There are not many of these, but they are well scattered over the country. The department will gladly furnish you with the name and address of the examiner nearest to your home.



Alexander Aircraft Co.

Fuel costs 2½ cents a mile for this low-wing cabin monoplane

In the doctor's office you will find a lot of curious paraphernalia. First he makes you disrobe for a conventional general examination. Then he takes your blood pressure, and your pulse before and after exercise. He makes sure your nasal passages are clear. He digs into your ears; he is not so much concerned, he explains, whether you can hear watch-tickings across the room as he is in your inner ear, which controls balance.

Balance you find is equally important with eyesight. The doctor will make you stand stock-still, feet together, hands at sides—with your eyes closed. Then he'll make you raise first one leg, then the other, to right angles with the body—holding each pose fifteen seconds. Finally he will draw a line across the floor and make you walk it, heel to toe, forward and backward—with your eyes closed. You might practice these things at home before the examination; if your wife has to dig you from behind the radiator, or out of the loud speaker, stay home and save the ten dollars.

He'll pry into your personal and family history for signs of asthma, rheumatism, syphilis, malaria. He'll want to know if you walked in your sleep, or stammered, when a child; those things might be a clue to epilepsy. Some people have epilepsy throughout their lives without knowing it, he explains: a momentary flash of forgetfulness in an ordinary conversation—you know, when you'll have to stop and recollect yourself—might be suspicious. It would be distinctly too bad if such a flash came at the moment of landing a plane.

He'll go after your eyes—thoroughly, methodically. Vision is of paramount importance. If you have 20/40 vision—that is, if you can read at 20 feet what a person with normal vision reads at 40 feet—you might still be accepted if you get correction lenses in your goggles, your vision and health otherwise being satisfactory.

Do You See Double?

Then he'll examine your depth perception. When you came in you noticed a peculiar oblong black box, shadowlessly lighted within, containing two black upright sticks, one stationary, the other on a slideway, with strings leading through the front of the box. There is a small window in the fore end of this contraption. The doctor seats you twenty feet from it, hands you the string, then separates the uprights the entire length of the box's interior. You have to pull on the movable one until it is on a line with the stationary one. There is absolutely no perspective to help your judgment. Think it's easy? Wait until you try it!

If you don't come very close in three tries, you're out! From the air you couldn't tell the top of a stone wall from the surrounding clover; an embarrassing defect.

There are other sticklers also—tests for color blindness, for seeing double and the like. Meantime, the doctor has been probing bluntly into your nervous and emotional reactions. He can do this by conversation, largely. He wants to be sure you aren't the sort of playmate who, when an instructor is trying to teach you to land, freezes to the stick—the bereavement of aviation.

If your vision is less than 20/20 you will have to go to an eye specialist for a further examination and a prescription. This should cost you up to $10. If you have to wear correction goggles, they will cost you from $21 up. If your vision is normal you will merely need plain goggles with nonshatterable glass. You can get a good pair for less than $10. You will need goggles—either correction or plain—if you fly or train in an open plane. In landing and taking off you must thrust your head over the cowling into the wind stream. Aloft you do not need the goggles.

Then to select your flying school. Many schools in this country offer you nothing in return for your money but a chance to be killed quickly. Department of Commerce statistics show that more than 55 per cent of airplane accidents are due to the pilot—errors of judgment, poor technique, and the like. This traces directly back to the schools—poor pilot, poor student, poor school. The Department of Commerce heretofore has had no legal right to rate schools according to their merits and the safety with which they surround students.

The Bingham bill, now in Congress, provides for such rating. If it does not pass the department has an alternate hope in a moral suasion plan. They will, at a school's request, inspect it thoroughly; then, if it measures up to the department's standards in equipment, instructors, instruction, and safeguards, the department will grant it certain privileges. The school may advertise that it has these privileges. A prospective student will thus know the schools that the Department of Commerce considers safe. This is all indirect, and without the force of legal rating, but it is better than the blind situation which now exists.

Meanwhile, there are certain things that you ought to look for in a school. Has it large runways and is it surrounded by open fields and other safe places for emergency landings? Has it licensed transport pilots for instructors, each with at least 1,000 hours in the air to his credit? Does it use licensed, new-type airplanes? Does it have shop and classroom facilities and include both ground and flight instruction? Does it equip students and instructors with parachutes?

Perhaps you have an idea you would like to buy your own plane now, and learn on it. My advice would be to defer this purchase until you have finished your schooling and obtained your private pilot's license. This may add nearly $500 to your initial outlay for a plane, but it will save that much wear and tear on your ship and motor. Let a school ship take the beatings of your inexpertness.

Pay as You Fly

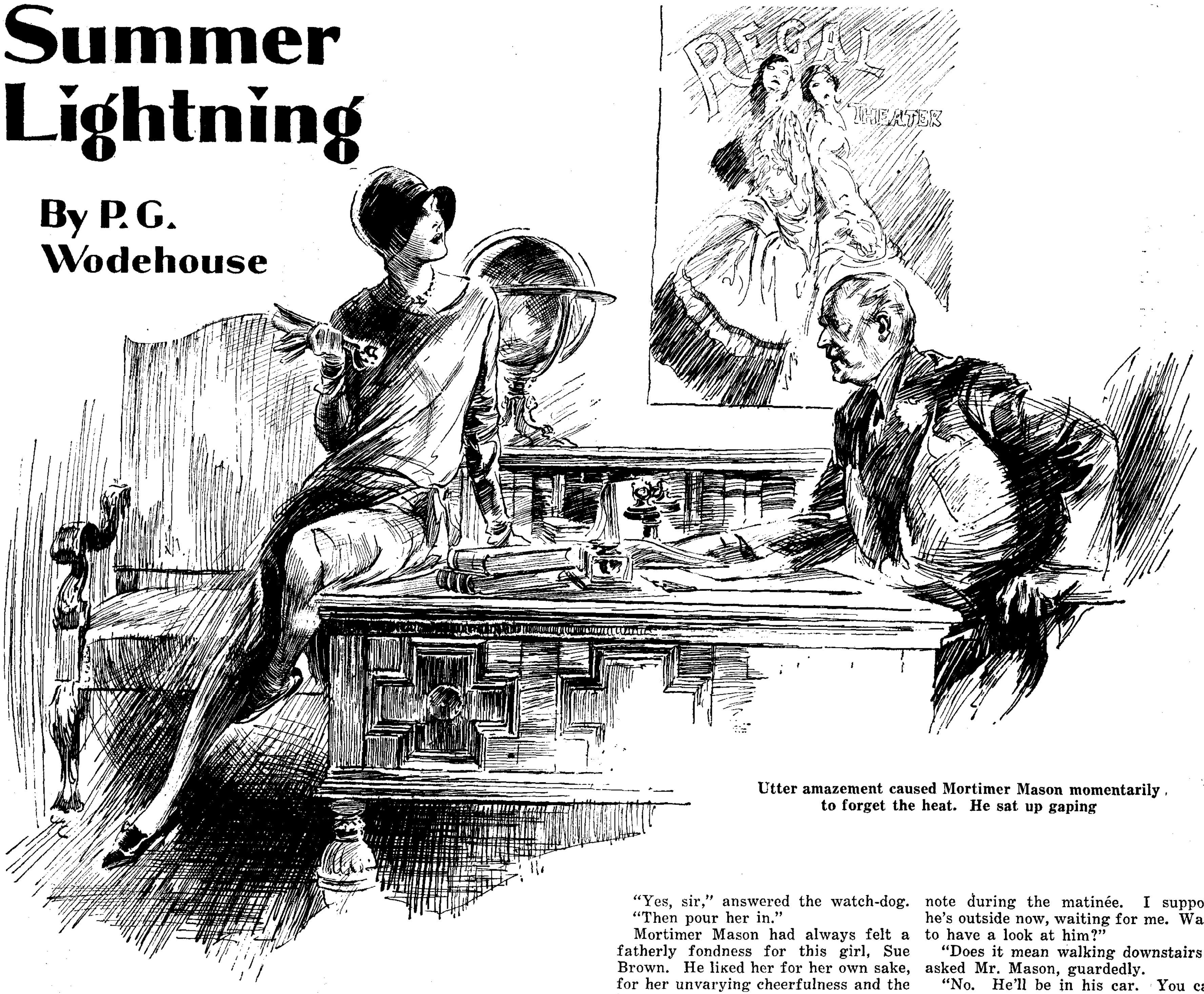
The average school offers what is known as the ten-hour course for from $250 to $300, and a ground course for $25 if taken in conjunction with the flying. In the ground school you learn the theory of flight, care of motor and ship, rigging, parachute packing, and the like. Take it, by all means.

Most schools permit you to pay as you fly, $25 or $30 per hour. The average student needs six or seven hours of dual control work before he is ready to solo. That gives you three hours toward the ten solo you must have before you can be examined for your private license. You

(*Continued on page 63*)

Summer Lightning

By P. G. Wodehouse



Utter amazement caused Mortimer Mason momentarily to forget the heat. He sat up gaping

The Story Thus Far:

IN BLANDINGS CASTLE, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig, which he hopes will win for the second year the silver medal in the Fat Pigs class at the Shropshire Agricultural Show; his prize pig-man has been lured from him by his neighbor, Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, owner of the rival pig, but the Empress flourishes notwithstanding.

With Lord Emsworth lives his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, now engaged in writing his Reminiscences much to the dismay of many respectable men in England whom he knew in their young and wild days; and his secretary, Hugo Carmody, a short while ago co-proprietor with Ronald Fish, nephew to Lord Emsworth, of a night-club in London, the Hot Spot, which failed. Hugo is in love with Millicent, much to the disapproval of Lady Constance, who does not like him and wants Millicent to marry her cousin Ronald; she would like Hugo replaced by Lord Emsworth's former secretary, the efficient Mr. Baxter, dismissed by his lordship.

Ronald and his mother, Lady Julia, have been at Biarritz where they met Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl whose father was a friend of the Honorable Galahad's. Lady Julia invites her to visit soon at Blandings Castle.

Hugo, Lady Constance tells Millicent, is entangled with a chorus girl, Sue Brown. Millicent confronts Hugo with this report, who succeeds in convincing her of his purely "brotherly" feelings toward Sue, whom he promises not to see again.

II

THE brilliant sunshine which so enhanced the attractions of life at Blandings Castle had brought less pleasure to those of England's workers whose duties compelled them to remain in London.

In his offices on top of the Regal Theater in Shaftesbury Avenue, Mr. Mortimer Mason, the stout senior partner in the firm of Mason and Saxby, Theatrical Enterprises, Ltd., was of the opinion that what the country really needed was one of those wedge-shaped depressions off the coast of Iceland. Apart from making him feel like a gaffed salmon, Flaming July was ruining business. Only last night, to cut down expenses, he had had to dismiss some of the chorus from the show downstairs, and he hated dismissing chorus girls. He was a kind-hearted man, and, having been in the profession himself in his time, knew what it meant to get one's notice in the middle of the summer.

THERE was a tap on the door. The human watch-dog who guarded the outer offices entered.

"Well?" said Mortimer Mason wearily.

"Can you see Miss Brown, sir?"

"Which Miss Brown? Sue?"

"Yes, sir."

"Of course." In spite of the heat, Mr. Mason brightened. "Is she outside?"

"Yes, sir," answered the watch-dog.

"Then pour her in."

Mortimer Mason had always felt a fatherly fondness for this girl, Sue Brown. He liked her for her own sake, for her unvarying cheerfulness and the honest way she worked. But what endeared her more particularly to him was the fact that she was Dolly Henderson's daughter. London was full of elderly gentlemen who became pleasantly maudlin when they thought of Dolly Henderson and the dear old days when the heart was young and they had had waists. He heaved himself from his chair, then fell back again, filled with a sense of intolerable injury.

"My lord!" he cried. "Don't look so cool."

The rebuke was not undeserved. On an afternoon when the asphalt is bubbling in the roadways and theatrical managers melting where they sit, no girl has a right to resemble a dewy rose plucked from some old-world garden. And that, Mr. Mason considered, was just what this girl was deliberately resembling. She was a tiny thing, mostly large eyes and a wide, happy smile. She had a dancer's figure and in every movement of her there was Youth.

"Sorry, Pa." She laughed, and Mr. Mason moaned faintly. Her laugh had reminded him, for his was a nature not without its poetical side, of ice tinkling in a jug of beer. "Try not looking at me."

"Well, Sue, what's on your mind? Come to tell me you're going to be married?"

"Not at the moment, I'm afraid."

"Hasn't that young man of yours got back from Biarritz yet?"

"He arrived this morning. I had a note during the matinée. I suppose he's outside now, waiting for me. Want to have a look at him?"

"Does it mean walking downstairs?" asked Mr. Mason, guardedly.

"No. He'll be in his car. You can see him from the window."

Mr. Mason was equal to getting to the window. He peered down at the rakish sports-model two-seater in the long street below. Its occupant was lying on his spine, smoking a cigarette in a long holder and looking austerely at certain children in the neighborhood whom he seemed to suspect of being about to scratch his paint.

"THEY'RE making fiancés very small this season," said Mr. Mason, concluding his inspection.

"He is small, isn't he? He's sensitive about it, poor darling. Still, I'm small, too, so that's all right."

"Fond of him?"

"Frightfully."

"Who is he, anyway? Yes, I know his name's Fish, and it doesn't mean a thing to me. Any money?"

"I believe he's got quite a lot, only his uncle keeps it all. Lord Emsworth. He's Ronnie's trustee, or something."

"Emsworth? I knew his brother years ago." Mr. Mason chuckled reminiscently. "Old Gally! What a lad! I've got a scheme I'd like to interest old Gally in. I wonder where he is now."

"The Prattler this week said he was down at Blandings Castle. That's Lord Emsworth's place in Shropshire. Ronnie's going down there this evening."

"Deserting you so soon?" Mortimer Mason shook his head. "I don't like this."

Sue laughed.

"Well, I don't," said Mr. Mason. "You be careful. These lads will all bear watching."

"Don't worry, Pa. He means to do right by our Nell."

"Well, don't say I didn't warn you. So old Gally is at Blandings, is he? I must remember that. I'd like to get in touch with him. And now, what was it you wanted to see me about?"

She became grave.

"I've come to ask you a favor."

"Go ahead. You know me."

"It's about those girls you're getting rid of."

Mr. Mason's genial face took on a managerial look.

"Got to get rid of them."

"I know. But one of them's Sally Field."

"Meaning what?"

"Well, Sally's awfully hard up, Pa. And what I came to ask," said Sue breathlessly, "was, will you keep her on and let me go instead?"

Utter amazement caused Mortimer Mason momentarily to forget the heat. He sat up, gaping.

"Do what?"

"Let me go instead."

"Let you go instead?"

"Yes."

"You're crazy."

"No, I'm not. Come on Pa. Be a dear."

"Is she a great friend of yours?"

"Not particularly. I'm sorry for her."

"I won't do it."

"You must. She's down to her last bean."

"But I need you in the show."

"What nonsense! As if I made the slightest difference."

"YOU do. You've got — I don't know—" Mr. Mason snapped his fingers. "Something. Your mother used to have it. Did you know I was the second juvenile in the first company she was ever in?"

"Yes, you told me. And haven't you got on! There's enough of you now to make two second juveniles. Well, you will do it, won't you?"

Mr. Mason reflected.

"I suppose I'll have to, if you insist," he said at length. "If I don't, you'll just hand your notice in anyway. I know you. You're a sportsman, Sue. Your mother was just the same. But are you sure you'll manage all right? I shan't be casting the new show till the end of August, but I may be able to fix you up if I look round."

"I don't see how you could look any rounder if you tried, you poor darling. Do you realize, Pa, that if you got up early every morning and did half an hour's Swedish exercises . . ."

"If you don't want to be murdered, stop!"

"It would do you all the good in the world, you know. Well, it's awfully sweet of you to bother about me, Pa, but you mustn't. You've got enough to worry you already. I shall be all right. Good-by. You've been an angel about Sally. It'll save her life."

"If she's that cross-eyed girl at the end of the second row who's always out of step, I'm not sure I want to save her life."

"Well, you're going to do it, anyway. Good-by."

"Don't run away."

"I must. Ronnie's waiting. He's going to take me to tea somewhere. Up the river, I hope. Think how nice it will be there, under the trees, with the water rippling . . ."

"The only thing that keeps me from hitting you with this ruler," said Mr. Mason, "is the thought that I shall soon be getting out of this Turkish bath myself. I've a show opening at Blackpool next week. Think how nice and cool it will be on the sands there, with the waves splashing . . ."

". . . And you with your little spade and bucket, paddling! Oh, Pa, do send me a photograph. Well, I can't stand here all day, chatting over your vacation plans. My poor darling Ronnie must be getting slowly fried."

THE process of getting slowly fried, especially when you are chafing for a sight of the girl you love after six weeks of exile from her society, is never an agreeable one. After enduring it for some time, the pink-faced young man with the long cigarette holder had left his seat in the car and had gone for shade and comparative coolness to the shelter of the stage entrance, where he now stood reading the notices on the call-board. He read them moodily. The thought that, after having been away from Sue for all these weeks, he was now compelled to leave her again and go to Blandings Castle was weighing on Ronald Overbury Fish's mind sorely.

Mac, the guardian of the stage-door, leaned out of his hutch. The matinée over, he had begun to experience that solemn joy which comes to camels approaching an oasis and stage-door men who will soon be at liberty to pop around the corner.

He endeavored to communicate his happiness to Ronnie.

"Won't be long now, Mr. Fish."

"Eh?"

"Won't be long now, sir."

"Ah," said Ronnie.

Mac was concerned at his companion's gloom. He liked smiling faces about him. Reflecting, he fancied he could diagnose its cause.

"I was sorry to hear about that, Mr. Fish."

"Eh?"

"I say I was sorry to hear about that, sir."

"About what?"

"About the Hot Spot, sir. That night-club of yours. Busting up that way. Going west so prompt."

Ronnie Fish winced. He presumed the man meant well, but there are certain subjects one does not want mentioned. When you have contrived with infinite pains to wheedle a portion of your capital out of a reluctant trustee and have gone and started a night-club with it and have seen the night-club flash into the receiver's hands like some frail eggshell engulfed by a whirlpool, silence is best.

"Ah," he said briefly, to indicate this.

Mac had many admirable qualities, but not tact. He was the sort of man who would have tried to cheer Napoleon up by talking about the winter sports at Moscow.

"When I heard that you and Mr. Carmody was starting one of those places, I said to the fireman, 'I give it two months,' I said. And it was six weeks, wasn't it sir?"

"Seven."

"Six or seven. Immaterial which. Point is I'm usually pretty right. I said to the fireman, 'It takes brains to run a night-club,' I said. 'Brains and a certain what-shall-I-say.' Won me half-a-dollar, that did."

He searched in his mind for other topics to interest and amuse.

"Seen Mr. Carmody lately, sir?"

"No. I've been in Biarritz. He's down in Shropshire. He's got a job as secretary to an uncle of mine."

"And I shouldn't wonder," said Mac cordially, "if he wouldn't make a mess of *that*."

He began to feel that the conversation was now going with a swing.

"Used to see a lot of Mr. Carmody round here at one time."

THE advance guard of the company appeared, in the shape of a flock of musicians. They passed out of the stage door, first a couple of thirsty-looking flutes, then a group of violins, finally an oboe by himself with a scowl on his face. Oboes are always savage in captivity.

"Yes, sir. Came here a lot, Mr. Carmody did. Asking for Miss Brown. Great friends those two was."

"Oh?" said Ronnie thickly.

"Used to make me laugh to see them together."

Ronnie appeared to swallow something large and jagged.

"Why?"

"Well, him so tall and her so small. But there," said Mac philosophically, "they say it's opposites that get on best. I know I weigh seventeen stone and my missus looks like a ninepenny rabbit, and yet we're as happy as can be."

Ronnie's interest in the poundage of the stage-door keeper's domestic circle was slight.

"Ah," he said.

Mac, having got onto the subject of Sue Brown, stayed there.

"You see the flowers arrived all right, sir."

"Eh?"

"The flowers you sent Miss Brown, sir," said Mac, indicating with a stubby thumb a bouquet on the shelf behind him. "I haven't given her them yet. Thought she'd rather have them after the performance."

It was a handsome bouquet, but Ronnie Fish stared at it with a sort of dumb horror. His pink face had grown pinker, and his eyes were glassy.

"Give me those flowers, Mac," he said in a strangled voice.

"Right, sir. Here you are, sir. Now you look just like a bridegroom, sir," said the stage-door keeper, chuckling the sort of chuckle that goes with seventeen stone and a fat head.

This thought had struck Ronnie, also. It was driven home a moment later by the displeasing behavior of two of the chorus girls who came flitting past. Both looked at him in a way painful to a sensitive young man, and one of them giggled.

Ronnie turned to the door.

"When Miss Brown comes, tell her I'm waiting outside in my car."

"Right, sir. You'll be in again, I suppose?"

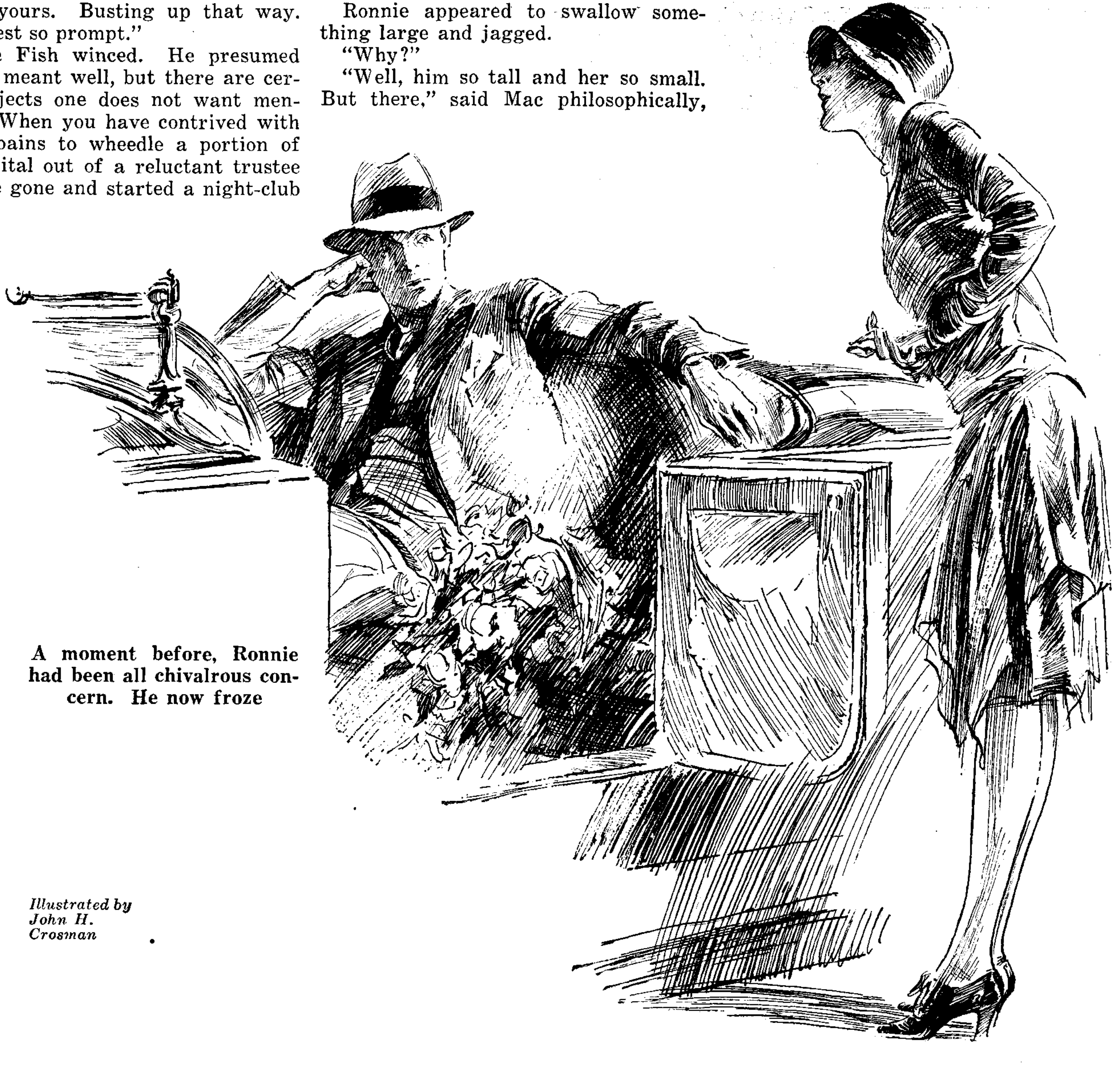
"No." The somber expression deepened on Ronnie's face. "I've got to go down to Shropshire this evening."

"Be away long?"

"Yes. Quite a time."

"Sorry to

(*Continued on page 37*)



A moment before, Ronnie had been all chivalrous concern. He now froze

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

War takes the Air

These Americans rushed into the French Foreign Legion in 1914. Standing: left to right, Casmeze, Sweeny, Casey, and Hall. Seated: left to right, Carstairs, Thaw and Bach

In 1913 the frontier of adventure already extended skyward. Bert Hall, soldier of fortune, was in the vanguard, combining fighting with flying. In this article—the first of a series—Lieutenant Hall describes his adventures in the Turkish army, flying against the Bulgarians, and in the Bulgarian army, flying against the Turks. Not content with escaping death both from the enemy and from his employers he joined the Foreign Legion at the opening of the World War

IN 1913, Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, decided to have an Air Service. He was engaged in a war with Bulgaria just then, and as the news about the application of aviation to the art of warfare percolated into the Near East, Abdul Hamid became quite excited over the idea of "arming his forces with flying eyes." There were no such things as aërial bombs in those days; at least, I had never seen any. And even as late as August, 1914, when Lieutenant Immelman flew over Paris in his Taube, the most highly improved aërial bombs were things he threw over the side—little contact-exploding affairs of practically no destructive power.

But the old Sultan wanted an Air Service and was ready to pay for it, too, the equivalent of one hundred American dollars a day, payable each day in advance. Thereupon, with my new model 1913 Bleriot, equipped with a 60 h. p. Gnome motor, and my mechanic, André Pierce, I left France and signed up with the Turks; signed up to fly, reconnoiter, and do artillery adjustment, which means to signal the batteries when they were short or over their targets.

The first morning as I was ready to take off, a Turkish officer came to the improvised hangar where we kept the Bleriot and handed me a large bag of Turkish paper money. I did not fly that day. Next morning the Turkish officer paid me in gold, and from then on I reconnoitered as long as they had hard metal specie. Those Turkish paper notes were suspicious-looking things; I regarded them in much the same way the American soldiers did French paper one-franc notes during the past war, as cigar coupons.

The flying I did was uninteresting. Occasionally I would fly down low just to frighten the Bulgars, and they in turn shot at me with everything they had. They must have been mighty poor marksmen—there wasn't even a hole in my wings.

All the financial arrangements I had with the Turks were made through an Englishman named Captain Dickerson. He was a slender little fellow, but a natural-born soldier of fortune. He had been one of the Sultan's right-hand men for many years. It was rumored that he couldn't go back to England. I remember well how he used to ask me what London looked like; if there were any new buildings, new theaters, or monuments, and also about the new transatlantic liners. He was a lonesome little chap and I liked him a lot.

He Got His Gold

There was another foreigner in Turkey who held an important position. He was an American, an ordinary sailorman from Brooklyn. He was known in Turkey as Bockman Pasha. It seems that the U. S. Government sold the Turks two battleships, and Bockman (his enlistment expiring at that time) went to Turkey to help the Turks in the management and operation of these ships until they could get on by themselves. He had a contract with the Turks wherein they agreed to pay him a rather handsome sum of money all in gold—no paper money or cigar coupons.

On the completion of Bockman's duty as instructor, he presented himself at the naval headquarters, and there they gave him an order on one of the Ottoman banks. At the Ottoman bank, he was paid part in gold and part in paper, drafts on other Ottoman banks, etc. That afternoon, Mr. Bockman quietly went back to one of the ships then anchored in the harbor at Constantinople and, aiming a broadside of large caliber guns at one of the most important public buildings, advised the Turks to pay in gold and pay quickly. Thirty minutes was the time limit.

There was a hurried conference, and Mr. Bockman was paid.

When the Sultan found out what had happened, he was so pleased with the conduct of the American sailorman that he designated the title of Pasha to be affixed to the name of Bockman and, furthermore, offered him an engagement in the Turkish Naval Council. Bockman Pasha ultimately became Vice Admiral.

What war there was in 1913 sprawled itself out over the hills at Adrianople, and since being in four years of the World War I can see that the Balkan war was only a skirmish. The Turks were consistent losers as long as I was there in spite of the hard fighting of their soldiers, who believed that death in battle was just one step this side of heaven.

There was no trench warfare in those days. It was all open fighting between mounted outfits and small detachments of rapidly moving infantrymen. The light field artillery got into that war, but the shooting wasn't overly effective—mainly because of the number of dud shells.

I entered the service of the Turkish army on February 16, 1913, and was paid promptly for the flying I did from that date until the middle of April, 1913. Then they welched a bit and started to pay me $50 one day and $60 the next and $45 the next. So, because of this liability of the Turkish exchequer, Monsieur André Pierce and I packed up and flew into Rumania, stopping at Bucharest.

At Bucharest, we were engaged by an agent of the Bulgarian government to do reconnaissance and artillery adjustment against the Turks at the same price we had originally received from the old Sultan. So next day André Pierce and I flew over into Bulgaria where we went to work flying as before, receiving the equivalent of one hundred dollars gold per day in advance.

How the Turks did shoot at me when I flew over their lines! They wasted enough ammunition on that 1913 Bleriot to lick the armies of their Balkan enemies with Austria and Russia thrown in for good measure.

Now André Pierce was a mind reader. He was psychic and all that. He distrusted the Bulgars on general principles. I didn't have time to distrust anyone then; I was too busy reconnoitering and missing the Turkish anti-aircraft barrage, which was a veritable hail of rifle and pistol fire. But Pierce was on the ground all the time and had ample opportunity to observe and to listen to conversations whenever he could understand them. He wanted me to pack up and go. He wanted to leave the war in the Balkans, but I had promised the Bulgarian general—and that was that.

Then there was a woman, named Madame Chausson, a French person. She had very lovely eyes, lavender eyes, Pierce used to say. I didn't go in for such artistic classifications, but even so I was not unaffected by her charms. Pierce declared she was a spy. I merely knew she was a French woman far from home and unable to explain why.

The Bulgarians paid according to agreement for about thirty days. Then they welched. In the meantime I had had news that the Turks were anxious to take us back, and so like a fool I packed up and was about to start back to the Turkish lines.

But I never got off the ground. The Bulgarians arrested me.

I never knew whether Madame Chausson found out about my decision to go back to the Turks again and tipped off the commanding officer or whether the Bulgarians were just awfully clever. It didn't matter much how I had been found out: the important thing was how to escape.

From the improvised hangar where they captured me I was taken to the most terrible jail I have ever seen. It was a one-room affair—stone walls, no light, very little air and a seething mob of prisoners—some just ordinary garrison prisoners, some captured Turks, some accused of being spies like myself and, like myself, awaiting execution next sunrise.

The Strong Feed First

It was just sundown when they closed that jail house door on me. Food was served a short while after that. They brought in two big pans, one on top of the other. The top pan contained barley soup with hunks of bread floating around in it, and the under pan contained a hashed-up mixture of vegetables, mostly beets. I can remember that dinner as if it were yesterday. God, how those prisoners ate! They just went to it with their hands, the stronger ones edging in first and the weaker ones getting what was left. The remaining drops of soup were licked up by men on all fours like dogs. After the food had been eaten, the guards brought in a tank of water. It was lukewarm and very stale, but I drank as much as I could hold so as to distend my stomach and lessen the pangs of hunger.

We had hardly finished mess when someone discovered a dead man in one corner of the prison room. He was a very young Russian fellow with a mass

Bill Thaw, pioneer member of the Lafayette Escadrille, with Whisky, the mascot

By Lieut. Bert Hall as told to Lieut. John J. Niles

Lieut. Bert Hall, one of the trio of Americans who left the Foreign Legion to fight in the air for France, previous to the formation of the Lafayette Escadrille

of blond hair—wavy hair, much like a girl's. We decided that he had starved to death—not because there wasn't enough food (such as it was), but because he had been wounded in both arms and found it impossible to edge into the community mess pan. After a few days he got weak, I suppose, and then just died off. He'd been very quiet about it.

There were several letters in his pockets, written in a sprawly, chicken-track handwriting. Some of the other prisoners said they were from a sweetheart in Russia. The letters told about how wonderful the weather was just then and how much the writer missed her Peter. And there was Peter starved to death in a Bulgarian prison! I almost became sentimental over that fellow's death. He looked so young and so very blond—and then he had a sweetheart in Russia who missed him terribly.

Presently the guards came in with a lantern. They hung it up near the door. It was a weak, ineffective, oil affair. We would have been better off without it. The same guards who brought in the lantern took away the mess pans and the water tank. That seemed to be a signal for the rats. They came out of every corner and whined and squealed and scurried around all the rest of the night.

If you think a live rat isn't a terrifying animal, just arrange to have yourself awakened from a light sleep by having one run across your face. This was my first experience with rats, and I've never been able to forget it. I'd rather encounter a combat airplane with four machine guns on it any day than wake up some night and find a rat trying to decide where he was going to bite me first. It's terrifying, I tell you.

We had told the guards about the dead Russian, and they said they'd take the body away when they got good and ready. After that, several of the prisoners moved the body over to the doorway, so the guards would see him as they went in and out. They hoped this would be a gentle reminder that a grave had to be dug.

Outside, a drumhead court-martial was in progress. From time to time, the guards would come in and inform a prisoner that he had been found guilty; that he would be shot at sun-up or put to hard labor, which was perhaps worse than being shot. It must have been near midnight when I was called outside. My case was of considerable importance. I was allowed to say a few words. First, they asked me where my mechanic was. I told them I didn't know. Then they asked me who I was, what I was; how I came to be there. But the decision had already been made. They told me rather calmly that I would be shot at sun-up, and they told me that I would be permitted to send any messages I liked. They could not guarantee that the messages would be delivered, for of course there was a war going on and all that.

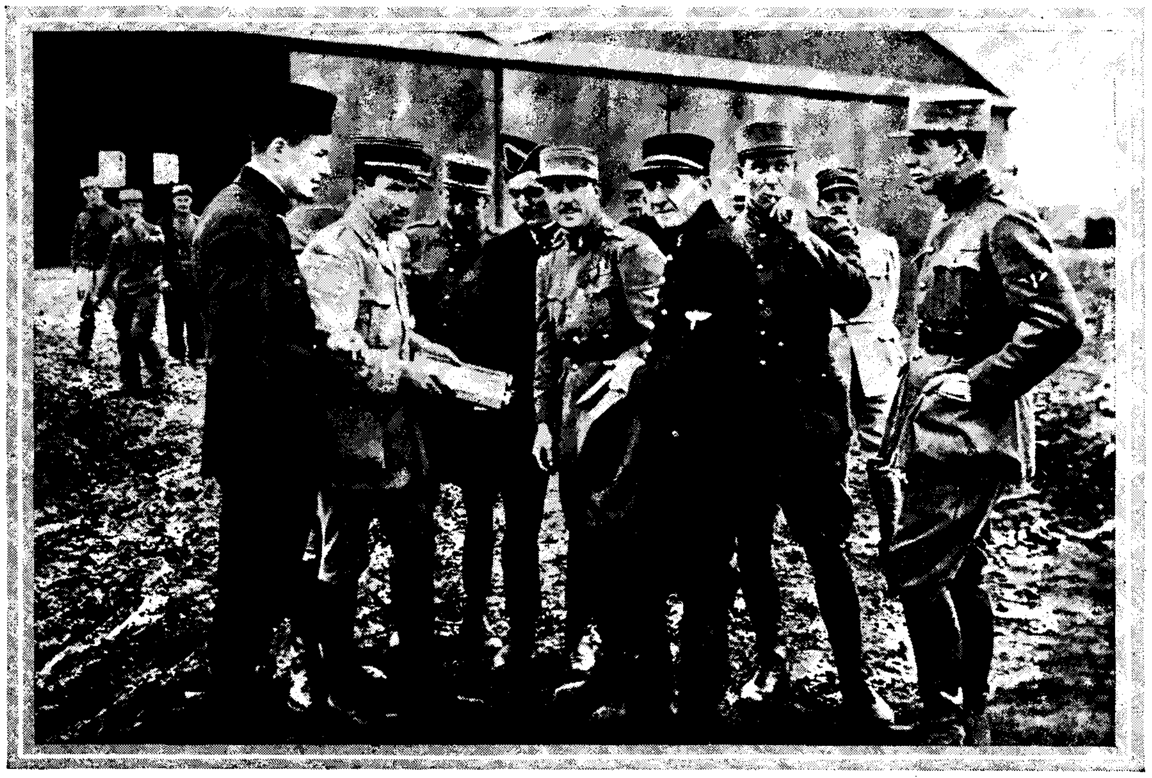
As the guards took me back into the jail, I noticed that several of the prisoners were moving the body of the dead Russian again. Ten minutes later they dragged the body back to where it had been before, not far from the doorway. No one seemed to know what all this ghoulish body-moving was about. And for my part, I had problems of my own to worry about.

Substituting for a Corpse

The disappearance of Pierce was something of a mystery to me. He had been so dependable up to this time. But now he was gone—and he was carrying half of the money we had collected. I went over and over all the schemes I could think up, but there seemed to be no way out. It was the firing squad in the morning! And then I'd never see Higginsville, Mo., again or my father, who had fought all through the Civil War and later, when the Confederacy was washed out, joined Maximilian and Carlotta. My father, George Hall, had made a jolly fine war and come through alive, while I would be bounced off as a spy.

All the while the rats scurried and the light flickered and the body of the dead Russian almost seemed to breathe. One of the prisoners kept having what soldiers call (*Continued on page 51*)

International Newsreel



Last-minute instructions before flight. Left to right: Kiffen Rockwell, Captain Thénault, Norman Prince, Lieutenant de Laage, Elliot Cowdin, Bert Hall, Jim McConnell, Victor Chapman

The Gringo Privateer

By Peter B. Kyne

The Story Thus Far:

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning many ranches, is visiting his favorite, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

Young Ken Burney, the son of a once wealthy California ranch owner, whose ranch had been taken over by Bardin, arrives straight from two months of work for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin's cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce, who threatens to kill him when next they meet, and Burney leaves and asks Bardin for a job so that he can rid him of Bruce and Gallegos.

Bardin is greatly attracted to this boy and when he has proved himself a cowman he makes him manager of El Ranchito, promotes the present manager, Graydon, to be his own assistant, and agrees to stock up Ken's father's ranch for him at a fair rate of pay if Ken succeeds in his undertaking.

The king's lovely daughter, Muriel, has become interested in Burney and is indignant at her father for giving him a killer's job, and begs Ken not to kill Gallegos as he and a small bodyguard ride to Huachita to set the stage for the undoing of Bruce at El Cajon Bonita. Burney tells the Mexican officials somewhat of his plans, and meets Bruce, who picks a fight. Whereupon Burney knocks him down and disarms him. Then Burney and his bodyguard hire a car and start home.

V

KING BARDIN and the princess were lounging on the veranda about nine o'clock that night. It had been an excessively hot day and the heat still lingered; both were loth to retire until the atmosphere had cooled somewhat. Presently the girl said:

"Dad, we're going to have a visitor. I see the headlights of an automobile coming up the road."

"Stranger, sure enough," said the king. "All the El Ranchito cars are in the garage. I'll bet a ripe peach it's the sheriff bringing home the bodies of my new general manager and his bodyguard. Couldn't be anybody else at this hour of the night."

The casualness of this remark infuriated his daughter. "There's a streak of callousness, of downright cruelty, in you, Dad Bardin," she charged. "If harm has come to Ken Burney I shall consider you have killed him as surely as if you had, personally, shot him. How can you bear to tempt a man to his death—to suborn murder—for mere gain?"

"Got to maintain my rights," he defended meekly. "Well, we'll not be in suspense very long. I'll hail that car as it passes."

He did, demanding to know who came. "Ken Burney and his bodyguard in a hired car," came the answer.

"All intact?" the king demanded eagerly.

"Right-o, Your Royal Highness."

"Come up here and tell me about it, Mr. Burney."

"Do, please," the princess pleaded. To her father she said: "Something must have happened. He went to town on horseback but returns in a rented car."

Ken Burney came up on the veranda. The king motioned him to a chair. "Lovely evening," the general manager murmured, "but almost too warm for comfort."

"Never mind the weather," His Majesty warned with a slight show of impatience. "Report!"

So Ken Burney reported in meticulous detail and, in conclusion, added: "I had a feeling that if I went into the stall in the livery stable to get my horse, some inconsiderate wretch might rise up out of the manger and shoot me with a forty-five-caliber pistol. So I hired a car and came home in order to avoid the occasion of sin."

"THAT meek Christian spirit of yours will get you killed by Bruce or Gallegos before you've had another chance to get rid of them," the king complained.

"Speaking of that, sir, what was the reason for the sudden access of tenderness and mercy Your Highness exhibited this morning? Yesterday you would have kissed me had I delivered to you Miguel Gallegos in a shroud, but this morning you forbade the bans. May I respectfully remind Your Majesty that if I am to be hampered, even remotely, in this delicate matter, your prophecy is extremely liable to come true!"

"Muriel," the king replied maliciously, "thinks you're too young and innocent to die a violent death. She made me play thumbs-up."

Burney turned to the girl with a grave inclination of his black poll. "It's nice to discover who cares, princess."

"Mr. Burney," the young lady replied freezingly, "you are much too familiar on brief acquaintance. May I suggest you remember hereafter that you are merely one of the hired men on El Ranchito."

"He's my general manager," her father objected, "and I'll not have him insulted. The insult rights in general managers are vested in me alone. Muriel, you pipe down. You appear to have read into Mr. Burney's gracious remark a meaning not clear to me."

"If it had anything to do with cows you'd understand it. I'll not be treated as if I were a child, father. I'll not pipe down."

"Young lady says she'll not pipe down, Your Majesty," Burney informed his employer. "What are you going to do about it? Do I have to resign in the middle of my contract in order to escape being insulted?"

The princess replied to his query. "You might retire to your own quarters, Mr. Burney."

"I think that is eminently sound advice, Your Majesty," Burney told her father. "This has been a long, hard, hot, dangerous day. I'm tired and if I remain here any longer your spoiled heir-apparent will get on my nerves. Ordinarily I could put up with her megrims and vapors, but after declining to kill Miguel Gallegos, merely as a favor to the lady, I think I should be spared these cruel verbal shafts. Have I the king's permission to retire?"

"You have! Har! Har-har! Har! Good-night, son. You're certainly a comfort to me in my old age."

"Good night, sir. Thank you." He bowed elaborately to the princess and disappeared into the darkness.

"That man," said the princess presently, "is a crazy dreamer."

"Maybe so, honey, but I'd hate to be the man that wakes him up. You were unnecessarily rude to him, Muriel."

"He's impudent and arrogant and deserves to be put in his place."

"You watch your step or he'll put you in your place, my dear. If you worry that boy, the first thing you know he'll go away and never come back and then what'll you do?"

"To hear you talk, Dad, one would gather that I'm in love with him. The idea!"

"Honey," His Majesty suggested, "suppose you step inside and put that La Golondrina record on the phonograph. On nights like this I crave music and I like it slow and sad and plaintive, because the ghosts of all the sons I never had seem to flit around in the gloaming like bats—"

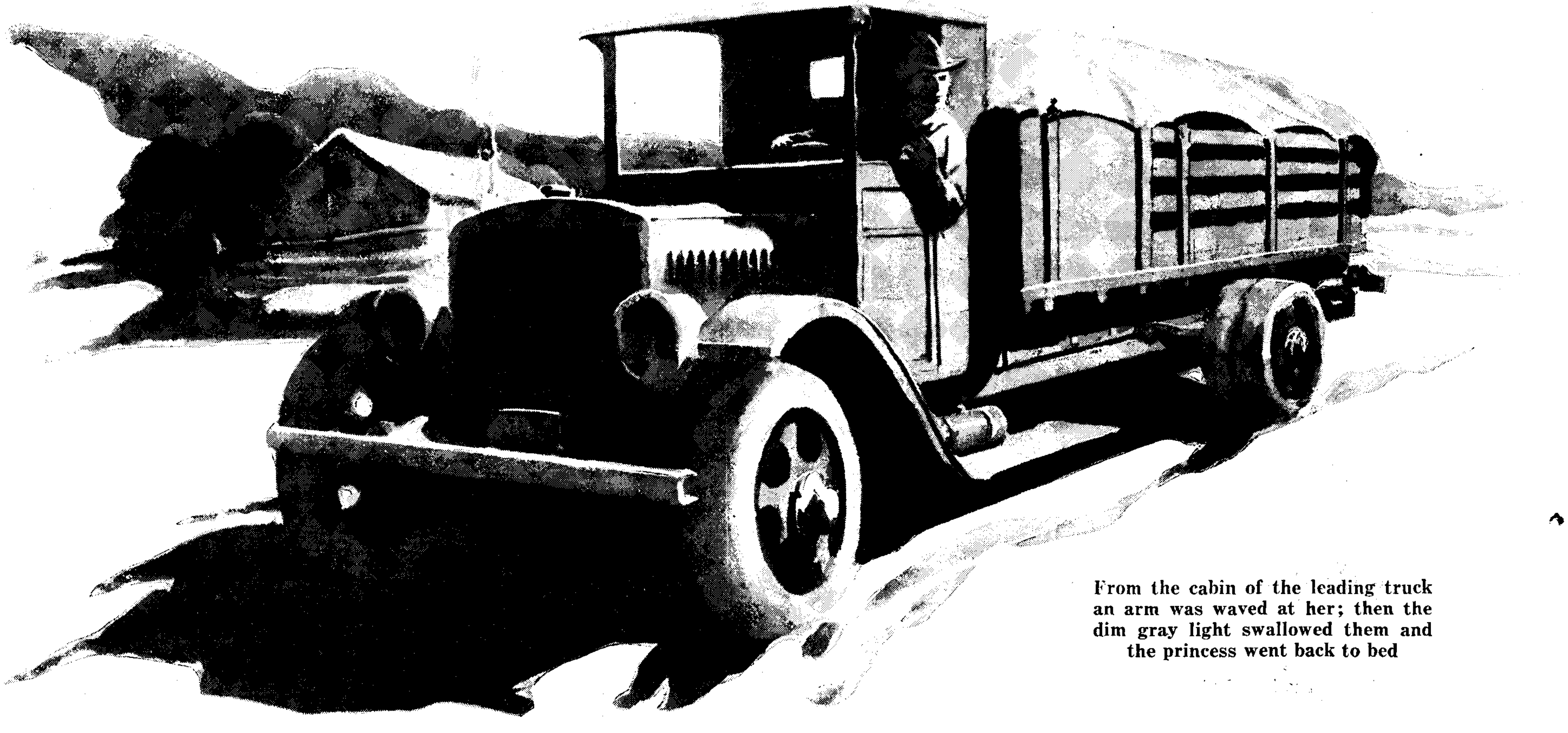
THE princess bent over him and smothered his mouth with kisses. "Oh, Dad," she whispered, "I had to pick a fight with him to keep from crying. He's so wonderful it just breaks my heart to think of the project he has under way. I can't believe he's so terribly, casually bloodthirsty as he pretends. He must have suffered some terrible wrong and it has embittered him. Why can't he realize that life is sweet—"

The king fought his mouth free. "There's only one thing wrong with that young fellow," he declared. "His old man went broke in the cattle business and this lad has to fight his way back into it again. That's all. As soon as that job's finished Ken Burney will be so tame a jackrabbit can leap up and spit in his eye and get away with it."

"I can't understand him. He's so handsome, brilliant, witty, well-mannered and well-born, and yet he can descend to this sort of business and, apparently, enjoy it."

"He's got the intestinal investiture of a bear," His Majesty assured her with vulgar earnestness, "and the super-intelligence of a coyote. He ought to go far, provided his morality holds up, and I have a suspicion it will. He's broad between the ears and has a full, kind eye."

"You speak of him as though he were a horse," Muriel charged petulantly.



From the cabin of the leading truck an arm was waved at her; then the dim gray light swallowed them and the princess went back to bed

"I thought I asked for La Golondrina," the king reminded her; whereupon she realized some other topic of conversation would be agreeable to him. So she subsided, but with a distinct feeling that she had been outgeneraled by two mere men and that Ken Burney had treated her with the tolerance usually reserved for very little girls who speak out of their turn.

THE following morning Ken Burney was called on the telephone from Huachita. The man who answered his cheerful "hello" was none other than Senor Miguel Gallegos. "I hear," said Senor Gallegos, "that last night you and your men were in such a hurry to leave town you abandoned your horses in the local livery stable and fled in a rented car."

Burney laughed.

"I had a suspicion you or Martin Bruce might send a couple of good wing shots around to the livery stable last night to surprise us when we came for our horses."

"Not last night. Early this morning," Gallegos assured him brazenly. "Well, you're a smart young fellow, Burney. I admire brains wherever I find them, so I simply had to call you up and compliment you on your strategy. Want to sell that pinto horse of yours, now that you've decided to leave the country?"

"No, not very much. I'm not leaving."

"He's a pretty prominent horse for such a prominent citizen as yourself to be seen riding. People can recognize you a long way off—say five hundred yards—and in the clear atmosphere of El Cajon Bonita that distance is just a little uncomfortable."

"*Es verdad.* So you thought you'd bring that matter to my attention in the hope that it might influence me to sell, eh?"

"Well, I'll try anything once."

"There is merit in the suggestion. Come to think of it I might as well get rid of that horse. What will you give me for him?"

"A hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"Not enough. Martin Bruce offered me a thousand for him, and if I sell him to anybody I'll sell him to Bruce. A prominent citizen like Martin Bruce on such a prominent horse could be recognized a long way off—say at a thousand to twelve hundred yards—in the clear, bracing atmosphere of the sovereign state of New Mexico—and I'm here to tell you, Gallegos, that range is highly dangerous with me behind a Springfield rifle. And I don't have to use a telescopic sight, either."

"Too much for a cow horse. I pass."

"Is Martin Bruce in the neighborhood of the telephone you're using?"

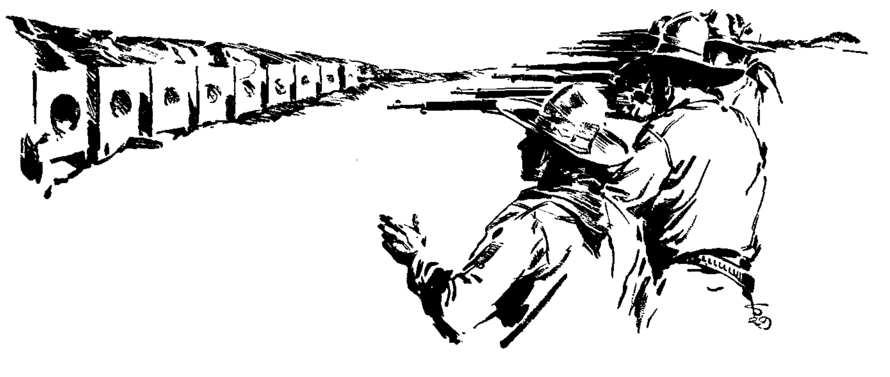
"Right beside me."

"Put him on the line. . . . Hello, Mr. Bruce. Does your offer for that pinto horse of mine still hold good?"

"Sure does, young feller."

"Deposit a thousand dollars to my credit in the Huachita bank in escrow for thirty days against a bill of sale for the horse and an order on the livery stable keeper to turn him over to you. You shall have him a day or two before I leave this country."

"Sold," said Martin Bruce, and hung up.



"Poor old Rowdy," Burney soliloquized. "I suppose he'll get killed the day he bears Martin Bruce into action, But that's one of the chances I have to take. No omelet unless one cracks eggs."

Art Graydon came in then and they went over the ranch mail together. Graydon was for making his successor familiar with the ranch accounting system next, but Ken Burney smilingly opposed that. "I'd just be wasting my time, Mr. Graydon," he assured the latter. "I'm here solely for one reason; within the next sixty days that reason should no longer exist and I shall be on my way. You subscribe to enough reading matter for El Ranchito, do you not?" he added, indicating a pile of newspapers still in their wrappings.

"Oh, yes. Every Bardin Land & Cattle Company ranch subscribes to the leading newspapers published in the cow centers of the Southwest and the Pacific Coast. They tend to keep us in touch with conditions throughout the territory over which the Bardin ranches are scattered. For instance, I read last year in the Alturas Citizen, of Modoc County, California, that there was a world of feed in that county and not very many cattle to eat it. Right away I wired the general manager of our Nevada ranch to motor over into Modoc and lease me a lot of available pasturage for a year. Then I shipped ten thousand head of feeders up there, because we had a short feed year down here. Grew them out and made a nice profit.

"ONE can never tell when he won't stumble over an interesting piece of information in these cow-county weeklies. They often give me a tip on where I can sell a nice mess of feeders and whenever I can sell direct I like to do it, and save the dollar-a-head commission to the cattle broker, which we have to pay if we send the feeders on consignment to Kansas City or Chicago. Such little unexpected profits tend to take up the slack of the loss we suffer in El Cajon Bonita. If you conclude to remain here as general manager, Burney, take my advice and read all these little country papers."

"No, I'll not remain. Tom Bledsoe wants the job, he expects it and he has earned it. It would be just too bad to have a young Johnny-come-lately appear out of nowhere and beat the old Quaker out of his rights. As soon as I've cleaned up El Cajon Bonita I'm going into the cattle business for myself."

Graydon looked at the young man with the reproving glance of the worldly-wise and middle-aged. "You pull that job off, young man, and you'll never be able to get into the cattle business for yourself," he warned. "The king won't let you. He'll consider you too valuable an asset to lose, so he'll just offer you more money than you ever saw before except in a bank, and keep you on his payroll. The king is never stingy with the right men."

"'Twere better to be a lord in some poor paltry village than be an emperor and rule in Rome,'" Ken Burney quoted. "I like my independence."

"The king gives his executives a free hand."

"Until they make a mistake, Mr. Graydon. And I'd have to tell him things and think up excuses, perhaps, when I showed him my annual report."

"You certainly would—if you showed a loss or a decreased profit."

"Well, when I do that in my own business I'll only have to talk it over with myself." Burney gathered up the bundle of country newspapers and retired to his desk and swivel chair. "If you don't mind, Mr. Graydon, I wish you'd continue to exercise the functions of general manager while you remain on El Ranchito, even though the title of general manager is now mine. I have a highly specialized job to do and I don't want to be bothered about anything else.

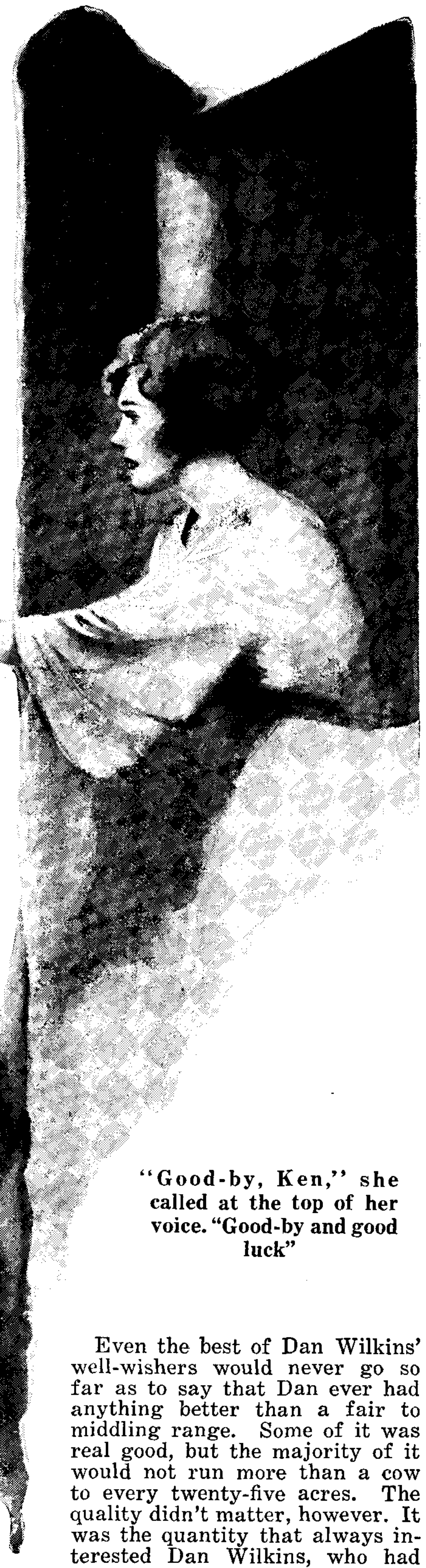
"I expect shortly to be in ample funds to get into business for myself, so in the interim I'll see if these cow-county palladiums of liberty contain any news that might indicate to me where I can pick up some good stock cattle cheap. A great many cattlemen who survived the five terrible years following the post-war deflation period are taking the count now. The banks have grown weary carrying them and are closing in on them just as the business begins to look like coming back into its own. Mr. Graydon, I have a hunch that good cattle, bought at the present prices, will double in value within two years."

"I think so, too," Art Graydon replied. "Government statistics indicate that this country is shy about 17,000,000 head of cattle, based on its pre-war requirements. During the hard times folks sold off their she-stuff, and now when they go to buy it back it's higher-priced and there ain't any. Sure looks like we're due to start a boom in beef prices before long."

"Opportune time for a man to start his own brand again," Burney replied, and busied himself with the papers. He had scanned probably a dozen of them before he ran across an item that challenged his attention. It appeared in the Harney County (Oregon) Sentinel and read as follows:

PIONEER CATTLEMAN RETIRES

Ever since 1921 Dan Wilkins, the genial owner of the Flying W ranch, has been cherishing the secret hope that next year he could quit wearing overalls and buy himself a suit of store clothes. In common with the other cattlemen of the country Dan took a hard licking between 1921 and 1926, but a week ago Fate smiled upon him. It appears that in Chicago some bright boys evolved a scheme for giving away an acre of land in Oregon with each and every purchase of some sort of household contraption they're peddling and advertising nationally. Naturally, nobody would be fool enough to give away an acre of land that was worth anything, but it certainly is surprising the number of city folks that yearn to own an acre of land—any kind of land anywhere. In search for a large tract of cheap land to give away, these Chicago men have bought the Flying W ranch.



"Good-by, Ken," she called at the top of her voice. "Good-by and good luck"

Even the best of Dan Wilkins' well-wishers would never go so far as to say that Dan ever had anything better than a fair to middling range. Some of it was real good, but the majority of it would not run more than a cow to every twenty-five acres. The quality didn't matter, however. It was the quantity that always interested Dan Wilkins, who had never run less than fifteen thousand head. Evidently both quality and quantity interested the Chicago men, for they have bought Dan out—for cash—and given him a year's time and the free use of the ranch during that period to get rid of his cattle.

Dan has announced that as soon as he can sell his cattle at a satisfactory price he will retire on the tidy sum he will have left after paying his cattle loans and the ranch mortgage. The ranch sold for seven dollars an acre and to our certain knowledge five thousand acres of it lies in the crater of an extinct volcano where a blade of grass has never grown. The Sentinel congratulates the suckers who draw the acre home-sites in that old crater or in the lava beds four miles south of it.

Dan's friends, which term includes every man, woman, child and stray dog in this county, are rejoicing in his good fortune. For six years it certainly looked to Dan as if he was going to get out with nothing more valuable than a second-hand flivver that wasn't all paid for.

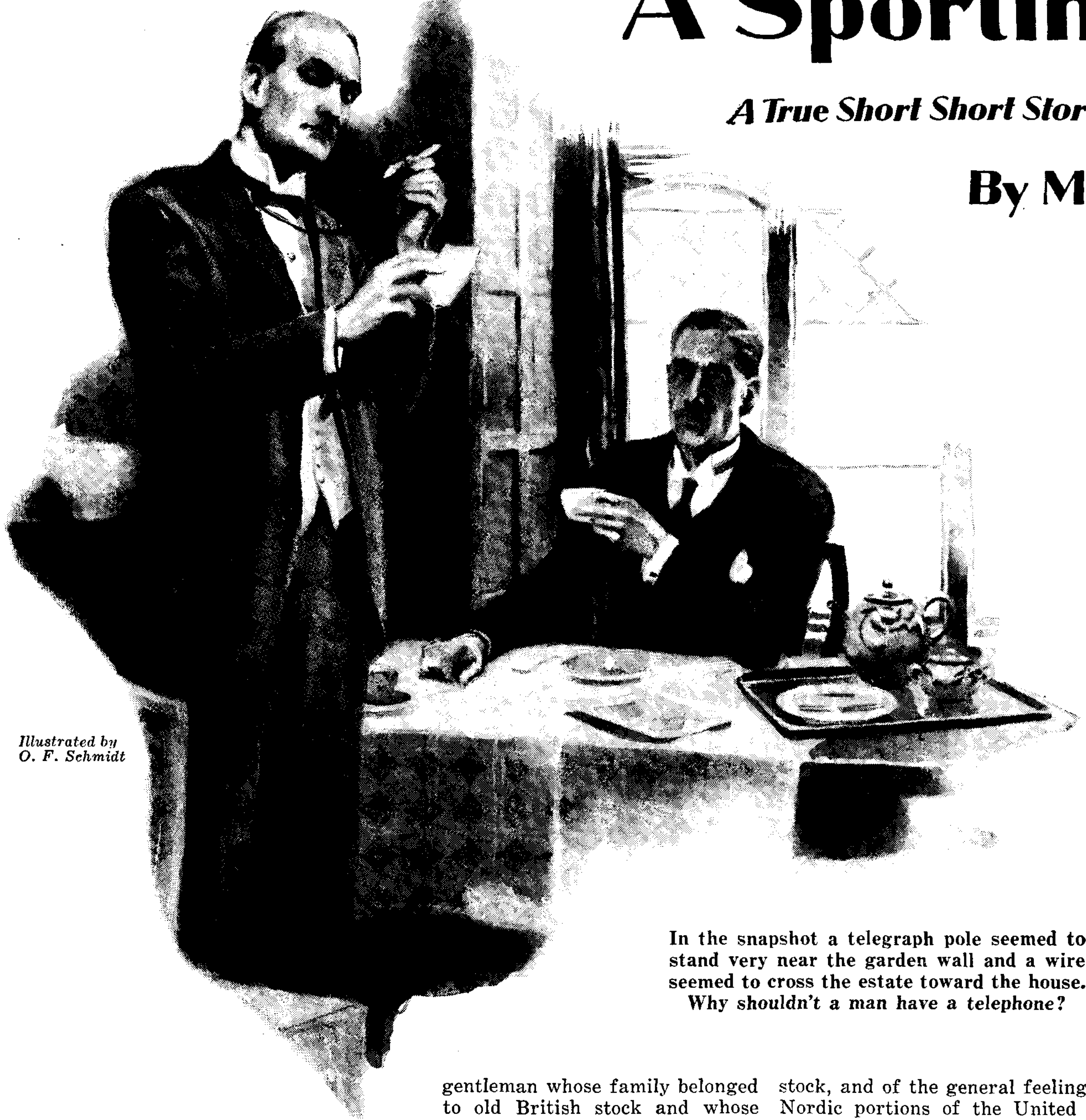
Good boy, Dan. Take it easy in your old age. You've earned the rest.

Five minutes after reading this typically bucolic (*Continued on page 56*)

A Sporting Chance

A True Short Short Story complete on this page

By Mark Barr



Illustrated by
O. F. Schmidt

In the snapshot a telegraph pole seemed to stand very near the garden wall and a wire seemed to cross the estate toward the house. *Why shouldn't a man have a telephone?*

SIR BASIL THOMSON, the head of Scotland Yard, had a chair for visitors near his big table. I have often sat there and enjoyed a cup of tea with him—always hoping to hear who might have been the last visitor.

I have heard thrilling tales of the interviews, and in the days of peace I have come out of Scotland Yard nearly tottering with a sense of warfare in society. And you may imagine how the tea parties in Sir Basil's room were more momentous, more awful, when the World War came. . . .

One day when plans were going dickey at the front, and worse at home, Sir Basil had a pleasant interview with a man from South Carolina. He bore the fine old name of Calhoun.

Mr. Calhoun had been a passenger to Sweden when the British hailed the steamship in the North Sea and boarded her to ask questions—not of Calhoun but of hyphenated people. Using, as they politely claimed, a precedent established by the United States during the Civil War, they cross-examined the passengers; and, as always happened, some Americans called down the heavens upon the head of Britain, threatening action from the Department of State for an outrageous interference with free-born nephews of Uncle Sam. But Mr. Calhoun, who could scorn the vulgar shout of the one-half-of-one-per-cent Americans, apologized to the commander for the attitude of those who rejoiced in neutrality.

His passport was that of a Southern gentleman whose family belonged to old British stock and whose sympathy with the present cause was as clear as Roosevelt's. Mr. Calhoun saw one passenger in difficulties with the naval officer, who smiled when the hyphenated citizen dared him to break his passage to Finland.

Mr. Calhoun himself was bound for Sweden on a simple matter of business, but if *he* were asked to break his voyage and go to London he would be tempted! He could go to Sweden later on, and a visit to England at this time offered many attractions to him.

"Commander," he said. "I cannot express too strongly my feelings and those of many of my countrymen—true Americans—on this war. We are not neutrals. We would like to be fighting side by side with you!"

"We appreciate your attitude, Mr. Calhoun. This is a ticklish job, and it is a pity that all of your countrymen don't see that we are merely looking for non-American enemies who use your country as a mask. We have many of your people with us on the field. You say you are going to Sweden?"

"Yes, sir, but if I could be of any use in this Great Cause—"

"Why, yes, Mr. Calhoun. If you care to come to London and join in war work I can arrange it, but, of course, I must know who you are."

MR. CALHOUN had no end of evidence as to his identity and position in South Carolina. He charmed the commander with his evidence. He went to England on the destroyer, and on the quick voyage made a good impression telling stories of the South; of the families there who were original British stock, and of the general feeling in the Nordic portions of the United States.

Everything about Mr. Calhoun gained for him ready acceptance into the best circle in London. The steps by which he came into the acquaintance of Sir Basil Thomson are unimportant. The thing is that now the Chief of Scotland Yard was pouring a cup of tea for him.

"Tell me, Mr. Calhoun—you come from the romantic and valiant South: I've not traveled there—do you still have many of those Queen Anne and Georgian mansions? With the big white columns and porticoes—a beautiful old style, I think? Was the Calhoun house one of these?"

Mr. Calhoun opened a brief case.

"Pardon me, one moment, Sir Basil. Here is an old photograph taken in 1853. And here's another I took myself two years ago. I think it is as attractive as any house in England."

It certainly was. Sir Basil was charmed.

"This picture—two years ago? We had a terrible summer that year in England. A beautiful house—I suppose you have all the American conveniences in the old house—brought up to date and all that: those incredible American bathrooms! And had you a telephone?"

"No, sir, we are too old-fashioned. Our friends are near by and we walk across the fields—"

"I saw that telegraph pole, Mr. Calhoun—there, across the garden at the back—"

Mr. Calhoun took a casual look.

"Oh, that is the local telephone—a line across the state, I suppose."

Sir Basil asked a hundred questions about life in the South. He apologized for his fervor.

"We English are keen when we find people who have gardens and old houses so like our own. Now, on the contrary, in France and Italy—"

Mr. Calhoun told Sir Basil not a hundred but a thousand details. He warmed to the job, filled with Southern pride. And one would have thought that both men had forgotten they were to discuss the business of war and the question of Mr. Calhoun's fitting into one of the many jobs open to men of culture and tact. The whole story of the Calhouns came rolling out.

Sir Basil looked again at the two photographs of the Calhoun home. The old photograph of 1853 was large and faded. The other was a small snapshot. In it a telegraph pole seemed to stand very near the garden wall and a wire seemed to cross the estate toward the house. Why shouldn't a man have a telephone?

Mr. Calhoun brought out some other snapshots and the Chief asked:

"Have you a family in South Carolina?"

"No, Sir Basil, I am a bachelor. My people—the younger generation—are scattered."

The Chief made up the parcel of photographs and dropped them into Mr. Calhoun's open briefcase, saying as he did so:

"A charming place. Thanks very much for your interesting account. Now how about another cup of tea?" Then he ran his finger down a memorandum calendar. "By Jove, I forgot! Excuse me, one moment, Mr. Calhoun."

He went to the next room. Then on to the next, quickly. *He had palmed the snapshot.* He took it out of his pocket now and examined it with a glass. The telephone wire was plain. He examined the back of the photograph, and grinned. A rubber stamp date, 1914, had been erased very cleverly.

"WHAT a jackass! Why bother? Taken two years ago—1912—not on your life! And as if it mattered about the telephone! Needless things to do—to say—"

Sir Basil made up his mind and got the Admiralty on the telephone.

"Quick," he said, "give me a list of German spies who have been some time in the States. Or not spies—just men, educated, known to be extra smooth."

"Well, Thomson, there is always the charming Kapitan Boehn. Don't know where he is. Lived in the States, graduated from Princeton. Great aristocrat. Then in the Army. Known to be in New York early in July, 1914—"

"What's he look like?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"Good-by!" shouted Sir Basil.

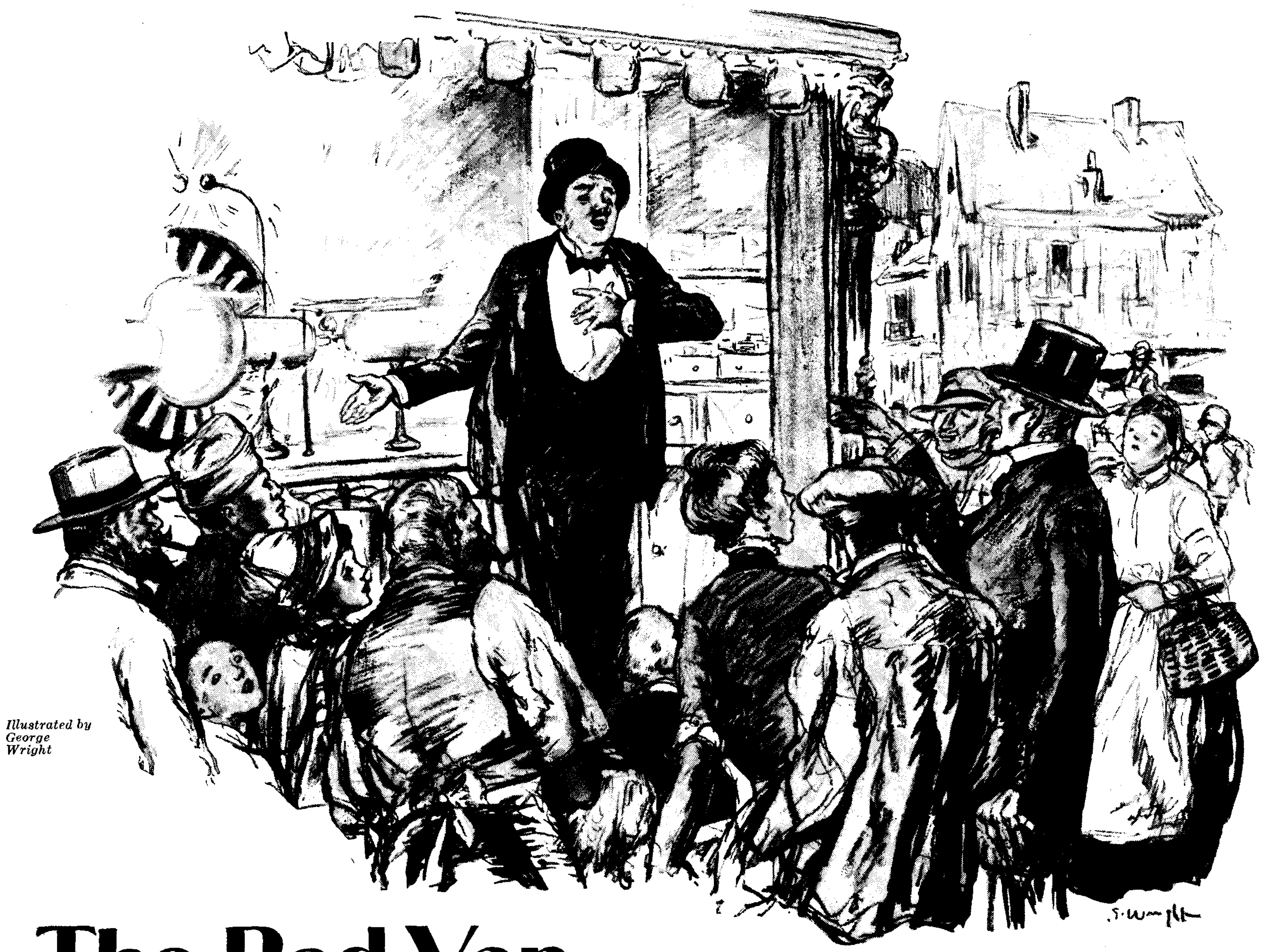
The Chief returned to his office and sat down at his great table facing Mr. Calhoun. He looked him steadily in the eyes and pressed a button.

"Too damned perfect, *Kapitan Boehn!* Too many perfect details."

Three officers came in. Captain Boehn rose and clicked his heels. He dropped the Carolinian accent.

"I shall, of course," he said thickly, "be treated as a military prisoner?" His face was white.

None of us ever heard again of Captain Boehn of the Prussian Guards.



Illustrated by George Wright

Dr. Blanc's sergeant-major voice cut the air: "That man is a liar! Look at him. I am a doctor. I say that man is ill!"

The Red Van

By Warwick Deeping

The pill doctor swallows the bitterest pill of all—that sovereign remedy, the truth

AGAINST the black bulk of the cathedral and facing the "Panier d'Or" a red van diffused a half circle of light over the heads and shoulders of a small crowd. Not only was the van painted red, but the open side of it displayed a row of electric lights brilliant behind screens of red glass.

The thing was both a shop and a stage, and beneath the glare of the lights a little figure in a top hat, black dinner-jacket and white shirt gesticulated and declaimed.

It was Monsieur François, or just François, proclaiming the virtues of his Electric Pills.

Nearly everyone in the Pas de Calais or Nord knew François and his red motor-van. He would arrive on market day in St. Omer or Hazebrouk, Amiens, Abbeville or St. Venant, let down the side of his traveling show and display to the provincial mind all that electrical gear from which he extracted buzzings and chatterings and flashes of light. He made a great noise, but even so his noise was less silly than the noise made by the children of the silly rich who turn on gramophones in hotels at nine o'clock on a summer morning.

François was both an artist and a wag. He had a little, white, fat-cheeky face, bright black eyes, immense self-assurance and a manner. He could shout and declaim for hours through all the bravura of market-day, and his voice never failed him. Once or twice during the performance he would swallow one of his own pills.

"There, you see. I never tire; I am never ill. I can talk all day and work half the night. I have a voice. You hear it. The cock on the church steeple hears it. And muscle—too. Look!"

He seized a cavalry sabre and brandished it, and the red light from above ran along it and seemed to drop from it like blood.

"I AM strong; I am healthy. And why? Because of my great discovery. A drug may be just a drug, my friends, but charge it with electricity—and voila! Life is electricity. Oh, yes, the doctors, the doctors, the Faculty of Medicine! Poof! They will not believe; they are jealous. But you want the right drug, and the right charge of electricity. That is my discovery."

He raised his top hat impressively. He was an actor. He had all the tricks and the emotional suggestiveness of a priest in a pulpit.

"I salute Science. I salute all the eminent and noble searchers. I salute Galvani and Volta, Pasteur and Koch. I am jealous of no man. I too have made my discovery."

He spread his arms as though preparing to embrace humanity, and bobbled his fat cheeks at the crowd.

"Come, I will show you how these wonderful pills are charged with the life force. It looks very simple. All great things look simple. But it takes the great man to discover them. Ha! Someone laughs! I love laughter. I too can laugh."

And he went off into a burst of buoyant, irresponsible laughter, and took a long glass tube, and closed one end of it with red wool, and dropped in half a dozen of his pills, and closed the other end of the tube with more red wool.

"Voila! We are ready. Now watch. I place the tube between these powerful batteries. Crrs-ttch!"

He turned a handle and there were splutterings and flashings, and he raised his hat and gazed reverently upon the glass tube.

"There. You see. The wonderful thing has now happened. Swallow those pills and you swallow life, health, happiness."

François had a wife, rather small and solid like himself, and very much the Dea Mater behind the scenes. Madame François had fair hair, a squarish head and chin, eyes of grayish green, suggesting the eyes of a determined child. In fact there was something childlike about her, and while François lived on his loquacity, this little woman in miniature was silent and somewhat inscrutable.

She had a soft squareness, an air of sturdy wisdom, and François adored her. It is still possible for a man to adore his wife, and François might marvel, for Madame Claire somehow managed to believe in him. She liked to speak of him as the Professor, and it is possible that Monsieur François, after years of fervid declaiming, and encouraged by his wife's admiration, had come to believe that he had made a discovery, that he had fumbled his way into some mystery like a child playing with a bunch of keys. The Electric Pills did possess some potent virtue. They were more than nux vomica and aloes.

AT BETHUNE the show was over. Madame Claire had ceased to pass little boxes of pills to her husband through a slit in the red curtain behind the lamps and batteries. Beasts, human and otherwise, had been sold. The great tower of the church with its two round windows, which gave it the look of an owl, was lost in obscurity. François removed his hat and carefully laid it aside. His forehead glistened. A few children stood and stared.

François threw them two five-centime pieces for a scramble. He was feeling right; the day had been good.

"Run away, my dears. Pills—at your age—are not necessary."

From behind the red curtain came sounds of tidying up.

"What was that, François?"

"Two small pieces of money, cherie, to the children."

Madame sighed. Such a life as theirs did not permit of children, and both of them had a liking for children.

She said, "We have sold thirty-seven boxes."

François made a clicking noise with his tongue.

"This is an intelligent town. My dear, I'm hungry."

"Shall we have supper here?"

"No, I prefer to be at my ease. We will run the old bus into the yard of the Three Stars."

HE WAS detaching wires and making *things shipshape for the night. With* the click of a switch all the red lights went out. He said, with a voice of fat contentment:

"Tomorrow we will go to Paradis."

The voice behind the curtain protested. "Not Paradis."

"Why not? It is a good place."

"But that doctor is there."

François laughed.

"That doctor! Poof, a jealous fellow. I will run him through with my sabre."

"But you remember the last occasion."

"Yes, that was a joke, certainly. The fellow should not come and stand on the edge of the crowd and glare. And he had had jaundice and I offered to present him with a box of pills. Ta-ra-ra! And he called me a dirty quack."

"It does not do you any good, François."

"Why, I'm not afraid of the fellow. It was a good advertisement. And I had the best of the small talk. We did well there. Come along, my dear, let's get the old ship under way."

Madame François joined him, and together they raised the side of the van, and bolted it, shutting away all that mystery. François lit the lamps; they were oil lamps to save electricity for the pills. He raised the bonnet flap and tickled the carburetor.

"Is she in a good temper? I wonder?"

She was. The engine started at the third pull of the crank handle, making a chattering roar which François rushed to control with a tweak at the throttle lever. He climbed into the driving seat and his wife placed herself beside him. The red van and the magnetic pills rolled away to the yard of the Three Stars.

Parked there, Monsieur and Madame François were at home in the apartment behind the red curtains which was salon, kitchen and bedchamber. They supped. Claire could produce excellent little dishes over the oil stove; she ceased to be mute. But on this particular *night she had an air of depression. Her* round eyes looked at the omelette as though she saw poison in it.

"I do not like the idea of going to Paradis."

François in his shirt sleeves was jocular.

"O, come now, you are bound to go there. Had I proposed the other place, well, an objection would have been reasonable. Angel."

He kissed his wife.

"Paradis! Inevitable. If the doctor is a devil we'll order him to go to hell."

Monsieur François' vitality was such that, like the exuberances of the child, it seemed churlish to quarrel with it. Moreover, François was Madame Claire's child. So the red van trundled along the road to Paradis between rows of Lombardy poplars through which the wind played and made a perpetual murmuring.

BUT strangely enough, on that perfect June day with the spire of the church of Paradis piercing the green canopy of groves of poplars Monsieur François did not feel himself. He was aware of chilliness, a languor, vague, inward discomfort. He perspired, but he persisted.

"Surely it is very hot."

Claire agreed with him as to the heat. "It is the engine too, perhaps. Look."

A faint plume of steam was rising from the radiator cap.

"Tien. Yes, she is feeling it too. She needs some of our pills."

He insisted on jocularity. He had set out to go to Paradis and defy that devil of a doctor, and go there he would in spite of the heat and this feeling of vague physical distress. He was aware of inward qualms, but doubtless they too were due to the heat. Courage! Business was business.

So he drove the red van up the long street of Paradis, and past the house of Dr. George Blanc, a tall and narrow house with sneering windows, and parked his show in the "place" by the church close to a row of pollarded *limes.*

Monsieur François mopped his forehead.

"My dear," he said, "I think I will have a little glass of cognac with my lunch. And perhaps a little sleep afterwards. We will open the show when it gets cooler. Besides, we must wait till the people come back from the fields."

Monsieur François had his little glass of cognac and his little sleep. He woke about half past three. The van was insufferably hot, though Claire had opened the window and set the door ajar. If you opened the door too lavishly children would be sure to poke their heads inside.

"*Mon dieu,* it is hot!"

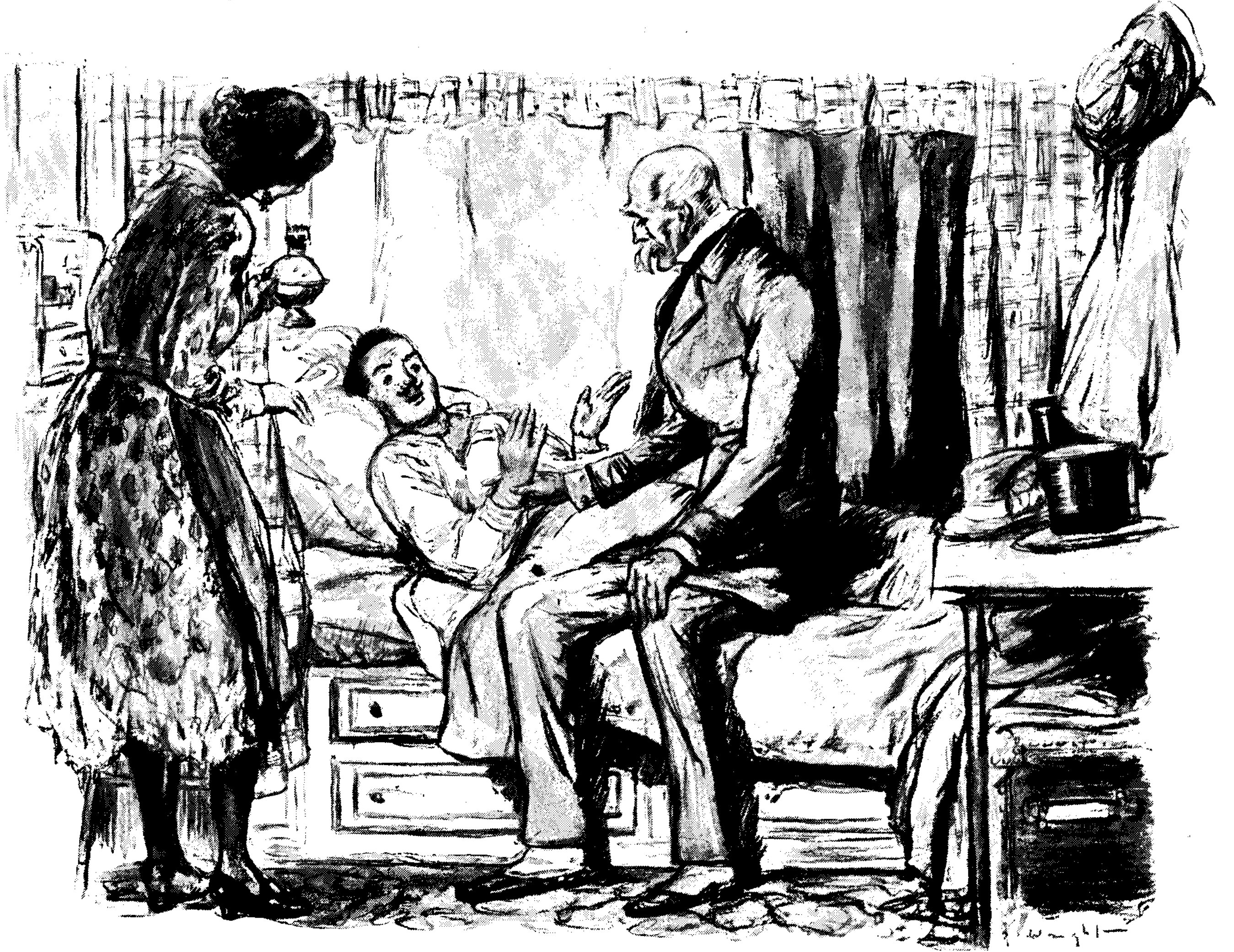
He sat up, and with a wince of the mouth, put his hand to his side.

Madame regarded him intently.

"François, you are ill."

But the pride of the Professor was piqued. He—ill! Not a bit of it. It was the heat, and he was feeling a little upset inside, and he would take a dose of salts before going to bed. Besides, there was Dr. George Blanc to be considered. Monsieur François was going to sell his pills in Paradis and under the doctor's nose, even if the sky turned to molten brass.

"Give me a glass of water, my dear. François is never ill."



The Professor's face, puckered and pale, looked up at them. "Monsieur Doctor—you came to see me! It is astonishing!"

About six o'clock the show opened. The side of the van had been lowered, and Monsieur François, looking rather pallid and greasy, began to potter about and make mysterious preparations. He wore his top hat at a jaunty angle; his white shirt bulged. People began to gather, women, children, men back from the fields who grinned at each other, and tried to look skeptical. François smiled at them and rubbed his hands.

"Ha, you look very healthy in Paradis. But I am going to tell you a thing or two. The ladies have bright eyes, but I have something that will make them brighter."

THE crowd increased, and François *switched on all his lights and crack*led his electrical gear. He seemed as full of joy as usual. He was inspired, strung up to a particular effort. His bright little eyes watched for his enemy, and in due course he saw the long, sardonic face of Dr. Blanc hung like a mocking mask at the back of the crowd. Dr. Blanc was a very tall man with mustachios like one of the great Napoleon's grenadiers, and a spot of bright color on either cheek. His eyes were set rather like the eyes of a goat.

François began to return the doctor's glare, and to throw his remarks in the direction of that formidable face.

"My discovery, ladies and gentlemen, was not made in the provinces. I too have studied in Paris. I have visited the United States of America. I do not keep a drug shop at the back of an old house. I travel and see the world. I am ready to challenge the whole Faculty of Medicine, the Sorbonne, all the Academies. I live and prove my profession. Look at me."

He spread his arms.

"Health. Have I ever been ill? Never. In Paradis is there illness—sometimes? I see there your eminent physician. I will challenge him to answer that question."

The crowd shuffled and stirred. It felt the excitement of an emotional situation, conflict, the spice of a hot argument. Faces were turned towards Dr. Blanc.

His eyes seemed to stand out on stalks. He stood with his heels together, shoulders squared.

"I am not a liar."

Monsieur François bowed.

"That is a good answer. Monsieur tells us the truth. He confesses—"

BUT Dr. Blanc's voice cut him short. It was like a tusk jabbed into François' plump little body.

"But that man is a liar. I have a box of his pills. I have analyzed them. It is my duty to stand here and save my fellow citizens from trash and humbug. I do *not* argue."

François was perspiring, for the pain in him had ceased to be a vague qualm and had suddenly become acute and poignant.

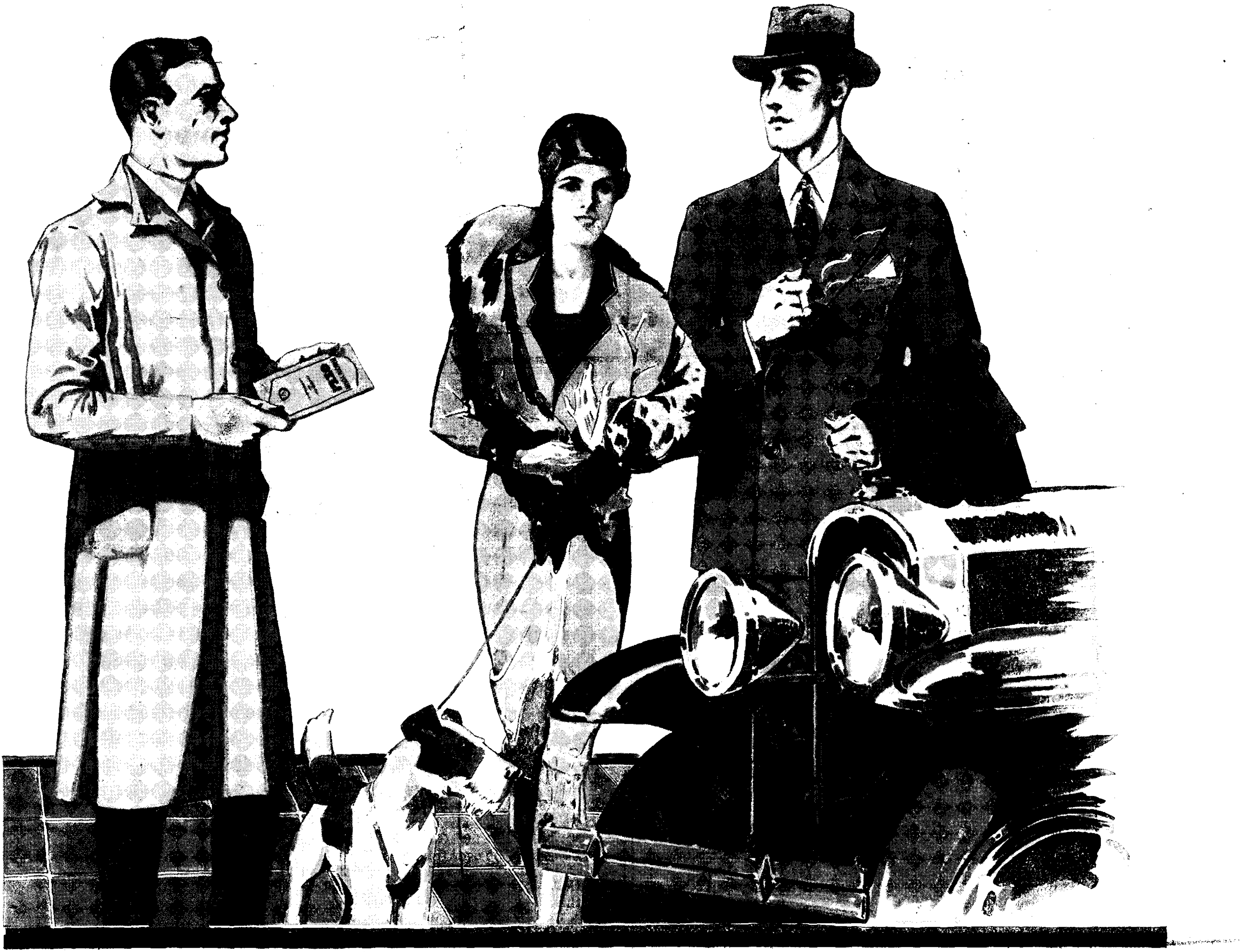
"Nor do I argue, my friends. I say that my discovery is a cure which the learned profession—"

He winced, and Dr. Blanc's sergeant-major's voice cut the air:

"That man is a liar. I will tell you. That man is ill. He stands up and pretends to all you healthy people who work in the fields that he is healthier than you are. Look at him. I am a doctor. I say that man is ill."

The crowd gazed upon François, and it gazed in silence, for something was happening in front of the red lamps. In spite of all that rosy glow the professor's face had a ghastly sallowness. His mouth was twisted; his eyes looked sunken. And suddenly and incontinently before them all Monsieur François was sick. It was a catastrophe, a disaster.

Dr. Blanc (*Continued on page 54*)



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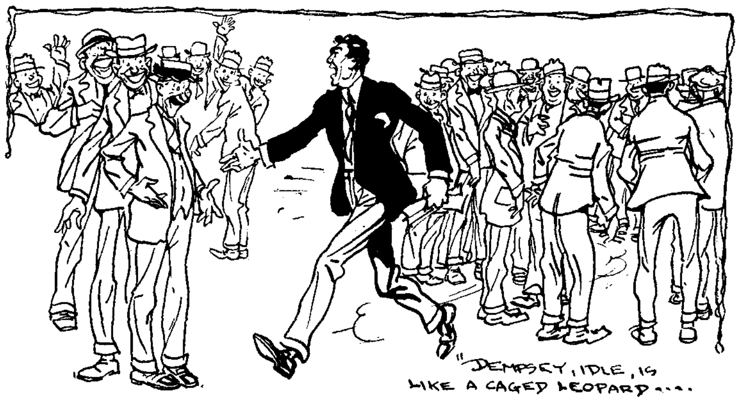
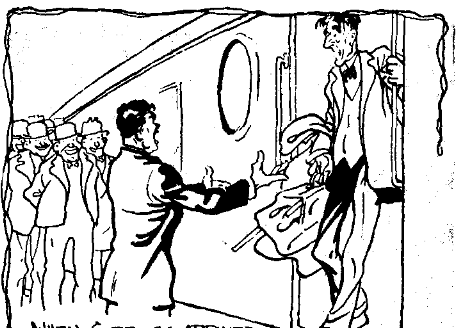
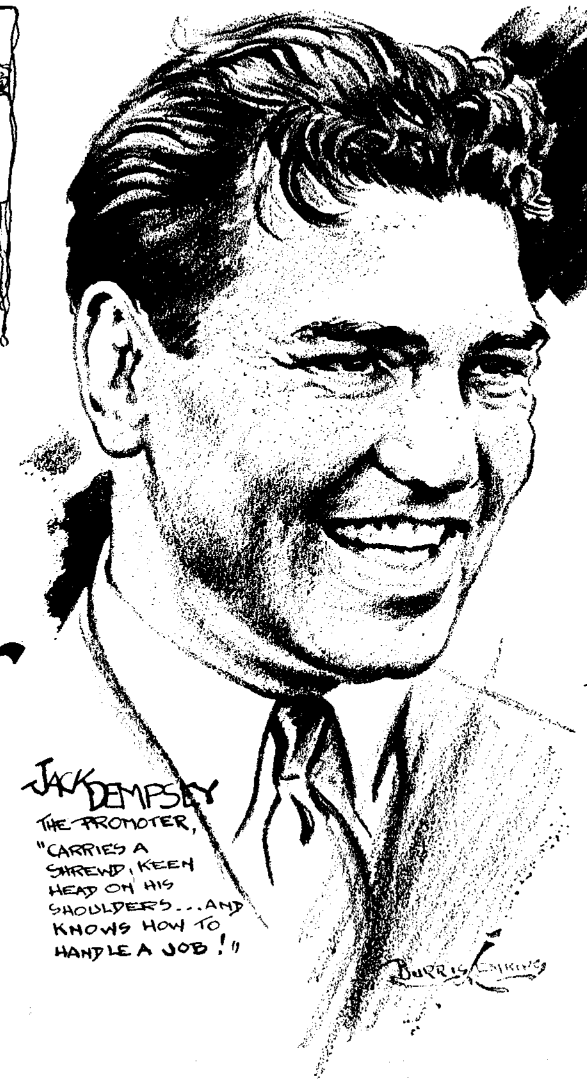

"DEMPSEY, IDLE, IS LIKE A CAGED LEOPARD.... NEVER STILL.. MOVES FROM GROUP TO GROUP... KNOWS EVERYBODY... THE LAST WORD IN AFFABILITY.."


"WHEN CORBETT ARRIVED DEMPSEY WAS THERE TO MEET THE TRAIN.. "CORBETT WAS ALMOST IN TEARS...""

The Iron Handshaker

By Grantland Rice


JACK DEMPSEY
THE PROMOTER,
"CARRIES A SHREWD, KEEN HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS...AND KNOWS HOW TO HANDLE A JOB!"
BURRIS JENKINS

"AT A DINNER PARTY, WHILE NEVER THE LIFE OF THE PARTY, ALWAYS SAYS SOMETHING WORTH LISTENING TO."

Dempsey's energy must find some outlet or explode; but cementing friendships serves just as well as battering opponents. Dempsey, the promoter, looks like two other fellows, but he's not

JUST before Dempsey met Carpentier at Boyle's Thirty Acres, John Golden, the producer, was invited to a big dinner party after the fight in the event that Carpentier won.

"I first saw the frail, pale-looking Carpentier come by," says Mr. Golden, "and a few minutes later another man passed me going to his dressing-room, and I almost jumped out of the place. He had a three days' or a four days' growth of beard that looked like black wire. He was scowling, and there was a glint in his eyes that cut like sharp steel. Every move he made was sheer power. You could see muscles bulging in his big arms and across his broad shoulders. It was Jack Dempsey.

"I went to my seat near the ring and called over to my host, 'I'm sorry, Bill, but there won't be any dinner tonight.' "

That was the Dempsey of the Willard, Carpentier and Firpo wars. In popular conception he was all savage, with no other thought except to annihilate. And in the ring this was largely true. He practically spoiled the heavyweight game for the spectators so far as his heavyweight successors happened to be concerned. He knocked down Willard and Firpo, the two giants of the ring, thirteen times in two rounds—the first rounds of both fights. He was more interested in headlong assault than he was in rules and regulations.

*Dempsey changed from fighter to pro*moter when Tex Rickard died. And those around suddenly saw that the old Tiger Man had more sentiment in his breast than most men carry. He wanted to pay all the funeral expenses for Rickard's widow and young daughter. He gave Rickard all the credit for making him, taking no credit for the $10,000,000 his two busy fists had drawn through the turnstiles.

I happened to be at Miami Beach a month before the Sharkey-Stribling fight. It took only a few hours to find out that Dempsey was the most popular man around the city. The answer was simple. He seemed to know everybody and everybody seemed to know him. He either called them all by their first names or if he didn't know their first names, it was "Hello, old pal."

Dempsey carries enormous energy in his big system. I went with him to the fight, and he was all over the place, always asking if there was anything anyone needed, anything he could get, anything he could look after. He must have spoken at one time or another to almost everyone there.

Those who had seen him only as a fighter were astonished when they had a chance to see him at work. They found out that he was the last word in affability. They discovered that he carried a shrewd, keen head on his shoulders and he knew how to handle a job.

He could kid with any type of crowd and at a dinner party, while never inclined to be the life of the party, what he had to say was entertaining and worth while.

He was asked at one party if Rickard hadn't asked him to let Carpentier stay three or four rounds. "Oh," said Dempsey with a grin, "Tex used to always tell me he had a lot of nice people on hand and he wanted them to have a good show and not to make it too quick. But I'd only laugh and ask what would happen if the other fellow made it too quick. Tex never bothered about the money he might make or lose. What he wanted was a big show, a lot of entertainment, something to talk about later on."

A Marvel for Details

At the Sharkey-Stribling fight you could see small groups of people from strange, far-off places, and you wondered how they ever happened to come this far to see a fight. And you would find out later they were old friends of Dempsey, to whom he had written personal letters, saying that he hoped to see them at the ringside in his first promoter's job.

He was a marvel for details. He overlooked nothing that should have been cared for. James J. Corbett, former heavyweight champion, arrived from New York the day before the fight. He came in early, but there was Dempsey waiting to meet him at the train. Corbett was almost in tears.

"This is the first time," he said, "since I lost my title over thirty years ago that any promoter has ever met me or shown that he knew I was alive. I appreciate this, Jack, more than I can ever say."

Dempsey was astonished. "Why, I'm even meeting all the preliminary fighters," he said, "I wouldn't neglect a man who has done for the game all that you have done."

He was also busy healing up old wounds, clearing up old feuds. When Dempsey and Kearns broke, many of Dempsey's old cronies went over to Kearns. Two of these were Senator Wild Bill Lyons and and Jim Dougherty, who refereed the Dempsey-Gibbons fight in Shelby. In the case of Dougherty, who still handles George Godfrey, the breach was wide. When they arrived at Miami Beach, Dempsey was there to meet them. He had close ringside seats for each and all the hospitality ready anyone could ask for. There was a general making-up all around, with everything just as it used to be. And after two days Dougherty came out with the statement that in his opinion Dempsey would make the greatest promoter that ever lived. Which, of course, is something yet to be proved.

It seemed a long and winding trail from the Dempsey of Toledo to the Dempsey of Miami Beach. In watching his apparently sincere friendliness with everyone he met I thought of that first round under a blazing July sky when he suddenly ducked in under Willard's arm and started the slaughter. I asked him about that first round.

"I knew," Dempsey said, "that I had to get him quick, before I tired. He outweighed me by sixty or more pounds and I couldn't handle that much handicap many rounds. When he led, finally, I ducked in and hit him with a right to the body. This brought his head in range and I put everything I had in a left hook to the jaw. The blow landed high, but I knew the fight was over when I saw his cheek bone drop at least an inch."

There were times at Miami Beach when the tangle and the turmoil were great. Yet if Dempsey ever lost his temper or his affability, no one around saw it happen.

William F. Carey, an able business man along many lines, directing the work for Madison Square Garden, was not only greatly surprised at Dempsey's tireless energy, but also at his ability to handle so many details without a serious mistake. Dempsey, idle, is like a caged leopard. Even when there is nothing to do he can't remain in one spot more than a few seconds. You turn around to speak to someone and when you turn again Dempsey is with another group. You watch a minute or two and he is on the bound again.

One More Shot

And through all this he still keeps in his old physical condition, drinking nothing alcoholic, smoking occasionally, ready, if the time seems ripe, to make his choice. He didn't think he would ever fight again. But you could see that he wasn't sure, especially if some survivor came along willing to rip and exchange wallops at close range. Someone, for example, like Schmeling, the German, who looks like Dempsey and has much the same manner of fighting. Then it wouldn't be so much a test of legs but a test of fists, ability to hit and ability to take it.

If that occasion arises I think Dempsey, the urbane promoter, might become Dempsey, the Killer, again—for one more shot at least.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Let's Stay Young Together

By Ruth F. Wadsworth M.D.

"She's 45 years old and looks it! He's the same age, but who'd think it?" There shouldn't be that difference at all. She can share his secret. It isn't a matter of prolonging life but of staving off old age and its marks. Which, by the way, is much easier than it sounds.

TWO women who had been in the class of 1885 at college met for lunch at a New York club not long ago. Their daughters had been graduated from the same college in 1925, and had reëstablished their mothers' acquaintanceship. Presumably the women had much in common and much to talk about. One of them had been left a widow with little money after five years of marriage. She had brought up her two girls while working in a library and teaching school, had prepared them for college and finally sent them on scholarships.

The other woman, well-to-do herself, had married a man of great wealth, brought up her children with the aid of trained nurses and governesses, sent them to the best schools, and entered them in college only after a long inquiry as to the sanitary conditions of the buildings, an inspection of the kitchen and a test of the water supply by the Board of Health. At this luncheon of reunion the former librarian ordered the table d'hote of the day, at seventy-five cents, and felt that she was at a party. The other woman objected to everything on the menu, had a special dish of coddled eggs and toast Melba prepared, had the ice removed from her water and finally obtained a mineral water, and sent her tea back to the kitchen three times.

These two classmates were the same age. Both were now 60. Yet in appearance there seemed to be at least 20 years' difference between them. One of them was alert, erect, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, and she gave the general impression of a person with somewhere to go and something to do—a purpose in life. The other woman was extremely well and carefully dressed, but the impression she gave was one of dignity and repression. She treated herself much as one would treat a piece of expensive Venetian glass, and the effect was that of a well-cared-for human antique. Needless to say that the woman who appeared young and healthy was the one who had had a hard life. A life of luxury and care as to sanitary conditions, diet, exposure, fatigue and strain had made of her companion an old woman—well preserved, to be sure, but none the less an old woman.

Who Wants to Grow Old?

What have we here—a paradox? All of us have seen this story illustrated among our own acquaintances. And yet most of us spend a lot of time worrying for fear we do not take the proper care of ourselves to keep from growing prematurely old. Dr. Logan Clendening, who has written for the lay reader a charming book called The Human Body, discusses the discouraging fact that with all our newly acquired medical knowledge we have increased the life expectancy at 35 years only one tenth of a year over that which held in 1850.

Let us clear the decks for action in this discussion of old age. We throw longevity overboard first of all. Who is interested in living to a great age? We know from statistics that the average man can no more add years to his span than he can add a cubit to his stature. So why worry about it? What we are interested in is averting the *symptoms* of old age, when old age becomes a disease. The fact that one lives to be 100 or dies at 50, is not a credit or a reflection on his management of his life. But the fact that when he is 50 a man acts and looks like 70 *is* a reflection on his manner of living.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney is a society woman and distinguished sculptress

Chauncey Depew was a grand old man, not because he lived to a great age, but because he made after-dinner speeches and attended meetings and kept up with the times at an age when other old men were being rolled around in wheel chairs and sitting in the sun.

I think the vast majority of us agree with Sir Farquhar Buzzard, who said, at a recent conference of physicians on the subject of old age, "We are really considering the possibilities of prolonging the prime of life to its utmost limits and not of perpetuating indefinitely a vegetable existence."

It is true that when human beings attain a certain age they do become satisfied with a vegetative existence—trying as it were, by merely living a little longer, to set a record of longevity—but that is senility, and who wants to be senile? There is something pitiful and futile about the centenarian who grants interviews to reporters and glibly answers the inevitable question: "To what do you attribute your long life?" He answers with equal frequency:

"To the fact that I have never touched drink."

"To the fact that I have always been a moderate drinker."

"To the fact that I have always drunk a quart of whisky a day."

"To the fact that I have never touched tobacco."

"To the fact that I began smoking and chewing at nine."

"To the fact that I have always avoided drafts."

"To the fact that I have never worn an overcoat in winter," and so on *ad infinitum.* We are forced to the conclusion that nobody knows what makes a man live to be a hundred, as doctors can give no more satisfactory answers than the octogenarians or the centenarians, and we are inclined to attribute long life to a lucky or an unlucky accident, according to our point of view.

Ethel Barrymore is too busy to grow old

Before we leave the subject of longevity we might consider one interesting theory as to the cause of premature aging, which may also throw light on the question of why some people live beyond the span of life nature intended for us. This span, as defined by Dr. Aldred Warthin, who gave the opening address at the conference on senescence mentioned above, is the period of years, close to the threescore and ten of Biblical fame, which nature allows for the rearing and starting out in life of children.

Dr. Warthin considers death at the end of this span "biological or normal death." After 70 nature is not interested in the continuance of life for any individual. Certain deteriorations in the body then become normal, not disease processes, and Dr. Warthin thinks all attempts to avoid these changes at that age—all the frantic efforts at rejuvenation—futile presumptions on the part of mankind; something analogous, we might say, to the attempt to reach Heaven by means of the Tower of Babel.

(*Continued on page 61*)

Ina Claire's vivacity shows her keen interest in life. Right: Alice Duer Miller, busy novelist, is also a good swimmer and an expert mathematician

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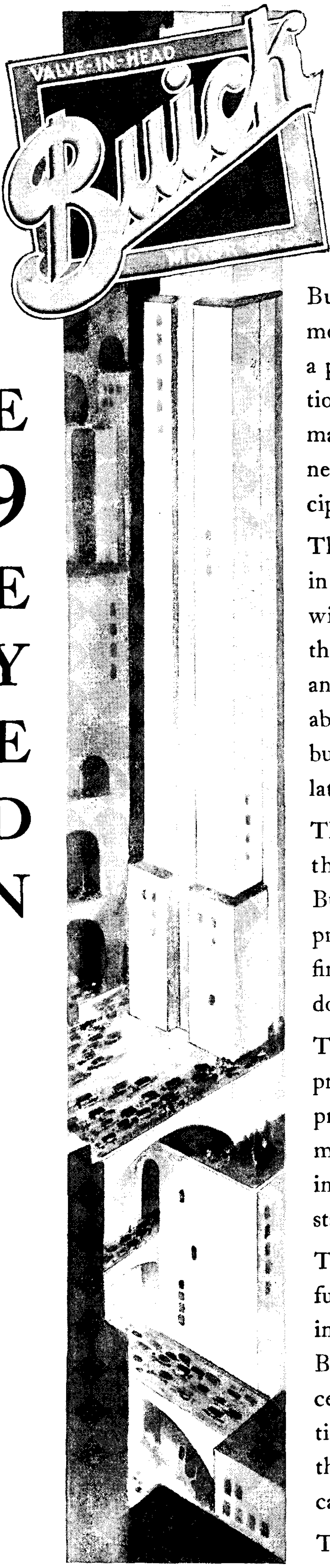

Buick will always be Buick. The master craftsmen who build this car pursue a policy of progress with relation to Buick engineering and manufacturing; but they will never depart from Buick principles and ideals.

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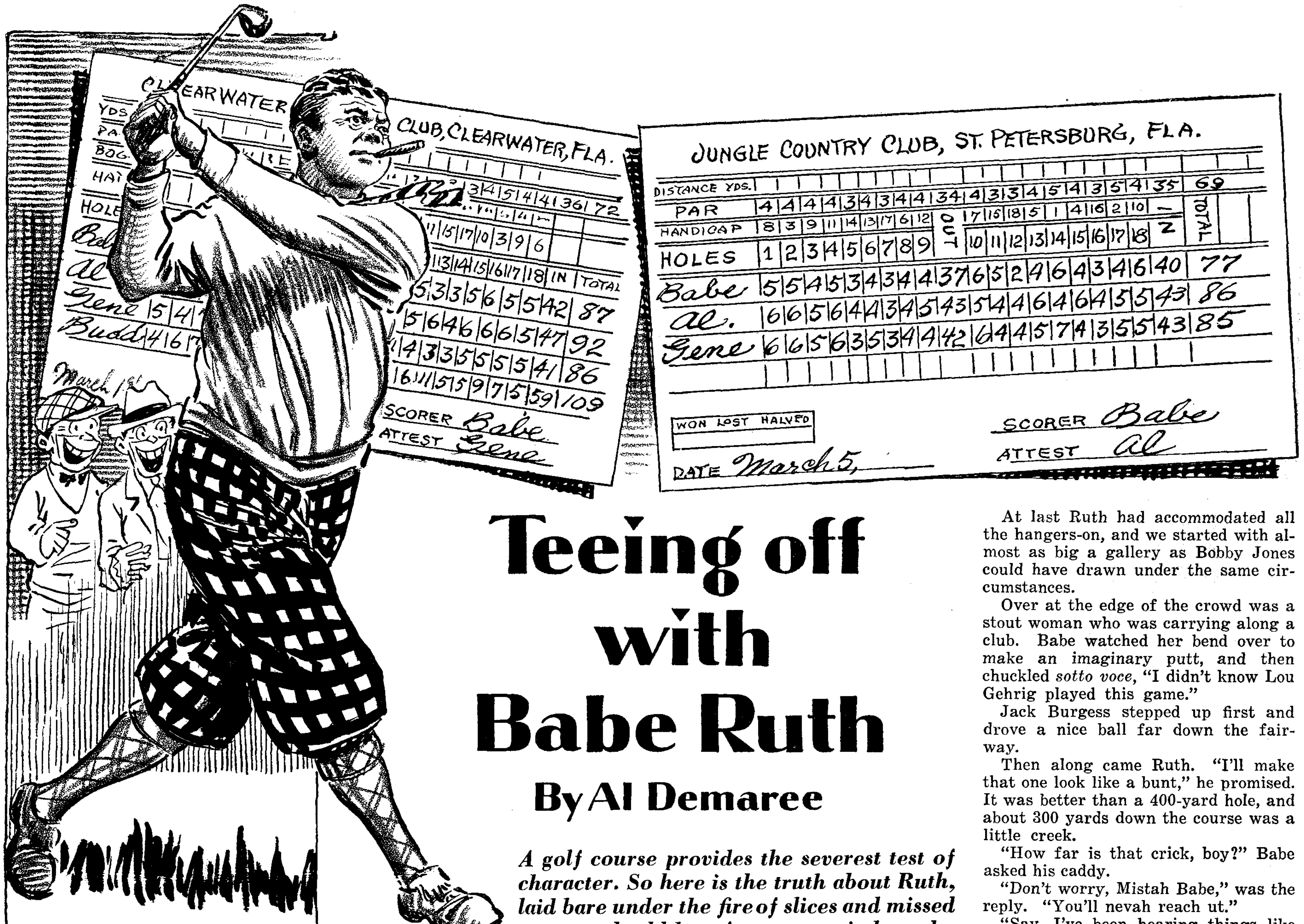
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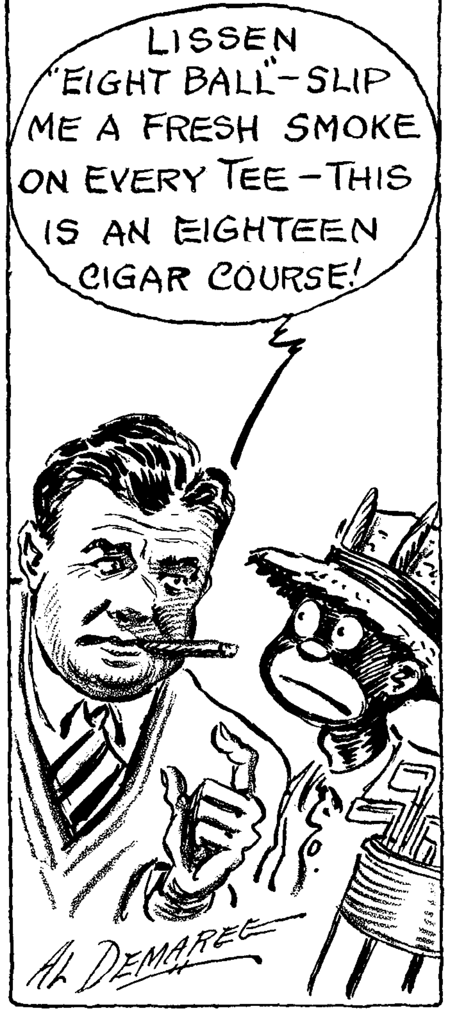
SCORER Babe
ATTEST Al
DATE March 5,

Teeing off with Babe Ruth

By Al Demaree

A golf course provides the severest test of character. So here is the truth about Ruth, laid bare under the fire of slices and missed putts, and told by a famous ex-pitcher who has degenerated into literature


LISSEN "EIGHT BALL"—SLIP ME A FRESH SMOKE ON EVERY TEE—THIS IS AN EIGHTEEN CIGAR COURSE!
AL DEMAREE

"WELL, what kept you?" grumbled Babe Ruth impatiently as we met on the veranda of the Jungle Country Club, St. Petersburg, Fla., at exactly 8:01 for an eight o'clock golf engagement. He had been up since seven, had swallowed his breakfast, and had been pacing around nervously for half an hour. For a "fat" man he is the most energetic fellow you ever saw. He is always that way about appointments—always ahead of time, always impatient.

"Have a cigarette?" I proffered in an effort to appease him.

"No thanks," he replied. "They draw too easy."

He pulled a cigar out of his pocket, saying, "Cigars you got to draw on. I like to earn everything I get. That's why I hate to hit a slow ball. I like for the pitcher to put everything he's got on it when I'm swinging. Well, let's get going."

The Caddy Must Have a Hat

First, Babe picked his caddy from the gang of little pickaninnies on hand. He has his own system for selecting caddies. He took one who was wearing a hat. Then he pulled seventeen cigars out of his pocket. Four or five he arranged in the caddy's hatband until he looked like a cigar store Indian; others he placed under the caddy's hat "for luck," and the remainder he handed over to the boy to carry in his pockets.

"This is an eighteen-hole course, isn't it?" he asked.

Jack Burgess, the Scotch pro of the club, and Eugene Conley, a newspaper feature syndicate owner, joined us and we proceeded to the tee. The usual crowd of fans gathered around Ruth, asking for pictures and autographs. Many had brought baseballs to be signed.

"Go ahead, shoot!" Babe amiably addressed those who had cameras. Several of the women asked him to remove his hat, exposing the famous thatch of hair, not a gray hair in it. Joe Dugan once asked Ruth:

"How do you keep your hair that way, Babe? You're no younger than I am, and I'm all gray."

"I'll tell you," Babe said. "Every time I go in to the rubber, I have him pick out all the gray ones. He got sixty-one the other day."

As the people clustered around him, Ruth signed the score cards, autograph books and baseballs. Strangely enough, although he hits left-handed and throws left-handed he writes right-handed. One fellow had half a dozen baseballs, and as fast as Ruth signed one, he pulled out another.

"Hah there," Ruth cautioned, "you're ganging on me. How many you got there in your pocket? Tryin' to two-time me, eh? You're getting my mind off the game. That's liable to cost me seventy-five cents. Every time I sign one of these balls, Demaree here takes a quarter away from me."

At last Ruth had accommodated all the hangers-on, and we started with almost as big a gallery as Bobby Jones could have drawn under the same circumstances.

Over at the edge of the crowd was a stout woman who was carrying along a club. Babe watched her bend over to make an imaginary putt, and then chuckled *sotto voce*, "I didn't know Lou Gehrig played this game."

Jack Burgess stepped up first and drove a nice ball far down the fairway.

Then along came Ruth. "I'll make that one look like a bunt," he promised. It was better than a 400-yard hole, and about 300 yards down the course was a little creek.

"How far is that crick, boy?" Babe asked his caddy.

"Don't worry, Mistah Babe," was the reply. "You'll nevah reach ut."

"Say, I've been hearing things like that for years," said Ruth. "Every ball park in the big leagues, they've told me no ball was ever knocked over this or that fence. I never take anything for granted."

He gripped his club, using his regular baseball grip instead of the usual golfers' overlapping grip—he swings left-handed on the links the same as at the plate, you know. Then he stuck out his tongue and swung—and hooked! He didn't make the creek, but he got about 250 yards. "That one reminds me of a home run I got one day in Cleveland," he remarked.

Babe Disagrees with the Pro

One of Ruth's funniest characteristics is his habit of sticking out his tongue whenever he is going to bear down his very hardest. In the old days when he was a pitcher, that was a tip-off that he was going to burn through his best curve. He finally got wise that the habit was tipping off his "hook" and quit it while pitching, but he still does it in other feats.

"I like to hit 'em off the tee," Ruth said as he walked down the fairway. "That's the best part of the game. But I don't know why I hook and slice so much. Why do you suppose that is?" he asked Burgess.

"You press too much," the pro explained. "That's why you hook and slice so much. I can always tell you're pressing, because you always stick out your tongue then. When you're hitting a home run you don't press; you don't give it everything you've got."

"The hell I don't," replied Ruth. "When I'm up

(*Continued on page 59*)

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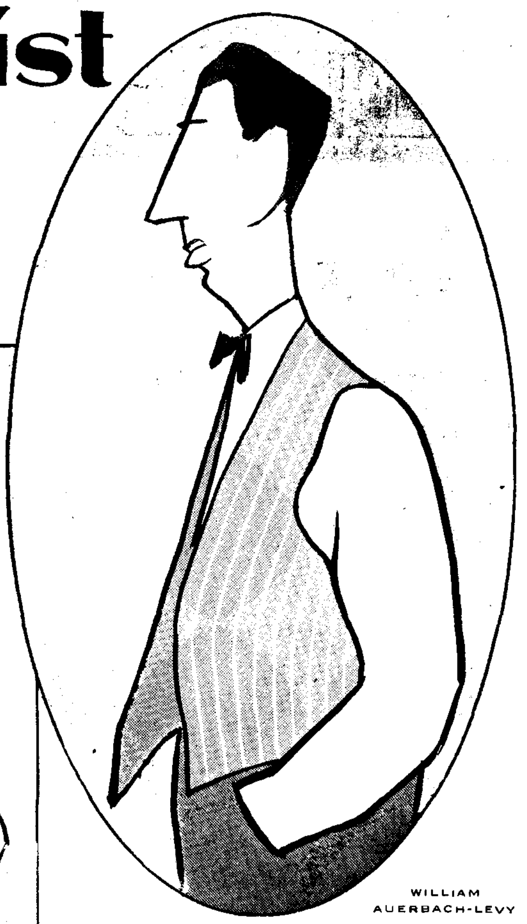
Reuben, the Young Artist

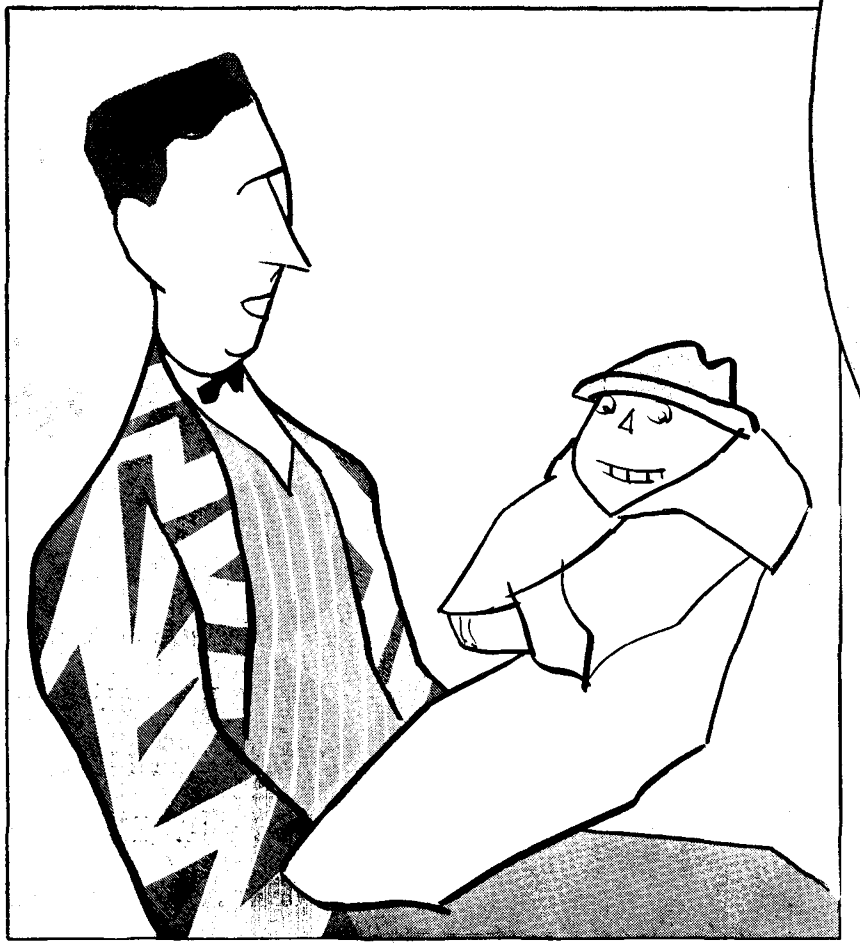
or, There's Gold in them Teeth

By Ring Lardner



Rube lives in New York but has warehouses all over New Jersey

One cannot get to be a skilled dental surgeon without a struggle. One cannot cease being a dentist without a struggle, either. Rube Goldberg passed through many hard knocks and ventriloquism before he became the master creator of comic, as they are called, strips. Naturally Dr. Ring Lardner, scholar and biographer, found much to interest him in the life of this gifted mechanic

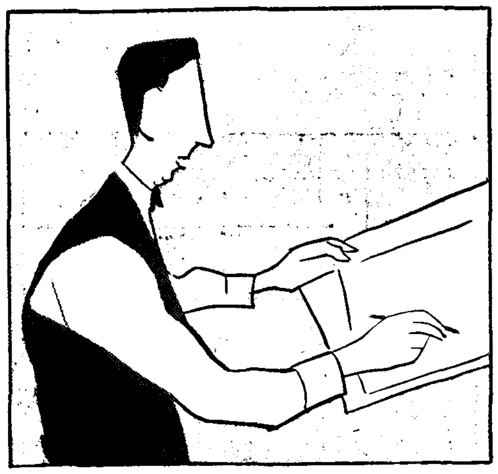


Young Rube Goldberg's performances as a ventriloquist proved baffling to the critics, who were unable to ascertain which was the dummy

HOW many of those who yawn themselves sick over "the funnies" in our daily newspapers ever give a thought to les artistes who conceive them, ever pause to consider that selfsame skull which gives them birth may contain a heart of lead, or at least lead pencils? (The answers will be found on page 26 of the Travel Section.)

When a child reaches double figures, its parents usually begin to ponder its future, to plan the balance of its education with a view to fitting it for a career that will pay for the annoyance. The best thing the average kid does is get dirty, and the father and mother are strongly tempted to take it out of school entirely and let it develop into a musical comedy librettist. But in a world reeking with invertebrates devoted to that trade, wise parents will think a long while before entering their offspring against such strong, experienced competition. Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, Sr., were wise, and when their boy, Reuben Liverwurst, attained his nonage, they decided to give him a chance to cultivate his second best talent and sent him to the Sutter Street Academy of Ventriloquism.

Rube (as people called him the instant they saw him) completed the full five years' course in one semester and at an age when most children are thinking of marriage, he was earning $11.00 a week on the Pantages circuit, always being placed in the preferred spot, right in the middle of the intermission. He was unanimously voted the greatest ventriloquist on the Coast, for not only could he throw his voice in all directions as accurately as most women toss a medicine ball, but his audiences were unable to guess, even by looking, which was the live performer and which the dummy. In fact, William A. Lange, who was then dramatic critic on the San Francisco Call, became so baffled that he wrote, "the only act in my experience of dramaturgy in which the dummy holds the ventriloquist on his or her knee."



Rube's people gave their consent and he took up drawing as an avocation

Running Afoul of the Law

Unfortunately young Goldberg did not see the advantage of privacy in his rehearsals. He practiced wherever he happened to be; in bed, under the bed, in the roots of trees, on the outside of bottles, in convents. It was this grim habit that put an end to his vaudeville career and the lives of five innocent strangers. One day Rube started for Oakland to meet a future relative, a Miss Seeman, from the East, whom he did not know by sight, but whom he expected to identify easily as she had wired, "I'm bringing a White, White Rose."

On the way he rehearsed as usual, sending his voice under water and making it seem as if fish were conversing, with such lines as "Hello there, Mr. Shad! How are all the roe?" "Fine." "How many have you got now?" "Thirty." "Boys or girls?" "All he-roes." There was no harm in this; it merely gave rise to a mild orgy of restlessness among the other passengers. But while the ferry was still a good hundred yards from its destination, Rube had the following speech issue from the mouth of the guard: "Oakland Mole. As far as we go." And five women stepped off into the bay.

The bodies were later identified as those of women named Theresa Darsvattle, hailing respectively from Moline, Springfield and Bloomington, Ill., and Sioux City and What Cheer, Ia., who had been attending a convention of scissors grinders in Frisco's Chinatown. It looked for a time as if their slayer were halter-bound, but he was saved by the eloquent summation of his counsel, One-eyed Connolly, who argued that the existence of so many women named Theresa Darsvattle in one section of the country had been quite confusing and the demise of five of them would be hailed as a godsend to all right-thinking citizens of the Middle West where the congestion at that time bordered on the farcical. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal and Rube requested that they be polled so that he might call them all by name during the osculations. On the verge of hysteria, he promised Judge Darsvattle never again to engage in the profession that had come so near wrecking his life, and since that time he has done more than any other individual toward stamping out ventriloquism in the farming communities.

There followed a conference of thousands of Goldbergs to discuss and plan the next move. Over a hundred uncles were in favor of a try-out with the Boy Scouts as ballet master, but they were voted down and Rube matriculated at the University of California for a course in mechanical engineering. He graduated cum laude (with a load) and when the diplomas were being raffled off he chose a dentist's. It seemed a good joke at the moment, but it wasn't so funny when his father informed him of the California law providing that each alumnus must engage for at least one year in the profession named in his diploma.

Inasmuch as Rube thought molars were people who lived on the Oakland Mole and didn't know a lower canine from a sealyham, and realized he couldn't obtain clients anyway without advertising and didn't dare advertise because some of his worst enemies were dentists and probably would have him rearrested for the Darsvattle holocaust, he faced a choice of starving to death or opening an office under a nom de plume and drumming up trade by some ingenious subterfuge. He adopted the latter alternative and hung out a shingle on the Barbary Coast as "Boob McNutt, Dental Chirurgeon. They Look Alike," the last three words referring to normal, healthy teeth.

A week passed by, as did all the customers. Then Rube brought into play his inventive genius, for which he had been notorious in the mechanical engineering department. He designed and built a machine called the gold digger, simple as a follower of comic strips once you knew the secret of it.

Simple and Ingenious

A button on his own shirt was connected by wire with a button on the shirt of an accomplice down in the street. When "Dr. McNutt" observed a wealthy dowager going to or from work, he pressed the button that buzzed in the accomplice's shirt, and the accomplice in turn dropped a flare into a near-by delicatessen that specialized in uncomestible caramels. The proprietor of the delicatessen jerked his right hand away from the path of the flare, his elbow striking the caramel key on the cash register.

At the sound of the bell on the cash register, Mrs. Komiss, the proprietor's second wife, slid down a pole from her sleeping arrangements and the concussion of her body on the floor of the delicatessen opened a barrel of sour pickles, stored in the

(Continued on page 51)

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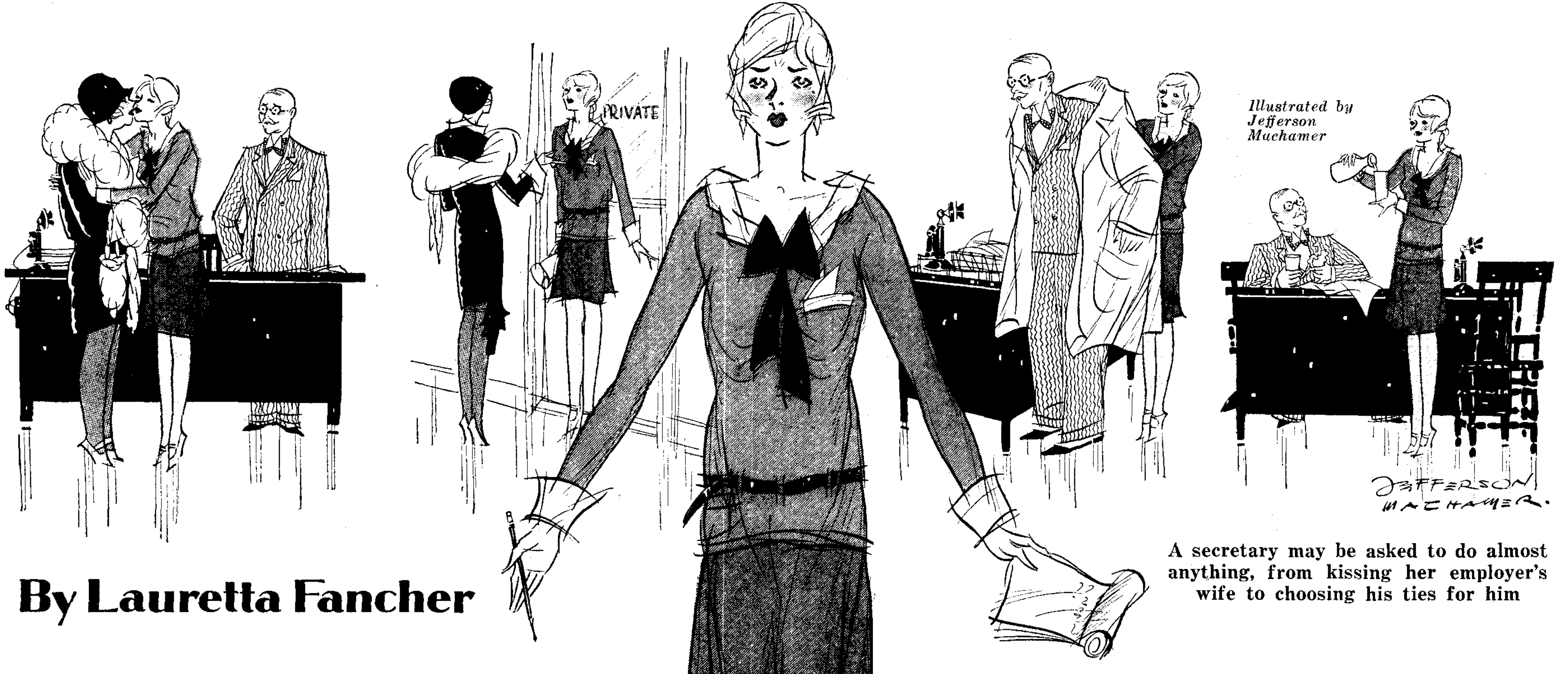
"His Secretary Speaking—"

By Lauretta Fancher



A secretary may be asked to do almost anything, from kissing her employer's wife to choosing his ties for him

Illustrated by Jefferson Machamer

Being aide to a busy man isn't all taking dictation and answering the phone. Sometimes the job calls for a poet, nursemaid, valet, confidential adviser, liar and policeman—all in one

Your eyes are stars of the summer night,
Your cheeks are a pair of roses.
Your lips—well, I'd be happy quite
If they were where my nose is.

"THAT'S the best I can do," growled the harassed-looking man, tearing a sheet of paper from his typewriter. "Let the old man do his own stuff."

The other men in the office grinned in sympathy. They had all been at it, the past week, writing poetry for the boss. You see, the chief had a sweetheart who demanded a fresh stanza dedicated to her charms every day. But he had gone away on a vacation and, wishing to have perfect rest, had left the poetry job to his secretary. For the first week the secretary kept up under the strain, but after that she had to call in outside help, and all the men in the office had taken a hand at it.

"I really wasn't hired to write verses to his lady friends!" exclaimed the secretary in some indignation.

Well, perhaps not. But there are a lot of things, as this girl discovered, which a secretary does for her employer that are not mentioned when she takes the job. It's something like a bride on her wedding day. She doesn't get the idea when the organ is throbbing with the strains of "Oh, Promise Me," that "Love, honor and obey" is going to mean hunting collar buttons and washing the baby's clothes. Neither does a secretary always realize, when she is engaged at thirty-five per, that she may be asked to do almost anything for her employer, from picking out his tie to buying his wife's birthday present.

Taking dictation? Receiving callers? Yes. And writing poetry and chewing lettuce leaves—if the boss asks her to.

And if you doubt it, listen to this one:

There is a business man in Philadelphia who dislikes to eat alone. But as all his friends know that he is a food crank, it's not so easy to make a luncheon date for him. At 11:15 every morning he gets out a little black book and reads to his secretary a list of names of men with whom he would like to lunch. She begins at the top of the list and uses the telephone until she finds someone who accepts. But if she fails to get anyone, she has to eat with him herself.

The host sends out for a quart of milk and a head of lettuce. He spreads a newspaper on his desk while she washes the lettuce and produces two glasses. Then they sit down and chew the green leaves and divide the milk between them while the gentleman orates on the food values concerned. It's never long after one of these hygienic affairs, before the secretary is seen taking tablets to relieve the headache caused by the pangs of hunger.

Of course, not all secretaries are asked to be vegetarians—or poets. No. Some have to be nursemaids. Others find themselves in the rôle of policemen. Or valets. It all depends on the employer and his needs. But every secretary who ever pounded the keys will admit that there are times when she has had to be a safety valve. And a sponge. Listen when he feels like talking. Absorb, sympathize. And keep her mouth shut.

She Gets Away with Them

Sometimes he just wants to talk. His travels, his family, his views on life and love and what not. Sometimes he must let off steam, when his toes have been stepped on or a business deal has gone wrong. And sooner or later she is likely to hear the story of his life, and be sadly informed that his wife has never really understood him.

There is rarely anything personal in these confidences. It's just that a man has to tell his troubles to someone, and his secretary is the obvious person. She is there. He trusts her. And he will often tell her of his most intimate concerns in a quite matter-of-fact or casual manner. She is merely an outlet.

It's not always pleasant, to listen to the pouring forth of a man's irritation or unhappiness, especially when there are a bunch of letters to be sent out by night and he begins to get confidential about 4:30. But she gets to know him and his life so well that when he gets in a jam and needs advice, he is quite likely to go to his secretary and say, "You know all about this thing. Now, what would you do?"

There's another. Confidential adviser.

A Chicago executive had been having a rather violent love affair. His secretary was familiar with the whole thing, knew the lady well, ordered her daily flowers and helped select her presents. While she was on a trip abroad, the impressionable gentleman fell for another charmer, and the engagement was announced. Shortly after he rushed into the office one morning with a cable in his hand. He thrust it at his secretary.

"Coming home to marry you myself!" said the message.

"What shall I do?" he pleaded, walking the floor in distraction. "She'll make a scene!"

The secretary thought of the lady and recalled that she was proud as well as fair.

"No, she won't make a scene if you work it right," she told him. "Meet her for the first time in a very public place. Take her to lunch—not dinner, where she can drag you off somewhere afterward—at some hotel, and then tell her the truth. That everything is off. She'll have too much pride to make a scene."

He took the advice, and it worked like the well-known charm. In the face of the observing public the lady choked back her rage and allowed the wedding bells to ring for another.

The unmarried boss gives his secretary a different set of duties. For the women are after him, and he has to be protected.

"It's part of my business," said the attractive young woman in charge of a physician's office, "to have plenty of errands which take me into the room when the doctor has a woman patient. I keep going in and out and leave the door open behind me. You should see the looks I get sometimes! But the doctor asks me to do it. It's part of my job.

"You would be surprised at the things women will do, when they want to get a man. And if the door is shut, even if everything is as proper as an interview with Hoover, they can go away and tell anything they want to about what has happened. But with me in the room half the time it's hard to get by with anything, even a story."

Lying Fast on the Job

You are thinking that it is not only the unmarried man who must be protected from the women, nowadays. True enough.

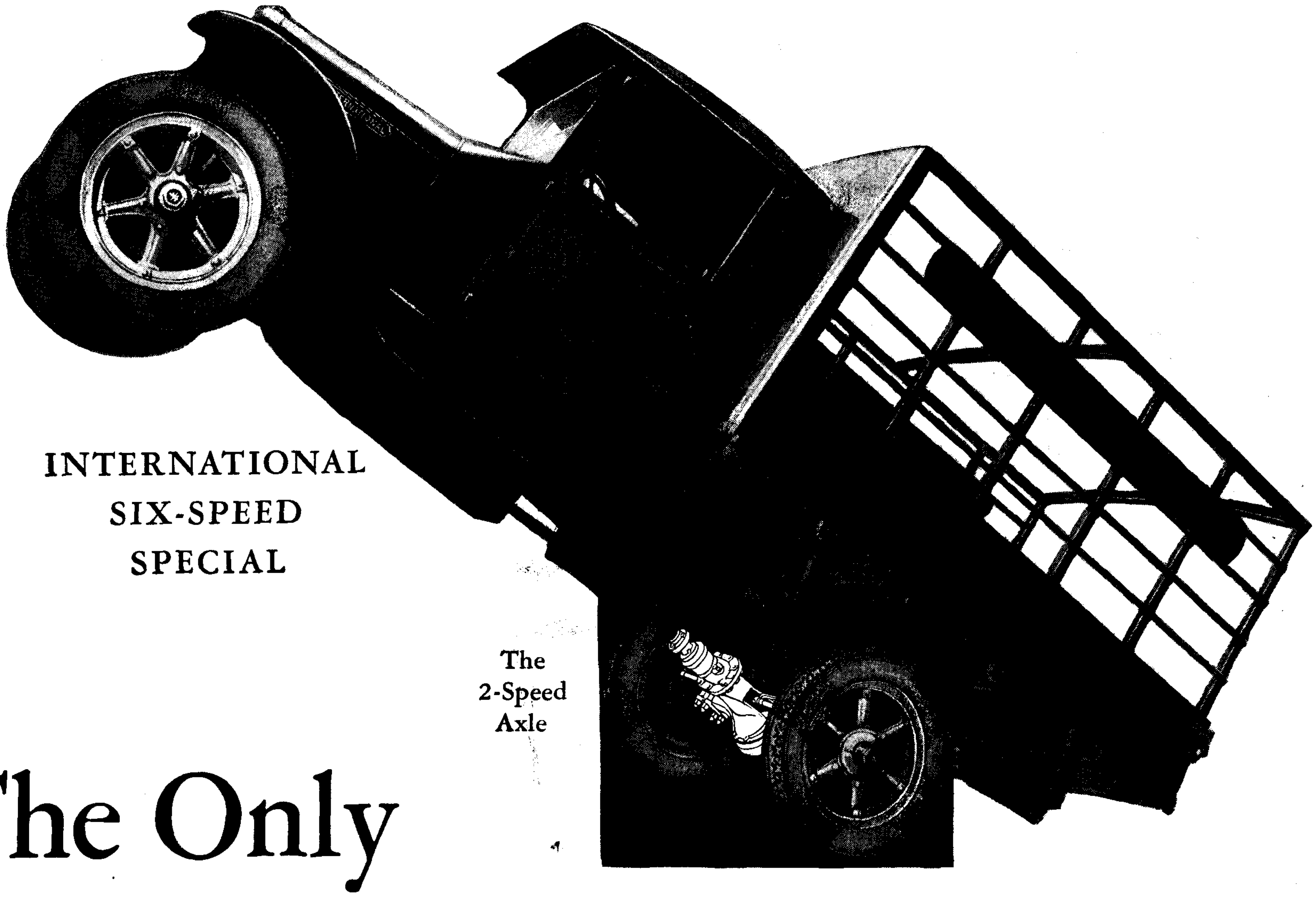
Every man is fair game for the female vamp, and business hours are no defense against her. She calls to take him out to lunch, to ask for a subscription to a charity, to get a job for herself or a friend, to ask his advice—ah! that's a subtly flattering errand, and one that often opens closed doors. She rings him on the telephone and calls in person, and the secretary has to learn tactfully to turn away the visitor and transfer to herself the indignation which results from constant repulses.

"I can't endure that secretary of John Moore's," one of these business vamps exclaimed. "She always tells me he is away on a trip or tied up in a conference, and I know better! And I'm sure it's not his doing because he's always so sweet to me when I do see him. That horried thing is jealous!"

No, no, lady. You're all wrong. The "horrid thing" wasn't jealous, merely cautious. For her employer had warned her, "If you let that woman in to see me, it's worth your job."

"Oh, a policeman's lot is not a happy one," as any secretary can tell you.

The delicate (*Continued on page 40*)



The Only Speed Truck Built with *Two Complete Power Ranges*

This Six-Speed Special Truck will out-pull—out-climb—out-perform any truck in its class under full load

This new 1-ton truck—the International Six-Speed Special—has already rolled up a remarkable reputation, not only in this country but also in Canada and foreign lands.

Sales have been breaking records from the first and the performance of the truck has been setting new records in every kind of hard hauling.

No other truck built is like The Six-Speed Special. It has a 2-speed axle, as indicated in the illustration, giving it six speeds forward and two reverse—making two complete power ranges always available. A light shift of the auxiliary lever throws from one range to the other instantly. And there you are—as the going demands—fleet speed for the straightaway or ten times the pulling power for capacity loads in the toughest going, or for any emergency that may arise.

There are four-wheel brakes to balance the speed with safety; every chassis member is designed and built to stand the strain of the tremendous tractive power; and the engine itself demonstrates real all-around operating economy.

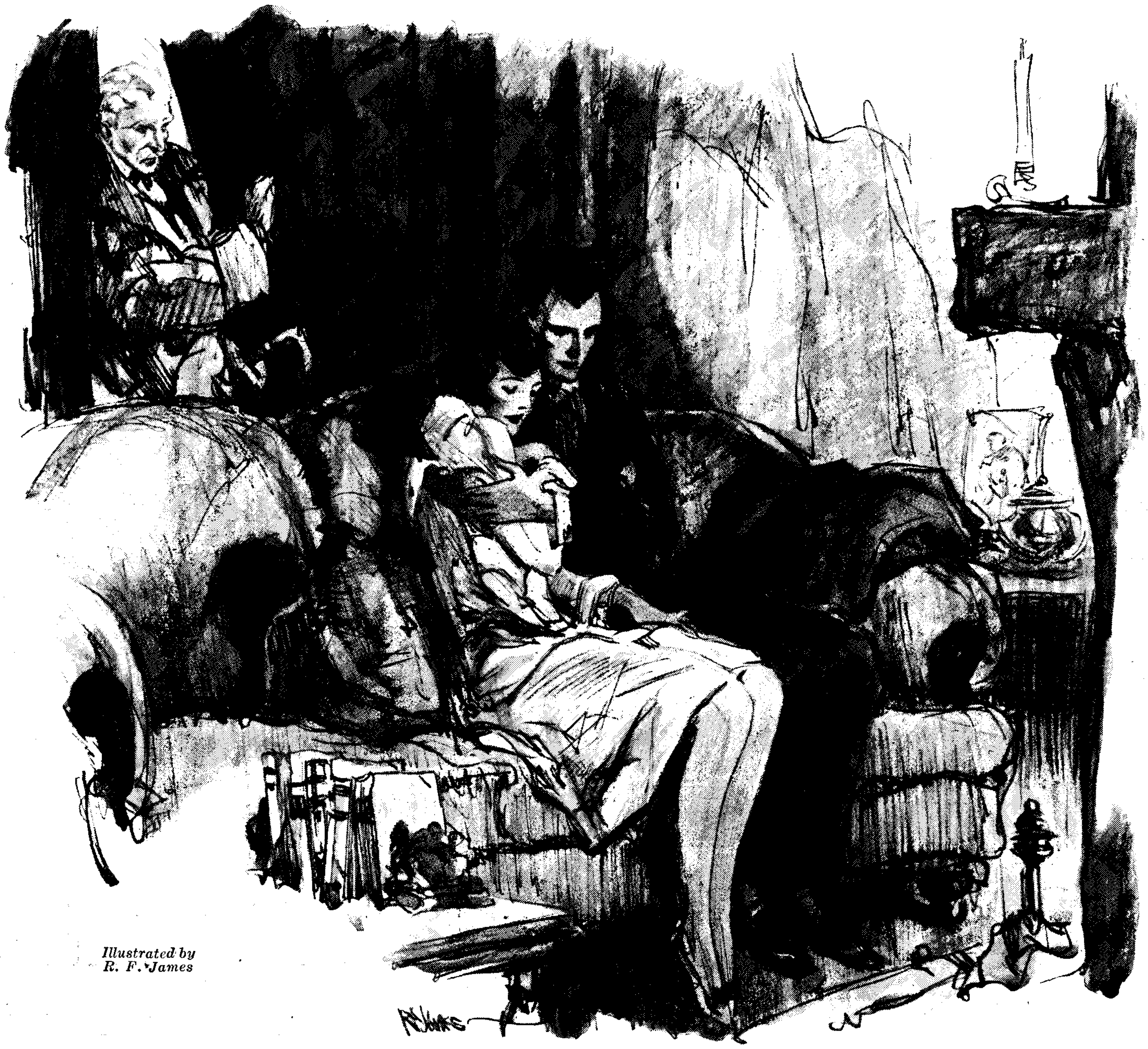
See this unusual truck—drive it—try it on your job. You've never seen a truck built like The Six-Speed Special and you've never seen one equal its performance. And you'll like the low price as well as the truck.

INTERNATIONAL

The International line also includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 So. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



Illustrated by R. F. James

A sofa had been pushed before the fireplace and there sat a strange man with a strange young lady

A Special Providence

By Elsie Singmaster

The romance of a girl who knew the difference between solid gold and empty glitter

ACCORDING to Anthony Luffington's daily custom, he set his foot upon the last flagstone at the end of the town, swept the open country with a glance, and turned about. Fear was in his heart, but there was no sign of fear in his bearing. He was tall, broad of shoulder, neither stout nor lean, and of healthy, but not vulgarly ruddy complexion. His thick hair and short mustache were white, his nose was aquiline, his eyes were bright brown. His port—a word less elegant would be ill-chosen—his port was majestic, as an ocean liner is majestic.

His right-about face was soldierly; having been by the letter of the law too young for one war and too old for others, he had seen no military service, but he had attended, a half-century ago, a military school. Even without this training he would have carried himself with a lofty air, perhaps not so much military as royal. His two middle names were Carroll and Buonaparte and his lineage was ancient.

Having turned, he swept the town with a bright glance. What he seemed to see was a broad tree-arched street, pleasant front yards divided neatly, painted fences, and small houses. The houses were simple and for the most part homely—"comfortable" was a good adjective for them; "bourgeois," Anthony called them. He had a few French words and liked to use them. There was, to his thinking, but one house in Sylvan which was not bourgeois and that was his own, situated at the farther end of the street.

WHAT he really saw was not either end of the town but the center, an open, tree-set square, given over to the hateful business of buying and selling. Prosperity was advancing upon Sylvan via an arterial highway. Anthony would have had no buying and selling in the world, he would have had men fed and clothed automatically according to their desserts, and his own would have been high. In a corner of the Square was a hardware store and in the hardware store was a man, a little odious man, whom Anthony feared and despised. He sprang from nothing, came from nowhere, and had become everything. The hardware store was his and the garage and the dry-goods store, and alas! Anthony's own house. He had notified Anthony that he must see him, and Anthony had disregarded the summons. But Anthony would omit his afternoon stroll for no man, even though coming or going he would be caught.

Anthony sighed, then his eye brightened. From a side street appeared a lady walking briskly. He recognized her as the wife of the rector, and he lengthened his long step, not, however, to an undignified pace.

"Good afternoon," said he in his deep and pleasant voice, his hat raised high above his beautiful white hair.

Mrs. Tyler looked round and up. "Why, Mr. Luffington! You're out this warm afternoon!"

"I am," replied Anthony. "I am, I might say, out every day. Neither heat nor cold keeps"—Anthony was very careful in his speech—"keeps me at home. In summer's high temperature, in winter's low, I take my constitutional. I"—he elaborated upon his theme, finding that while he talked Mr. Warfel ceased to stand at his door waiting.

"I'm a man of habit," he continued. "Habit is one of the most important elements of life. It has been said, I believe, that by me my fellow-citizens set their clocks."

Mrs. Tyler paused. "I'm sorry to leave you, Mr. Luffington, but I have an errand on South Street."

Anthony lifted and lowered his hat with a steady hand, even though Mr. Warfel took this opportunity to hop, monkey-like, back into his brain. He bowed, gracefully synchronizing all motions.

"Good afternoon, madam!"

His pace slackened involuntarily as he passed from the region of comfortable houses into the region of tidy shops, but he instantly brought it back to normal speed. He straightened his shoulders, lifting his hat and lowering it as he passed acquaintances. All addressed him with most formal politeness; in his company even rude persons acquired grace. He could see now the trees in the square and the projecting step of Mr. Warfel's store and Warfel actually waiting on the step. A simian resemblance was plain; so also was a certain amount of good nature. At his set pace, which was neither too fast nor too slow, he came opposite to Warfel.

"Good day!" "Hi, mister!" He and Mr. Warfel spoke together. Warfel had, it was plain, an even more ancient lineage than Anthony.

"Come once in a little," he invited. "Come once in; I must see you, Mr. Luffington."

Anthony entered the door.

In the office was a stranger, a young man with a very firm jaw and very blue eyes.

"Meet Mr. Jones," said Warfel. "Mr. Jones, meet Mr. Luffington."

ANTHONY bowed; the young man bowed also, in fact he bowed himself out.

"Good afternoon," said he in a pleasant voice.

"Sit down, Mr. Luffington." Warfel was already seated, tipping back in his office chair. "It is easier to take things sitting than standing. We will come quickly to the point. I must have some rent; you are a year back. I'm a patient man, but enough is plenty. Now I have a plan, Mr. Luffington. You see this young man? He's now the owner of this store. I have sold this store; on it I made a nice profit. If you and the girls would take him to lodge and board, and sign a paper to pay me what he pays you, so much per month, then you can hang a little longer on.

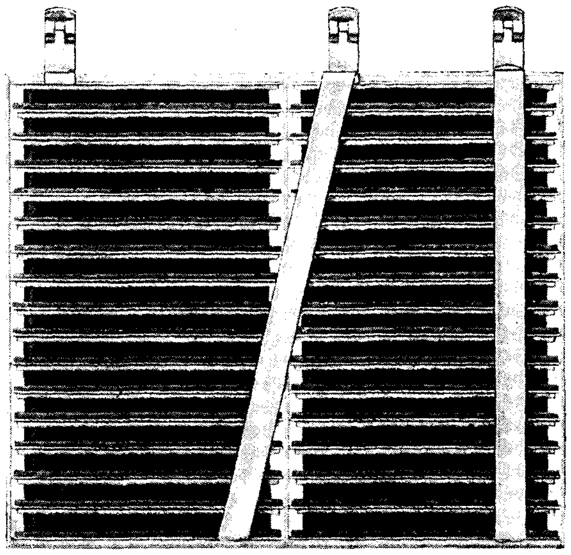
"You can not say I'm not patient, Mr. Luffington. When first I took your mortgage, the peoples all said I was crazy, but I was not crazy. I had inside information that the new road would come past, and I knew it would be no trouble to you an' the girls to take lodgers and boarders. I don't make no investments without cause. You have my offer, take it or leave it."

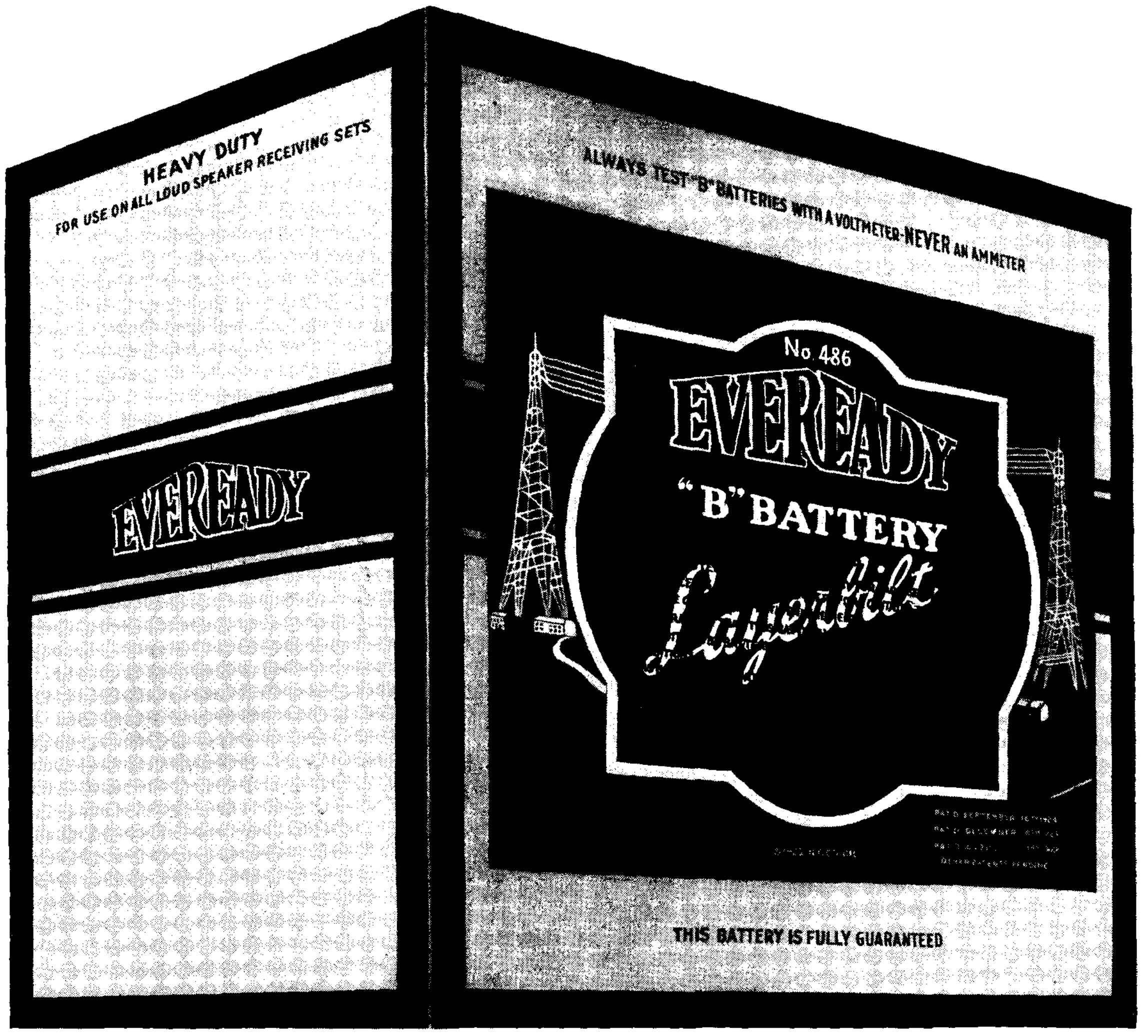
"Is this—ah—what is the background of this young man?" Anthony's situation was desperate; he was compelled to consider the suggestion, repugnant as it was.

"I know nothing about his background, but his foreground is all right," answered Warfel with coarse wit.

(*Continued on page 32*)

Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Note the contrast between this construction and that illustrated below.




HEAVY DUTY
FOR USE ON ALL LOUD SPEAKER RECEIVING SETS
EVEREADY
ALWAYS TEST "B" BATTERIES WITH A VOLTMETER-NEVER AN AMMETER
No 486
EVEREADY
"B" BATTERY
Layerbilt
THIS BATTERY IS FULLY GUARANTEED

This is the original LARGE SIZE Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 for heavy duty—list price, $4.25, only 25 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No. 770. There is another Eveready Layerbilt in Medium Size No. 485—list price, $2.95, only 20 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell "B" Battery No. 772.

THE EVEREADY LAYERBILT IS THE ONLY "B" BATTERY BUILT WITHOUT FINE CONNECTING WIRES AND MANY SOLDERED POINTS

THE next time you buy "B" batteries, get Eveready Layerbilts. These famous batteries now have had three years of public use, and the public has found them to be what we have always said they were—the best, the most satisfactory, the most economical and the longest lasting of all "B" batteries.

The reason Eveready Layerbilts are all those things is a simple one — they are built of flat cells. Those cells pack together tightly, occupying all available space inside the battery box. They make connection with each other automatically, minimizing soldered connections. In a 45-volt "B" battery made of cylindrical cells there are 30 individual cells, each with two soldered points, making 60 solderings. In addition, there are 29 small wires to connect these points—89 chances for trouble!

In the Eveready Layerbilt, however, there are but five soldered connections. Instead of a maze of fine wires, there are only two thick metal bands, each ⅜ inch wide. All other connections are made automatically, by contact of the full surface of one flat cell against its neighbors.

All these things make a better battery, a battery that is more reliable, more satisfactory and longer lasting. The Eveready Layerbilt is made in two sizes, Medium and Large Size. Either costs you only a few cents more than the cylindrical cell Eveready of the same size, and will last from 25% to 30% longer. When you buy "B" batteries, get Eveready Layerbilts. The longest lasting and most economical is Eveready Layerbilt No. 486. Look for the name "Layerbilt" on the label.

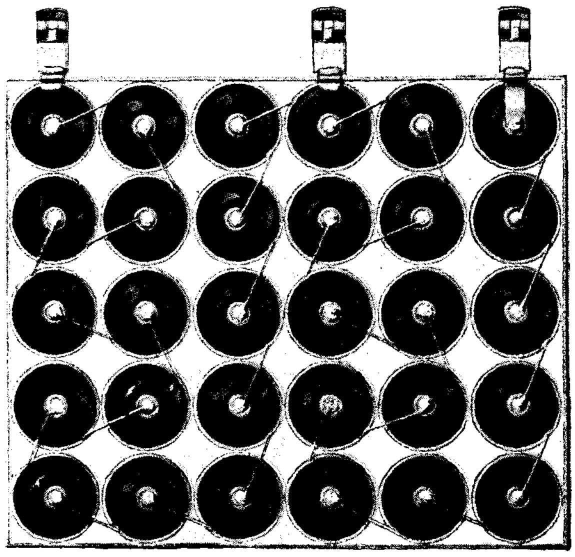


Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. Note waste space between cells.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC., New York — San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

TUESDAY NIGHT IS EVEREADY HOUR NIGHT. *East of the Rockies*—9 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations. *On the Pacific Coast* — 6 P. M. Pacific Standard Time, through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network.

SEE AND HEAR THE NEW EVEREADY RADIO SETS

"The—the negotiations?" asked Anthony.

"No negotiations necessary. You set your price and make it high. I'll tell him."

"He knows me, I suppose?"

"He seen you an' one of the girls, an' he asked who you both were. You might do worse, mister."

Anthony lifted his hand protestingly. The most indelicate of Mr. Warfel's suggestions, that of Mr. Jones as a possible son-in-law, he did not understand. "You say—Jones?"

"Yes, Jones," answered Warfel. "Well an' good, an' good-by."

Anthony proceeded down the street. He continued to meet acquaintances, and to bow. His hat, at first lifted only an inch or two, rose higher, and then higher. He delicately blew out his cheeks. He passed out of the region of shops, into a region of comfortable and bourgeois houses, then into the region of his own house. Now his step slowed; into his eyes came a gleam, into his cheeks a flush. He uttered a sigh.

About his house, which was really Mr. Warfel's house, was nothing bourgeois. In a neighborhood where the old houses were classic and Colonial, it was of English brick and stucco, with diamond-paned casement windows. It stood on a hillside, back of it a thick growth of ancient trees, before it a slope of unkempt lawn. There were many well-set groups of ancient shrubbery, there was the song of a running brook.

ANTHONY went up the long brick walk. He looked at the façade of the house, he did not look at the lawn. From dead trees, standing here and there, he also averted his eyes. Stepping across a stone-floored porch, he opened a door and entered. To the left of the door was a large drawing-room, which might have been in Surrey or in Kent, to the right a library, well stocked with handsome books. The dining-room lay beyond. He saw that also, with its massive court cupboard and ancient oak. A fire burned in the grate in the library and before it three chairs were ranged. He stood in the hall holding his hat, coat and stick.

"Aline!" he called. "Daughters!"

Slow footsteps descended the stairs; there came into view a tall young woman clad in clinging white, startling in her beauty—Anthony in young and feminine guise.

"Come!" called Anthony. "I have news."

From another direction came the sound of footsteps. Through the dining-room entered a figure, also dressed in white. The whiteness was not the slightly yellowed shade of clean crêpe de chine, but of the cotton material of which nurses' substantial uniforms are made. Its wearer was remarkable neither for height nor beauty; she was short and muscular. Though she was not handsome, she was pleasant-looking, with a steadiness of eye and a rosiness of complexion which promised comfort to those about her and longevity to herself.

"Well, Bessie," said Anthony.

He set down his things and they went into the library.

Bessie set down her tray. She was flushed, her short brown hair was a little disordered. She poured a cup of tea and handed it to Anthony, another and handed it to Aline.

"Ah! Scones!" sighed Anthony.

Anthony drank his tea and ate a scone, then he ate another and another.

"What news have you?" inquired Aline.

"We are to have"—Anthony paused—"we are to have, my dears, a boarder."

Both young women stared amazed.

"A young man," went on father. "He has bought the hardware store. He will pay well for the privilege of being with us. He has seen one of my daughters"—Anthony glanced at Aline—"but he need not aspire. It is temporary—a solution of—a—a problem. It will pass." His eyes asked Aline for understanding and she flushed delicately. Aline had a hope, which had however no connection with any strange young man.

"You must use your own judgment," said she.

Bessie too had a surprise. "He'll have to get his lunch in town. I'm going to teach school." She lifted the tray and left the room.

"Father," said Aline, when Bessie had gone. "I had a letter from General Fair. He's coming into this neighborhood with his sister."

"He is!" Together the eyes of father and Aline rejoiced, consulted, conspired.

Laden with her tray, Bessie passed into the dining-room, thence into the kitchen. Between the dining-room and the kitchen was a pantry; there, with the door swung to behind her, she was invisible to those whom she had left. In the kitchen was none to see, had been no one for five years. Leaning forward over the heavy tray and almost losing her balance, she laid a kiss upon the pantry wall. She straightened, and tears dropped into her tray.

ALINE sat close to the tiny fire in the library, her beautiful hands clasped round her knees. Anthony sat facing her in an armchair equally near the fire, round his shoulders an overcoat. Not only was the room filled with the chill of autumn, but it was disorderly. Papers had been laid down and left to lie, the hearth was untouched by a brush, the andirons by a polishing cloth.

"Frowning, darling!" chided Anthony, brightly.

Aline smoothed her brow with the tips of her fingers. "I was thinking."

"Why make of it such a difficult process?"

"This is what I was thinking," went on Aline. "General Fair will be here the last week in October. Then Bessie has a holiday, because of County Institute. We could easily manage a dinner."

"Easily!" Anthony too had a hope, which coincided exactly with that of Aline. "We should use the Buonaparte tureen and the oldest silver." He gave a little laugh; uttered by a woman it would have been a giggle. "The Fair family is well enough, but I fancy we could surprise them."

"We should have"—a deeper frown came into Aline's forehead—"we should have five courses at least."

"Leave all plans to me." Anthony's eyes shone; he swallowed as though his mouth watered. "Look your prettiest, that's all that's asked of you."

"What will we do with—with Mr. Jones?"

"Leave that also to me," said Anthony. "A family dinner—I shall explain. If he does not understand—" Anthony's shoulders rose in an unmistakable shrug.

BESSIE entered the front door and came into the library. She had her monthly check in her pocket, her brisk walk invigorated her, the sight of the dim peaked roof, the faint color in the woods, the firelight shining through the diamond-shaped panes, thrilled her to the soul. That the house belonged to Mr. Warfel, she did not dream.

"Daughter," said Anthony.

"Yes," she answered.

"Why didn't you have tea?"

"I didn't wish tea."

Aline went into the hall and up the stairs. "I have something very serious to speak to you about, Bessie," said he.

"Yes?" Bessie grew pale. By a gesture of the soul she threw her arms round the lovely house. "What is it, Father?" she asked impatiently.

Anthony laid one knee over the other and waved his younger daughter to the ottoman which her sister had left. She selected instead a chair farther from the fire.

"Your sister, you know, has for some time had a very distinguished admirer."

Bessie nodded, blushing. "You mean Mr. Huger?"

"I mean General Fair."

"Oh!" General Fair was sixty, and to Bessie neither wealth nor fame made a man of sixty desirable for a husband.

"He's coming into this neighborhood with his sister during the last week of this month. They are motoring. Aline wishes to invite them to dine."

"Yes?" said Bessie, faintly.

"She tells me you have holidays that week." Bessie had other uses for her holidays.

"You think a dinner would be possible?"

"Y-yes."

"I leave all to your own judgment," said Anthony as though he touched the shoulder of a knight with a sword.

"I'll do my best," promised Bessie. "Our linens, as you know—"

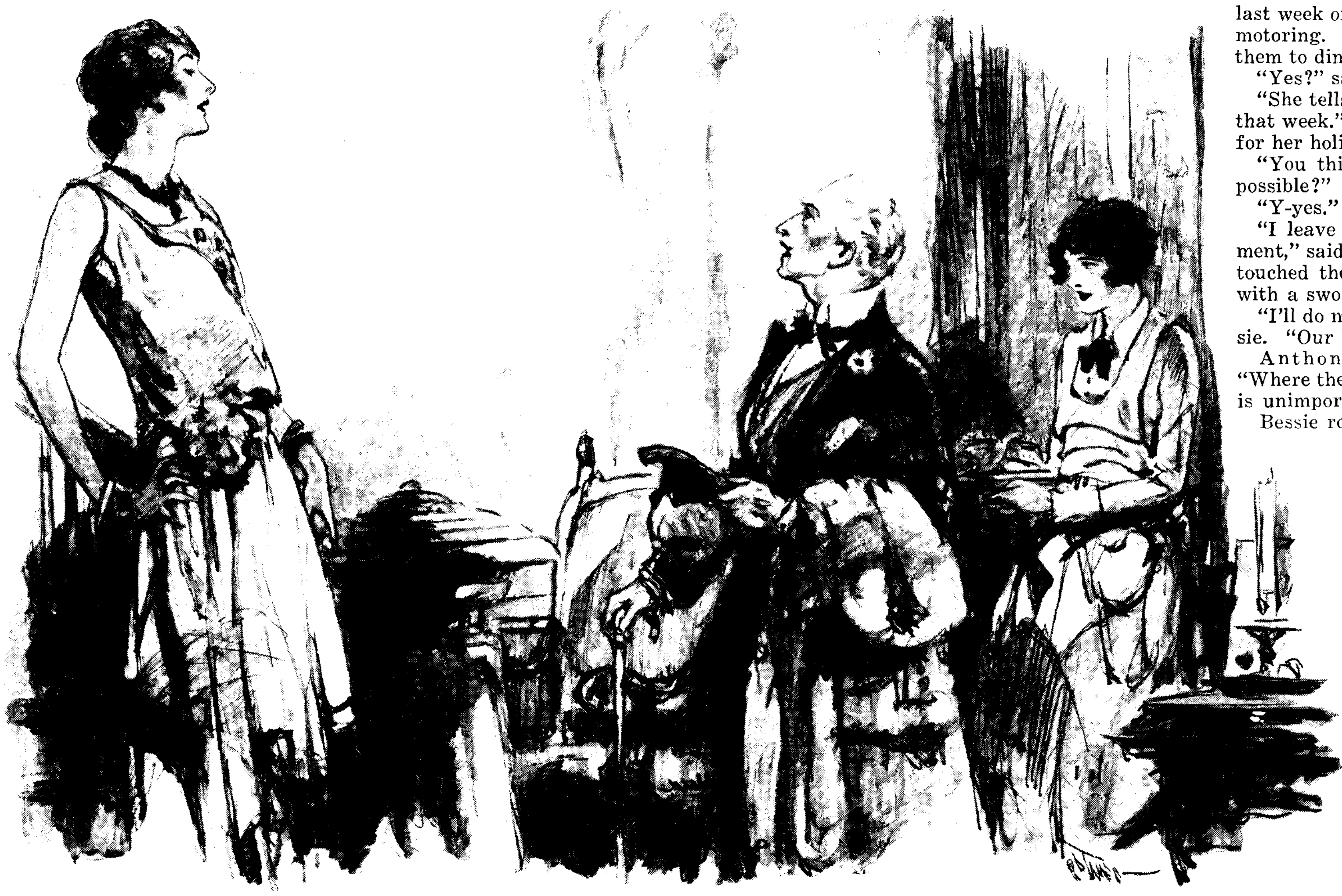
Anthony waved his hand. "Where there is much silver, linen is unimportant if it is old."

Bessie rose to her feet. "What will you do with Mr. Jones?" she asked with a flush.

"Leave Jones to me," Anthony's laugh was still lighter. "I'll broach the matter to him, considerately but firmly. If he has gentlemanly instincts he'll have no excuse for offense; if not"—again, lightly, Anthony shrugged his shoulders.

Anthony continued to sit before the fire. The heels of Aline tapped lightly above his head—she was doubtless, poor child, considering what she

(*Cont'd on page 46*)



There came into view a tall woman clad in clinging white, startling in her beauty. "Come!" called Anthony. "I have news"

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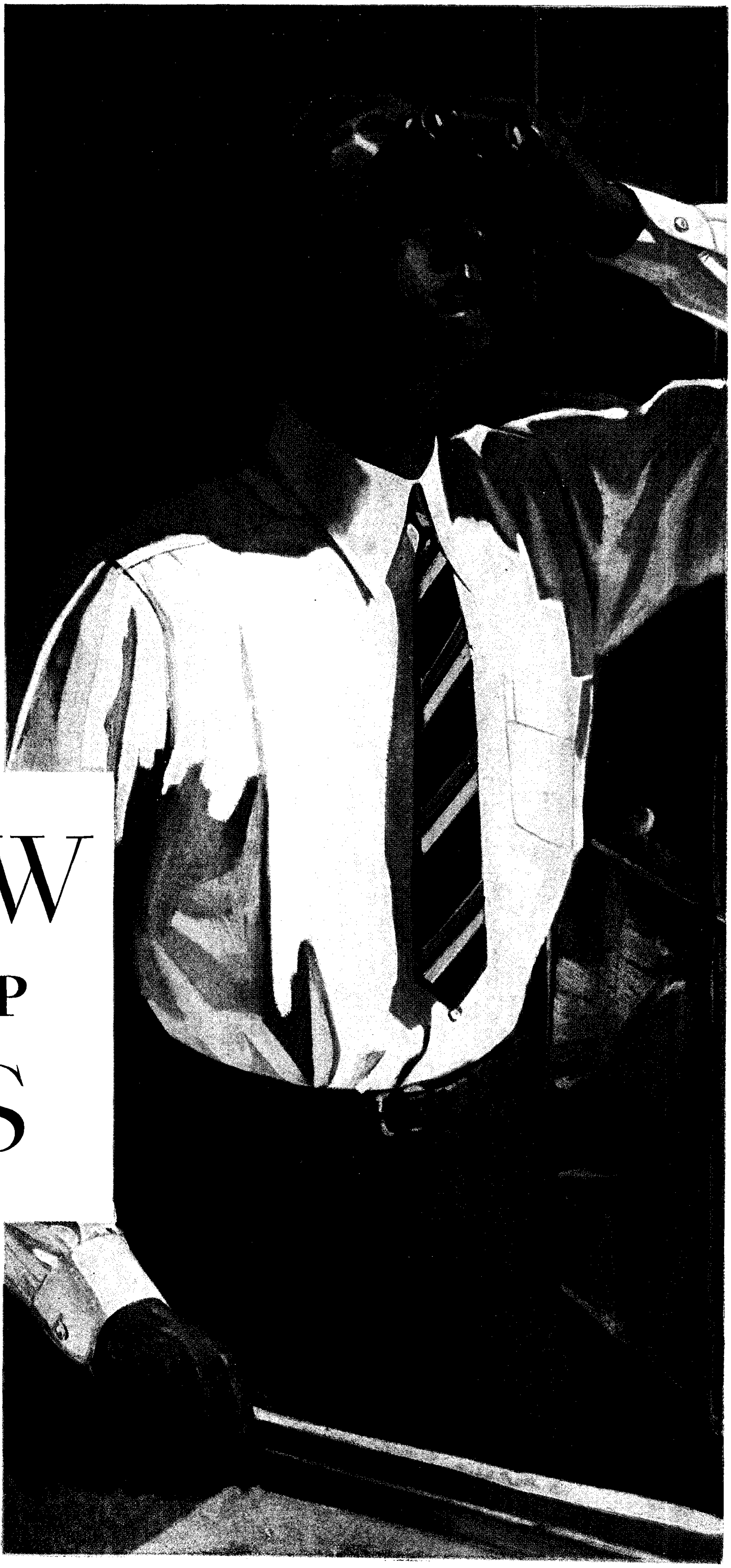

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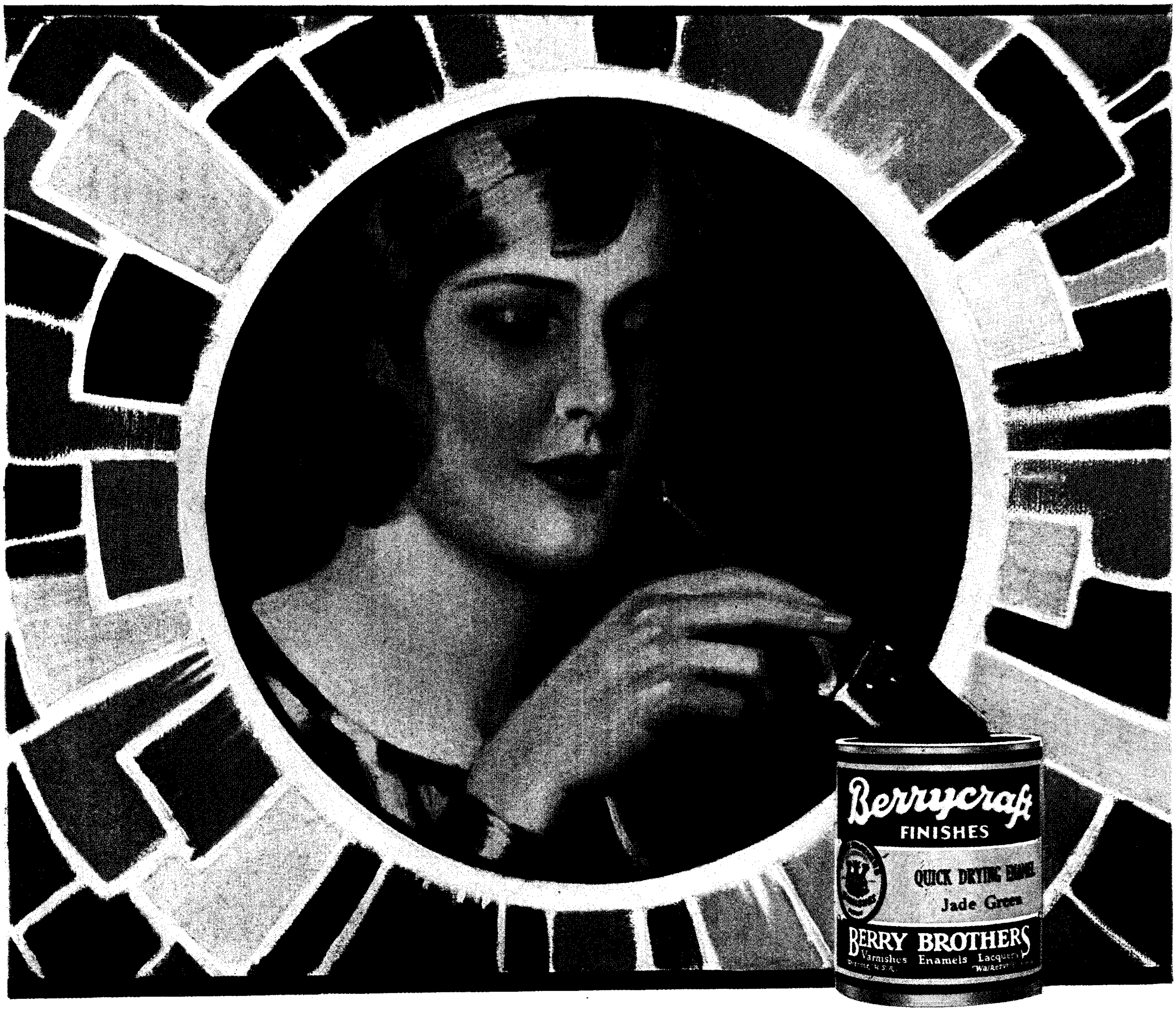
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YOUR fingers will tingle for a paint brush when you see the wonders you can work with Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel. ¶ Surround yourself with bright and cheerful color. Give your home fresh style and beauty. ¶ Here's a revolutionary new finish that brushes on and flows out like an old-time, slow-drying enamel, yet dries to recoat in four hours. You can cover large surfaces of any kind—walls, woodwork, furniture or metal—and leave no brush marks or laps. It is free from unpleasant odor. ¶ Berrycraft is long-wearing and waterproof. Your dealer has it or can get it for you quickly. An attractive folder will suggest new and fashionable color combinations for your home. Write for it—there is no obligation.

Berrycraft Enamel is produced by the maker of Liquid Granite Varnish, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.

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"There's a Reason"

Grape-Nuts' crisp kernels encourage chewing—giving teeth and gums the exercise so badly needed in this soft food era.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts is made from the most wholesome grains —ripe wheat and malted barley—and brings you the goodness of both.

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts is twice baked —to make it crisp, golden-brown, easy to digest.

THAT'S A REASON

To keep health at the peak—Grape-Nuts, with milk or cream, supplies the varied nourishment so many menus lack.

THAT'S A REASON

And flavor . . . there's a reason that easily tops them all! A nut-like, crispy goodness that is different . . . unique. These crunchy, golden kernels speak right up and tell you . . . *"In this one dish is a breakfast banquet."*

THAT'S A REASON

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

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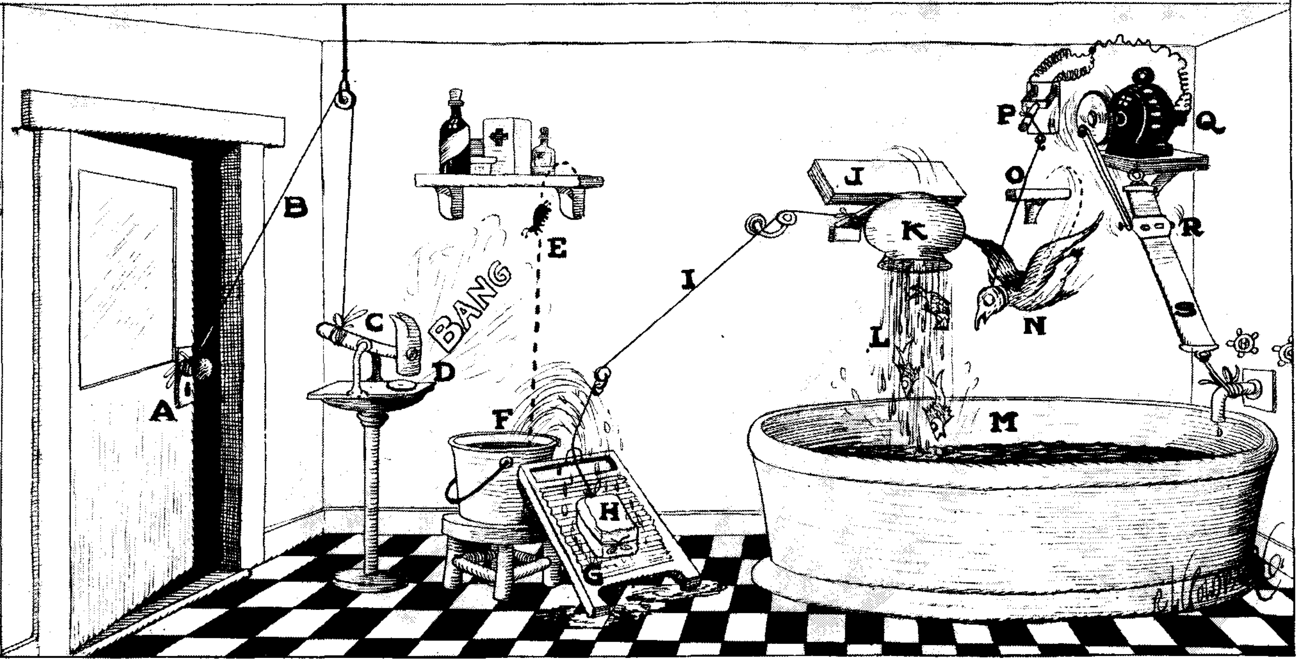
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

THE PROFESSOR TAKES A SWIG OF GOOFY OIL AND INVENTS THE SELF-SHARPENING RAZOR BLADE—

WIND BLOWS OPEN DOOR (**A**), PULLING STRING (**B**) WHICH CAUSES HAMMER (**C**) TO EXPLODE CAP (**D**). PEACEFUL COCKROACH (**E**) LOSES BALANCE FROM FRIGHT AND FALLS INTO PAIL OF WATER (**F**). WATER SPLASHES ON WASHBOARD (**G**), SOAP (**H**) SLIDES OVER SURFACE, PULLING STRING (**I**), YANKING OUT PROP FROM UNDER SHELF (**J**) AND UPSETTING BOWL (**K**). GOLDFISH (**L**) FALL INTO BATH TUB (**M**) AND HUNGRY SEAGULL (**N**) SWOOPS DOWN ON THEM, THEREBY PULLING STRING (**O**) WHICH TURNS ON SWITCH (**P**), STARTING MOTOR (**Q**) AND CAUSING RAZOR BLADE (**R**) TO MOVE UP AND DOWN ALONG STROP (**S**).

IT IS ADVISABLE TO LIVE NEAR A BARBER SHOP IN CASE THERE IS NO WIND TO BLOW THE DOOR OPEN IN THE FIRST PLACE.



Summer Lightning

Continued from page 11

hear that, sir. Well, good-by, sir. Thank you, sir."

Ronnie, clutching the bouquet, walked with leaden steps to the two-seater. There was a card attached to the flowers. He read it, frowned darkly, and threw the bouquet into the car.

Girls were passing now in shoals. They meant nothing to Ronnie Fish. He eyed them sourly, marvelling why the papers talked about "beauty choruses." And then, at last, there appeared one at the sight of whom his heart, parting from its moorings, began to behave like a jumping bean. It had reached his mouth when she ran up with both hands extended.

"Ronnie, you precious angel lambkin!"

"Sue!"

TO a young man in love, however great the burden of sorrows beneath which he may be groaning, the spectacle of the only girl in the world, smiling up at him, seldom fails to bring a temporary balm. For the moment, Ronnie's gloom ceased to be. He forgot that he had recently lost several hundred pounds in a disastrous commercial venture. He forgot that this girl had just been sent a handsome bouquet by a ghastly bargee named P. Frobisher Pilbeam, belonging to the Junior Constitutional Club. These thoughts would return, but for the time being the one that occupied his mind to the exclusion of all others was the thought that after six long weeks of separation he was once more looking upon Sue Brown.

"I'm so sorry I kept you waiting, Precious. I had to see Mr. Mason."

Ronnie started.

"What about?"

A student of the motion-pictures, he knew what theatrical managers were.

"Just business."

"Did he ask you to lunch, or anything?"

"No. He just fired me."

Ronnie quivered.

"I'll go and break his neck."

"No, you won't. It isn't his fault. It's the weather. They have to cut down expenses when there's a heat wave. It's all the fault of the people like you for going abroad instead of staying in London and coming to the theater." She saw the flowers and uttered a delightful squeal. "For me?"

A moment before, Ronnie had been all chivalrous concern, a knight prepared to battle to the death for his lady-love. He now froze.

"Apparently," he said coldly.

"How do you mean, apparently?"

"I mean they are."

"You pet!"

"Leap in."

Ronnie's gloom was now dense, foglike once more. He gestured fiercely at the clustering children and trod on the self-starter. The car moved smoothly round the corner into Shaftesbury Avenue.

Opposite the Monico, there was a traffic block, and he unloaded his soul.

"In re those blooms."

"They're lovely."

"Yes, but I didn't send them."

"You brought them. Much nicer."

"What I'm driving at," said Ronnie heavily, "is that they aren't from me at all. They're from a blighter named P. Frobisher Pilbeam."

Sue's smile had faded.

"Oh?" she said dismally.

The crust of calm detachment from all human emotion, built up by years of Eton and Cambridge, cracked abruptly, and there peeped forth a primitive Ronald Overbury Fish.

"WHO is this Pilbeam?" he demanded. "Pretty much the Boy Friend, I take it, what?"

"I've never even met him!"

"But he sends you flowers."

"I know he does," wailed Sue, mourning for a golden afternoon now probably spoiled beyond repair. "He keeps sending me his beastly flowers and writing me his beastly letters . . ."

Ronnie gritted his teeth.

"And I tell you I've never set eyes on him in my life."

"You don't know who he is?"

"One of the girls told me that he used to edit that paper, Society Spice. I don't know what he does now."

"When he isn't sending you flowers, you mean?"

"I can't help him sending me flowers."

"I don't suppose you want to. Sometimes I ask myself if you really care a hang for me."

"Oh, Ronnie."

"Yes, I do—repeatedly. I look at you and I look at myself and that's what I ask myself. What on earth is there about me to make a girl like you fond of a fellow? I'm a failure. Can't even run a night-club. No brains. No looks. My uncle Gally once told me I looked like the protoplasm of a minor jockey."

"He ought to have been ashamed of himself."

"WHY the dickens," said Ronnie, laying bare his secret dreams, "couldn't I have been born a decent height, like Hugo . . ." He paused. His hand shook on the steering-wheel. "That reminds me. That fellow Mac at the stage-door was saying that you and Hugo used to be as thick as thieves. Always together, he said."

Sue laughed. Things were being difficult today.

"That was before I met you," she explained patiently. "I used to like dancing with him. He's a beautiful dancer. You surely don't suppose for a minute that I could ever be in love with Hugo?"

"I don't see why not."

"Hugo!" Sue laughed. There was something about Hugo Carmody that always made her want to laugh.

"Well, I don't see why not. He's better-looking than I am. Taller. Not so pink. Plays the saxophone."

"Will you stop being silly about Hugo?"

"Well, I fear that bird. He's my best pal and I know his work. He's practically handsome. And lissom, to boot." A hideous thought smote Ronnie like a blow. "Did he ever . . ." He choked. "Did he ever hold your hand?"

"Which hand?"

"Either hand."

"How can you suggest such a thing!" cried Sue, shocked.

"Well, will you swear there's nothing between him and you?"

"Of course there isn't."

"And nothing between this fellow Pilbeam and you?"

"Of course not."

"Ah!" said Ronnie. "Then I can go ahead, as planned. Do you know why I'm going down to Blandings tonight?"

"No. I only wish you weren't."

"Well, I'll tell you. I've got to get around my uncle."

"Do what?"

"Make myself solid with my uncle Clarence. If you've ever had anything to do with trustees you'll know that the one thing they bar like poison is parting with money. And I've simply got to have another chunk of my capital, and a good big one, too. Without money, how on earth can I marry you? Let me get hold of funds, and we'll dash off to the registrar's the moment you say the word. So now you understand why I've got to get to Blandings at the earliest possible moment and stay there till further notice."

"Yes. I see. And you're a darling. Tell me about Blandings, Ronnie. I want to imagine you there while you're away."

Ronnie pondered. He was not at his best as a word painter.

"Oh, you know the kind of thing. Parks and gardens and terraces and immemorial elms and all that."

"Any girls there?"

"My cousin Millicent. She's my uncle Lancelot's daughter. He's dead. The family want Millicent and me to get married."

"To each other, you mean? What a perfectly horrible idea!"

"Oh, it's all right. We're both against the scheme."

"WELL, that's some comfort. What other girls will there be at Blandings?"

"Only one that I know of. My mother met a female called Schoonmaker at Biarritz. American. Pots of money, I believe. One of those beastly tall girls. Looked like something left over from Dana Gibson. I couldn't stand her myself, but my mother was all for her, and I didn't at all like the way she seemed to be trying to shove her off onto me. You know— 'Why don't you ring up Myra Schoonmaker, Ronnie? I'm sure she would like to go to the Casino tonight. And then you could dance afterwards.' Sinister, it seemed to me."

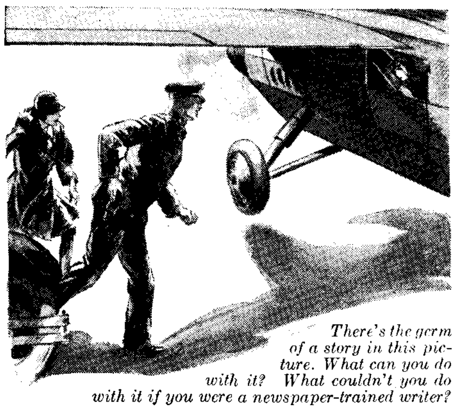
"And she's going to Blandings? H'm!"

"There's nothing to h'm about."

"I'm not so sure. Oh, well, I suppose your family are quite right. I suppose you ought really to marry some nice girl in your own set. I'm not so hot, you know. Only a chorus girl. Just one of the ensemble!"

Ronnie said something between his teeth that sounded like "Juk!"

(*Continued on page 38*)



There's the germ of a story in this picture. What can you do with it? What couldn't you do with it if you were a newspaper-trained writer?

When WRITING

beckons to you
what do you answer?

"Some day I'll start" . . . "I'd like to, but I'm busy" . . . "I'll get there, all right, once I make up my mind. . . ."

And so they go, those time-devouring *good intentions*. A day, a month, a year goes by. Again something happens to rouse the urge within you. And again: "Some day" . . . "Yes, but" . . . or some equally deadening evasion, and no progress!

So it is that many live and die, thinking they could be writers. So it is that many who really have ability never learn how to make it count.

Today thousands of practical people are meeting the challenge that writing offers by taking instruction from the Newspaper Institute of America. They are finding out things about writing and about themselves that they would never otherwise learn . . . what sort of style they have, what its possibilities are, what *specialized training they need, how to write and* how to sell their output.

Theirs is the modern attitude, the attitude of inquiry, earnestness and openmindedness based on the common-sense principle that the way to understand anything is to make a working contact with it. The Newspaper Institute course is a working course created and directed by a group of New York newspapermen of long and recognized experience. Instruction is based on journalism—metropolitan journalism—because the recent history of American literature demonstrates that an overwhelming majority of the day's greatest writers are products of newspaper training.

Mr. F. J. Wade, Box 505, Sullivan, Mo., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes—

"After only a few months of training, I am in receipt of two checks so far this month. One was for an article for the *American Machinist:* the other was for a humorous story in the *American Merchant Magazine.*

Another of our student-members who tried is Mrs. Mabel V. Baker, James Block, Room 20, Fort Madison, Iowa. She writes—

> "I sold my first article last week. It was a short one entitled "Baby's Sun Bath." There were 750 words, that brought me $25.00 and an invitation to send more."

Fact-writing the best basis for fiction-writing

Perhaps the greatest virtue of the Newspaper Institute course is that it starts and keeps you writing; you begin to get experience with the very first lesson. You write, on assignment, just as you would for a great metropolitan daily. You send what you write to the N. I. A. editors, who analyze, correct, criticize, and suggest. And you respect what they say, because their capacity to teach you is made progressively evident throughout your contact with them.

It is in this sort of training that you can most quickly find yourself. Practice, effort, criticism rouse you as no expounding of theory could. And the whole cost of this intimate, challenging home-study course doesn't amount to more than about one month's living expenses at college or school.

We expect, upon your part, a practical attitude toward writing, one which, at the outset, aims not so much at fame and royalties as at the $25, $50, $100, etc., to be earned by articles, short stories, and a great variety of other material such as you see published every day.

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(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen
21D129 will call on you)

(*Continued on page 37*)

"And my mother was a music-hall singer."

"A what!"

"A music-hall singer. What they used to call a Serio. You know—pink tights and rather risky songs."

This time Ronnie did not say "Juk!" He merely swallowed painfully. The information had come as a shock to him. Somehow or other, he had never thought of Sue as having encumbrances in the shape of relatives; and he could not hide from himself the fact that a pink-tighted Serio might stir the family up quite a little. He pictured something with peroxide hair who would call his Uncle Clarence "dearie."

"English, do you mean? In the halls here in London?"

"Yes. Her stage name was Dolly Henderson."

"Never heard of her."

"I daresay not. But she was the rage of London twenty years ago."

"I always thought that you were American," said Ronnie, aggrieved. "I distinctly recollect Hugo, when he introduced us, telling me that you had just come over from New York."

"So I had. Father took me to America soon after Mother died."

"Oh, your mother is—er—no longer with us?"

"No."

"Too bad," said Ronnie, brightening.

"My father's name was Cotterleigh. He was in the Irish Guards."

"What!"

RONNIE'S ecstatic cry seriously inconvenienced a traffic policeman in the exercise of his duties.

"But this is fine! This is the goods! It doesn't matter to me, of course, one way or the other. I'd love you just the same if your father had sold jellied eels. But think what an enormous difference this will make to my blasted family!"

"I doubt it."

"But it will. We must get him over at once and spring him on them. Or is he in London?"

Sue's brown eyes clouded.

"He's dead."

"Eh? Oh? Sorry!" said Ronnie.

He was dashed for a moment.

"Well, at least let me tell the family about him," he urged, recovering. "Let me dangle him before their eyes a bit."

"If you like. But they'll still object to me because I'm in the chorus."

Ronnie scowled. He thought of his mother, he thought of his aunt Constance, and reason told him that her words were true. "Dash all this rot people talk about chorus girls!" he said, "They seem to think that just because a girl works in the chorus she must be a sort of animated champagne-cat . . ."

"Ugh!"

"Spending her life dancing on supper-tables with tight stockbrokers . . ."

"And not a bad way of passing an evening," said Sue, meditatively. "I must try it sometime."

". . . with the result that when it's a question of her marrying anybody, fellow's people look down their noses and kick like mules. It's happened in our family before. My uncle Gally was in love with some girl on the stage back in the dark ages, and they formed a wedge and bust the thing up and shipped him off to South Africa or somewhere to forget her. And look at him! Drew three sober breaths in the year nineteen hundred and then decided that was enough.

"I expect I shall be the same. If I don't take to drink, cooped up at Blandings, a hundred miles away from you, I shall be vastly surprised. It's all a lot of silly nonsense. I haven't any patience with it. I've a jolly good mind to go to Uncle Clarence tonight and simply tell him that I'm in love with you and intend to marry you and that if the family don't like it they can lump it."

"I wouldn't."

Ronnie simmered down.

"Perhaps you're right."

"I'm sure I am. If he hears about me, he certainly won't give you your money. Whereas, if he doesn't, he may. What sort of a man is he?"

"Uncle Clarence? Oh, a mild, dreamy old boy. Mad about gardening and all that. At the moment, I hear, he's wrapped up in his pigs."

"That sounds cozy."

"I'd feel a lot easier in my mind, I can tell you, going down there to tackle him, if I were a pig. I'd expect a much warmer welcome."

"You were rather a pig just now, weren't you?"

Ronnie quivered. Remorse gnawed the throbbing heart beneath his beautifully cut waistcoat.

"I'm sorry. I'm frightfully sorry. The fact is, I'm so crazy about you, I get jealous of everybody you meet. Do you know, Sue, if you ever let me down, I'd . . . I don't know what I'd do. Er—Sue!"

"Hullo?"

"Swear something."

"What?"

"Swear that, while I'm at Blandings, you won't go out with a soul. Not even to dance."

"Not even to dance?"

"No."

"All right."

"*Especially* this man Pilbeam."

"I thought you were going to say Hugo."

"I'm not worrying about Hugo. He's safe at Blandings."

"Hugo at Blandings?"

"Yes. He's secretarying for my Uncle Clarence. I made my mother get him the job when the Hot Spot conked."

"So you'll have him *and* Millicent *and* Miss Schoonmaker there to keep you company! How nice for you."

"Millicent!"

"It's all very well to say 'Millicent' like that. If you ask me, I think she's a menace. She sounds coy and droopy. I can see her taking you for walks by moonlight under those immemorial elms and looking up at you with big, dreamy eyes . . ."

"Looking down at me, you mean. She's about a foot taller than I am. And, anyway, if you imagine there's a girl on earth who could extract so much as a kindly glance from me when I've got you to think about, you're mistaken. I give you my honest word. . . ."

He became lyrical. Sue, leaning back, listened contentedly. The afternoon was being golden, after all.

"BY THE way," said Ronnie, the flood of eloquence subsiding. "A thought occurs. Have you any notion where we're headed for?"

"I supposed you were taking me to tea somewhere."

"But where? We've got right out of the tea zone. What with one thing and another, I've just been driving at random. We'd better switch back and set a course for some place. How do you feel about the Carlton?"

"All right."

"Or the Ritz?"

"Whichever you like."

"Or— Gosh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Sue! I've got an idea."

"Beginner's luck."

"Why not go to Norfolk Street?"

"To your home?"

"Yes. There's nobody there. And our butler is a stanch bird. He'll get us tea and say nothing."

"I'd like to meet a stanch butler."

"Then shall we?"

"I'd love it. You can show me all your little treasures and belongings and the photographs of you as a small boy."

Ronnie shook his head. It irked him to discourage her pretty enthusiasm, but a man cannot afford to take risks.

"Not those. No love could stand up against the sight of me in a sailor suit at the age of ten. I don't mind," he said, making a concession, "letting you see the one of me and Hugo, taken just before the Public Schools Rackets Competition, my last year at school. We were the Eton pair."

"Did you win?"

"No. At a critical moment in the semi-final that ass Hugo foozled a shot a one-armed cripple ought to have taken with his eyes shut. It dished us."

"Awful!" said Sue. "Well, if I ever had any impulse to love Hugo, that's killed it. I don't know this aristocratic neighborhood at all. How far is it to Norfolk Street?"

"Next turning."

"You're sure there's nobody in the house? None of the dear old family?"

"Not a soul."

HE WAS right. Lady Constance Keeble was not actually in the house. At the moment when he spoke, she had just closed the front door behind her. After waiting half an hour in the hope of her nephew's return, she had left a note for him on the hall table and was going to Claridge's to get a cup of tea.

It was not until he had drawn up opposite the house that Ronnie perceived what stood upon the steps. Having done so, he blenched visibly.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" he said.

And seldom can the phrase have been used with more appropriateness.

The sainted aunt was inspecting the two-seater and its contents with a frozen stare. Her eyebrows were two marks of interrogation. As she had told Millicent, she was old-fashioned, and when she saw her flesh and blood snuggled up to girls of attractive appearance in two-seaters, she suspected the worst.

"Good afternoon, Ronald."

"Er—hullo, Aunt Constance."

"Will you introduce me?"

There is no doubt that peril sharpens the intellect. His masters at school and his tutors at the University, having had to do with Ronald Overbury Fish almost entirely at times when his soul was at rest, had classed him among the less keen-witted of their charges. Had they seen him now in this crisis, they would have pointed at him with pride. And, being the sportsmen and gentlemen that they were, they would have hastened to acknowledge that they had grossly underestimated his ingenuity and initiative.

For, after turning a rather pretty geranium tint and running a finger round the inside of his collar for an instant, Ronnie Fish spoke the only two words in the language which could have averted disaster.

"Miss Schoonmaker," he said huskily.

Sue, at his side, gave a little gasp. These were unsuspected depths.

"Miss Schoonmaker!"

Lady Constance's resemblance to Apollyon straddling right across the way had vanished abruptly. Remorse came upon her that she could have wronged her blameless nephew with unfounded suspicions.

"Miss Schoonmaker, my aunt, Lady Constance Keeble," said Ronnie, going from strength to strength and speaking now quite easily and articulately.

Sue was not the girl to sit dumbly by and fail a partner in his hour of need. She smiled brightly.

"How do you do, Lady Constance?" she said. She smiled again, if possible even more brightly than before. "I feel I know you already. Lady Julia told me so much about you at Biarritz."

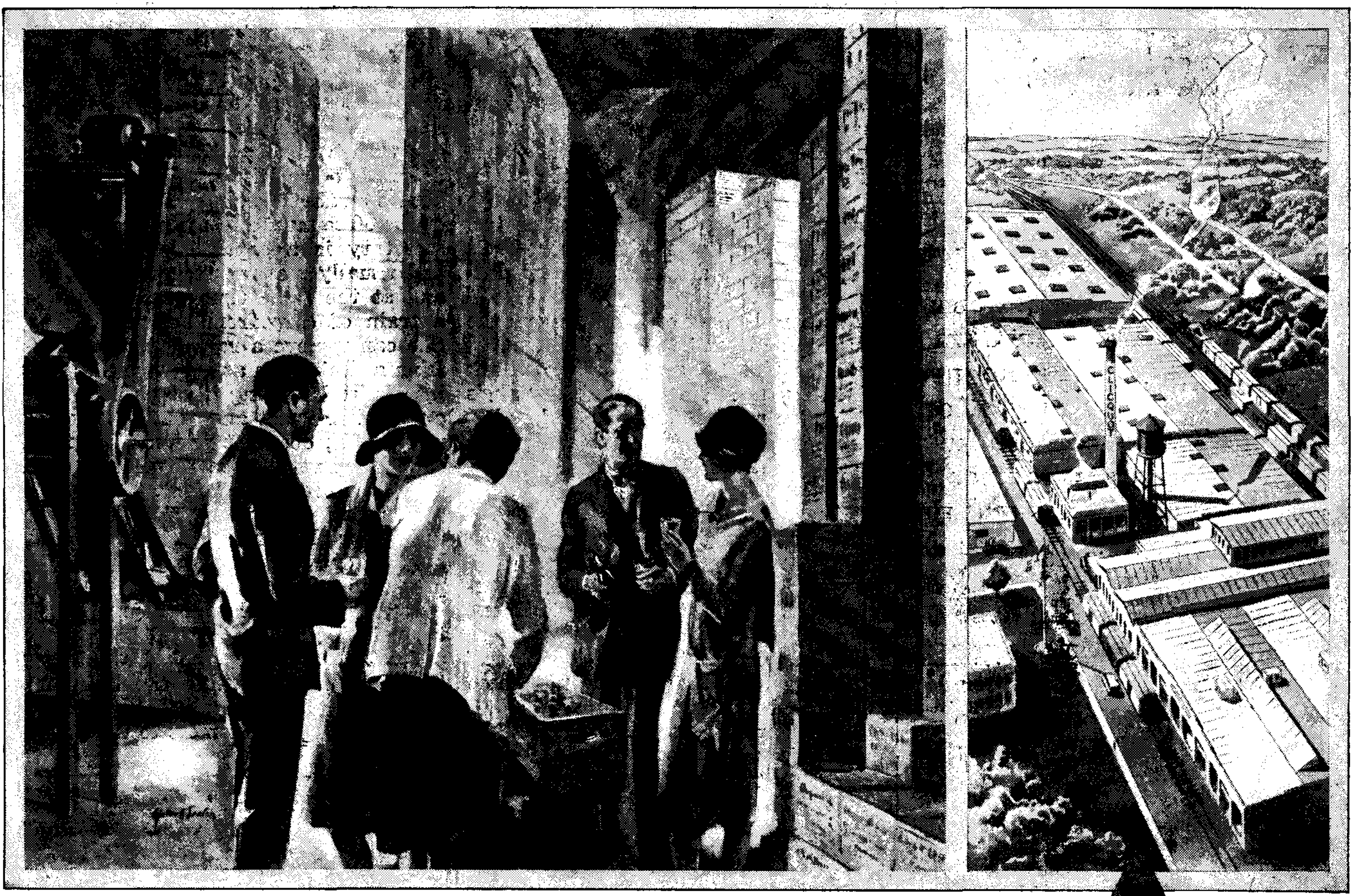
(*To be continued next week*)

"The Rich, Mellow Flavor is Certainly Due to the Ageing"

Says Alice Bradley—*Head of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery*

"I was greatly impressed when I visited the plant at Millis, Mass., by the extreme care and cleanliness with which Clicquot Club Ginger Ales are made. And I was completely convinced that Time plays an important part in the perfection of the flavor. The rich mellowness is certainly due to the ageing."

Alice Bradley



IN the world of foods and cookery there is no one more outstanding than Miss Alice Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery at Boston. Like so many other distinguished visitors to the Clicquot Club plant, she was curious about the way in which Clicquot Club Ginger Ales are aged 6 months.

"How do you age Clicquot Club?" she asked. "And does it really make a great difference?"

Ageing Develops Supreme Flavor

So Miss Bradley was shown the two steps in the ageing process. First, the great glass-lined containers in which the flavor-elements age while blending . . . then the vast warehouses where row on row and tier on tier, the finished product achieves perfection. Science controls the exact conditions under which the ageing takes place, but it is the master chemistry of Nature that ripens the blend. Here, as the months go by, the rare old mellowness of the finished product develops. It takes 6 months to make every bottle of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale.

Taste Detects the Difference

And finally Miss Bradley herself made an interesting test. She tasted first the new Clicquot . . . then the aged Clicquot as it was ready for shipment from the warehouse. She compared one with the other. And, as she herself has said, she was convinced of the important part Time plays in the perfection of the flavor.

Perhaps one day you, too, will make a little journey to this sun-flooded plant at Millis. If so, you will see for yourself how Clicquot's supreme flavor is developed . . . how carefully its purity is guarded . . . how as a final safeguard, it is bottled only in *brand-new bottles*. And you may always be sure that Clicquot Club is ripe, rich and thoroughly digestible because it has been aged 6 months.

A D

6

You may care to write for the booklet, "A Miracle of Nature," edited by Alice Bradley. It includes many new recipes for desserts and salads . . . delicious warm weather menus. Write for your copy today. It is free. The Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.

A Miracle of Nature

Clicquot Club

GINGER ALES

The Clicquot Club Eskimos—Every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, from WEAF, New York, and 40 associated stations.

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MILLIONS have found Beeman's Pepsin Gum a pleasant and wholesome precaution against indigestion. Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, its smoothness and fine quality, and the pleasant way it stimulates digestive action after meals. Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is today the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion. Help your digestion when it's good—enjoy a stick of Beeman's after meals!

BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
GOOD FOR DIGESTION

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

"His Secretary Speaking—"

Continued from page 28

matter of handling an employer's women friends is sometimes one of the most difficult in the whole list of secretarial on-the-sides. A certain man of genius, of world-wide reputation, is unusually susceptible to a pretty face. Everyone who works with him recognizes the fact, and the women who meet him soon get wise and play up to it.

One attractive young person came to be sincerely hated by everyone in the office. She would come in about noon, always smartly dressed, and triumphantly carry off the boss to pay for her lunch. Shortly after which, he would bring forth some idea which the secretary had no difficulty in tracing to the pretty lady. For she had brains too, the fair one, and was using her women's weapons to put across some very definite schemes.

Another member of the firm saw the situation and went to the secretary.

"Can't you do something to break this thing up?" he demanded. "She's getting too much influence with him."

The opportunity came one day when the fair schemer stopped by the secretary's desk.

"You get *along* so wonderfully with Mr. Vain," she gushed. "How do you do it?"

"Well, for one thing," confided the secretary, "I praise the people he likes. Especially Mussolini."

The lady looked thoughtful. "I see."

Not long after the man of genius came back from lunch in a temper.

"Keep Mrs. Black away from me!" he ordered the secretary. "I'm not in when she calls. That woman has no judgment! What do you suppose she said to me? She actually had the nerve to tell me that she thought I was a good deal like that imperialistic ass, Mussolini!"

Do you begin to get an idea of this ask-her-another stunt? If you still have the feeling that a secretary's job means sitting at a mahogany desk and looking pleasant, you are allowed just one more guess.

She Keeps His Secrets

One girl has to amuse her employer's two children every Saturday morning. It's a great day—for the kids. Distinguished visitors are apt to be hit in the eye with a misdirected ball, books are dragged from the shelves to build houses on the floor, but still the routine of the office must run smoothly on. The secretary is a capable young woman and usually manages to greet a caller and at the same time graciously kick a train of cars from before his feet. She can remove a regiment of soldiers from a chair even as she waves a guest into it, and playing horse with a rope around her waist and "Git ap!" yelled in her ear, does not prevent her from calmly answering the phone and even typing an occasional letter.

But one day when she **found an** eight-year-old crawling over **her desk,** his feet dragging her neat piles of papers into ruin, she spanked him!

No, she didn't lose her job. She's too valuable.

Another secretary, asked what was the most unusual thing she had done for her employer, replied, "I can tell you the thing I hate most to do."

"Well?"

"Kiss his wife!"

"What's the idea?"

"Well, she always insists on it, and he seems to want me to, so I put it down as part of my job. But—she tastes like cold applesauce."

It's an interesting picture, isn't it, the wife and the secretary embracing? For the average secretary knows so much more about the man than his wife does. And knows that she knows!

You should hear a bunch of them talking.

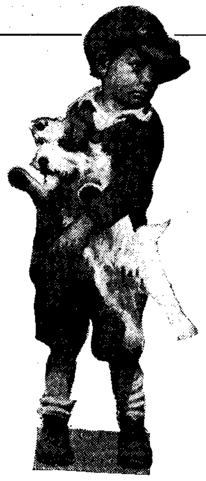
"His wife was in the office today," one girl was relating in such a group recently. "She was telling me how wonderful her husband is. That he never forgets her birthday or their anniversary. She never has to hint about it like most wives. Well, I could have told her why. The first day I went to work for him, he gave me a list of all the anniversaries he has to remember and I marked them on my calendar. Then, when the time comes, I remind him, and he says, 'Oh, yes. Well, take a long noon hour and get something for me. About fifty dollars!' And I do. And have it wrapped and buy a card and put the pen in his hand and wait to be sure he writes, 'With much love from Jim.'"

After a girl has done things like that for a man for a number of years, he *learns to trust her.*

There is a man in Ohio whose secretary keeps his diary for him. And it's a real diary, with all the intimate happenings in the life of a popular bachelor. Each morning for half an hour he dictates to her the events of the previous day and night. She types it all and locks the sheets in a certain drawer known only to the two. There are several people in the city who would give a good deal to know what is in that diary. But they will never find out through his secretary. She has kept his secrets for fourteen years.

SHOP TALK

Thank You, Betty



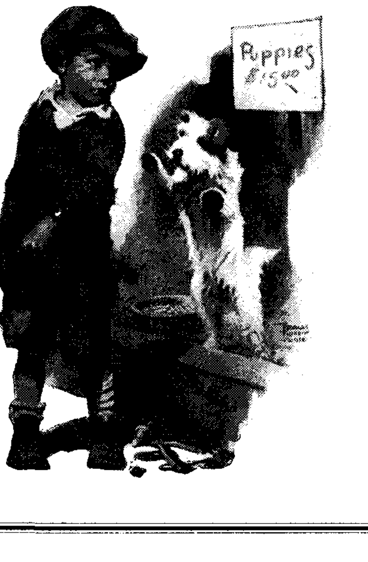
ONE of the most popular covers Collier's has printed in its long history was Miss Hunter's appealing picture which you see reproduced below to the right.

More than 75,000 prints of it have been mailed to readers who requested them. Our first supply was exhausted in three days and there were two later printings. This will explain the delay to those whose copies were late in arriving.

There were thousands of letters about it and we tried conscientiously to answer all of them. They told amusing stories. Children especially liked it. Little boys and girls everywhere refused to let it go out of their hands. A few of them were so touched by the boy's plight that anxious parents had to rush upstairs for an extra handkerchief.

Under the stress of great emotion nine-year-old Jack Angerman of Cumberland, Md., became creative and wrote a story in which the boy got the dog, and everything ended happily. If Mr. and Mrs. Angerman aren't very careful their little boy will grow up to be a popular author.

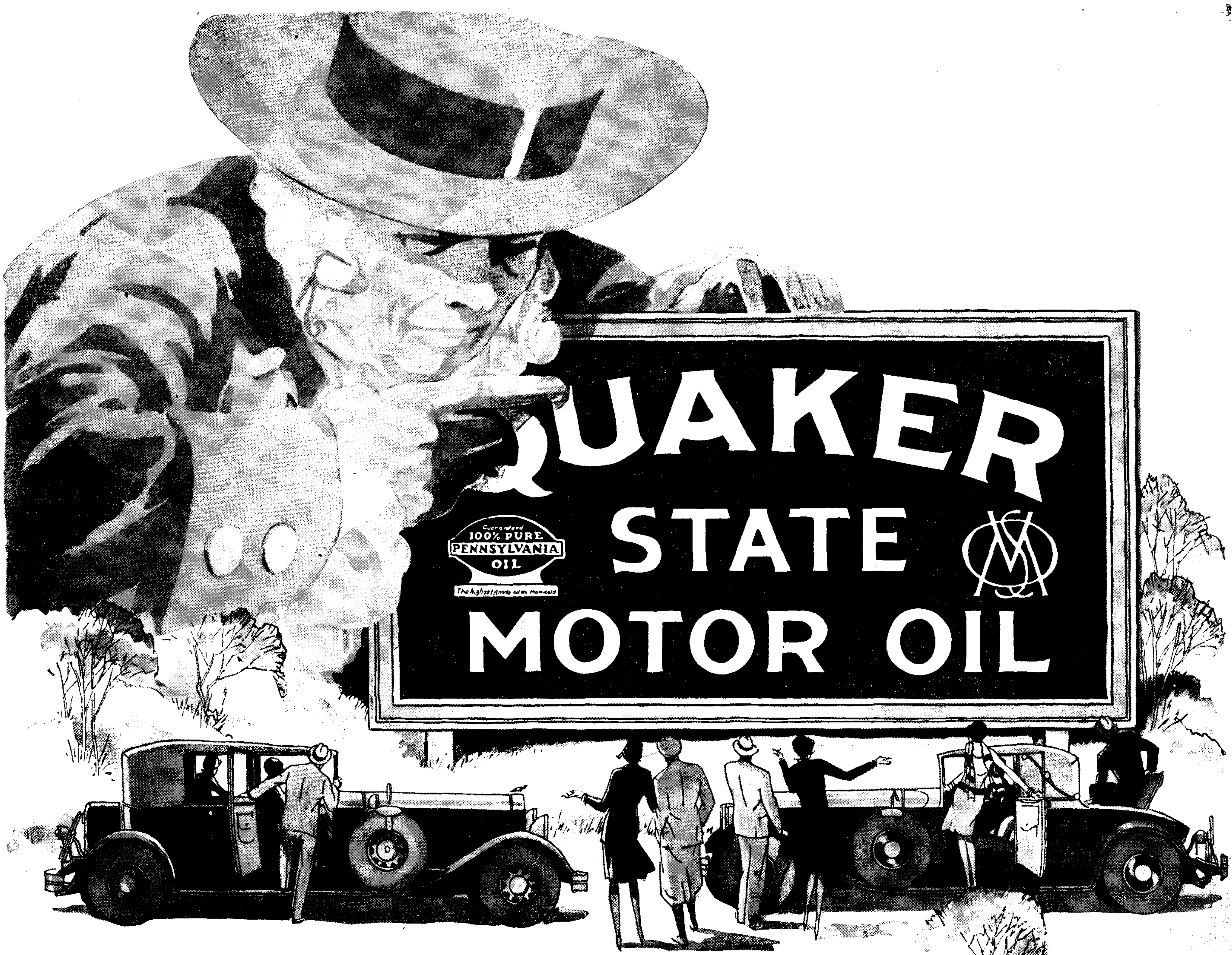
The picture at the top is the handiwork of Betty Goodwin, the five-year-old who enlivens the home of G. L. Goodwin, in Morgan Park, Ill. It shows what can be done with two very small hands and an extra-size heart.



Betty was disturbed by the picture but she knew exactly what to do. Scissors, paste and a crayon were called for and soon the boy had the eager little dog tucked safely under his arm. But Betty didn't stop there. While she was at it, she fixed the pants and wiped away the tears.

Dear little warm-hearted Betty! The little boy thanks you. And so do we. When we are five a very great many troubles can be mended with scissors and paste. When we are older the same spirit can do the job just as easily if we can only manage to keep hold of it.

The Editor.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Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL
The highest grade oil in the world

HERE, thee gets an *extra quart*

WHEN thee sees this sign by the highway, it reminds thee that Quaker State Motor Oil may be obtained nearby. This oil, my friend, will prove a boon to thy motor.

For "There is an extra quart in every gallon." Let me explain this to thee:

Quaker State Motor Oil is put through a special process of refining, beyond the point where the refiner ordinarily leaves off. By this added process a quart or more of material, of little or no value to thy motor, is removed from each gallon. So when thee buys a gallon of Quaker State, thee gets none of the usual waste, but four full quarts of lubricant—in truth, an *extra* quart!

It will be well for thee to know, also, that Quaker State Motor Oils are made from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude, the value of which is two to three times as much as that of the crudes from which most motor oils are made.

It is the part of thrift, then, for thee to seek out filling stations which show the green and white Quaker State sign. At these stations, thee indeed gets more than thy money's worth, and gives thy motor a treat in the bargain!

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Watch this publication for the details

Trip Number Ten

Continued from page 7

"I was just wishing that the other one was more like him," said Barbara's father in a regretful voice.

The same notion had occurred to me, but I said nothing, for it is not my business to interfere with the heart affairs of our passengers. Mr. Whitehead was a selfish fellow and continued to spend more and more time with the poker addicts and the Slattermans, who occupied Cabin 26 and went in for gay parties.

MISS MACLAY had plenty of time to talk things over with Mr. Byrnes between Singapore and Suez and I frequently observed them as they sat in a couple of deck chairs, conversing gravely. It seemed to me then that everything was going along nicely and that Bill Byrnes was rapidly getting into a fresh batch of trouble.

"What does Barbara think of you and your New Jersey harem?" I asked Bill, when we were passing through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb and Bill assumed a sober countenance.

"She naturally thinks I am doing the right thing by going back home and seeing what I can do about it."

"Which one does she think you should marry?"

"She didn't tell me."

"That's easy," I said. "Just get the post office time stamp on the letters and marry the girl that got her letter first."

"Barbara is a mighty fine girl," said Bill, staring at the emotionless sea; and then he added suddenly:

"I think I'll get off this ship at Suez and take another steamer."

"What for?"

"Because of everything. I don't want to stay on the same ship with Barbara. It isn't right. Everything I do is a mistake. She's going back to New York to marry Whitehead, and you know why I'm returning. I am not going to hang around this steamer and make matters worse."

"What matters?"

"Well, if you want to know, I am getting so I can't think of anybody but Barbara. That is all wrong, Grover, so I duck at Suez."

As you can see, Mr. Watts, this was a rather humorous situation on board the Kashmir as we sailed up the Red Sea, where the weather was infernally warm. Here was this young man, already up to his ears in perplexity, adding to his troubles by falling in love with a sweet girl. I always made it a rule to keep out of the private affairs of passengers, but in this instance, knowing Roscoe Whitehead and what kind he was, I felt justified in saying a quiet word to Barbara.

"It is too bad about Bill Byrnes," I said, catching her as she came out of the dining-room. "He is leaving the Kashmir at Suez."

"Leaving?" she said, startled. "I thought he was going to New York."

"He is—on the next boat after this one."

"How odd!" Barbara murmured.

"Not very odd when you know why. Bill has natural gifts for getting into embarrassments, and despite his already being in a tough spot, he has added to it by getting into something else, and so is leaving our boat."

"What did he do now?" the girl asked in an anxious voice.

"He has fallen in love with a nice girl on this steamer, regardless of the three Jersey Cityites."

Miss Maclay's lovely countenance did not show any change at this news, but there was a look in her eyes that conveyed volumes, especially to an expert like myself.

"Who is the girl?" she asked in a low tone.

"It is supposed to be a secret," I said smiling, "and I cannot give away the passengers' confidences."

When we arrived at Suez, Bill Byrnes did not leave the Kashmir, for as I pointed out, it would be simpler to leave us at Alexandria, which is a real town. The only thing between Suez and Alexandria is the Canal, a very uninteresting body of water.

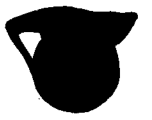
"All right," Bill said. "That's fixed. I leave at Alexandria."

"And to take your mind off your woes," I suggested, "you better come to Cairo with me, as I have a short leave of absence from the Kashmir."

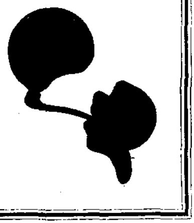
"Suits me," he replied, without any interest in Cairo, and that is how he happened to accompany me to Cairo, as I was not needed on the Kashmir going through the Canal.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclay spoke enthusiastically about mummies, and Barbara had been yearning all her life to see the pyramids, and it was a shock to all when we learned that Roscoe Whitehead was not coming.

Colliergraphs



J. A. Muster, 903 W. Cherry, Nevada, Mo.



Mrs. Rose Mross, 5128 Warwick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"No," he said, when invited by the Maclays, "I am not interested in Egypt. I shall remain on the steamer and go through the Canal and will meet you all again at Alexandria."

Barbara stared at him.

"You're not coming?" she asked, scarcely believing that a man would choose to ride through a dull canal when he could prowl around ancient Cairo looking at camels, scarabs and effendis.

"I need the rest, Barbara," he said, but that was not correct. The poker game was getting stronger as the Kashmir neared Europe and Cabin 26 started the cocktail hour at three in the afternoon. It seemed to me that any girl would be justified in showing irritation, but Barbara bore the shock with considerable calm and so we left the Kashmir and rolled over to Cairo by automobile. We were due three days later in Alexandria, where the steamer would be waiting for us. Mr. Maclay was visibly delighted to step off the Kashmir, and on the run across the desert, Barbara sat with Bill Byrnes, who was very gloomy and silent, but held an umbrella over her to keep off the dust.

I am well acquainted in Cairo and know interesting people and places and was able to take Bill around and show him the racing dogs and the Spaniards playing pelotte, but I found little response in Bill to the joys of sight-seeing. I spent the second day having my watch fixed, and on the third and final day in Cairo Barbara invited me to ride in her automobile, which also contained Bill Byrnes. We bowled about town trying to pronounce names, and Barbara referred warmly to the pyramids, which is my dish. I am a sort of pyramid expert. Bill didn't care where we went as long as he could sit in the car with Barbara.

"Too bad we have seen all the pyramids," Barbara said in a regretful tone.

"You have not seen all the pyramids," I replied. "What you have seen were the main pyramids on the beaten track, such as Cheops. There is nothing to that."

"Are there any others?"

"I will wager you never heard of the best one of them all which is the Dayaram Pyramid," I said. "It is out a considerable distance, but there is some pyramid."

"Has it any catacombs?" Barbara demanded, for she was extremely interested in catacombs and had books about them.

"It is practically full of catacombs," I said, "and hardly anybody ever goes there."

"Let us go at once," she cried in girlish enthusiasm and we turned the motor car towards the Sahara Desert. Bill said nothing, but leaned back and closed his eyes, and after fourteen miles of rough riding, our chauffeur stated that motor cars could go no farther. We debarked, telling the man to wait, and mounted camels.

Well, Mr. Watts, to make a long story short, we arrived at the Dayaram Pyramid early in the afternoon and found scarcely anyone in sight, except a few native burglars clad in red cloaks and a number of vests. Bill and Barbara said very little in the automobile and nothing on the camels. It began to look like a melancholy afternoon for all and I thought of how sad things are in life, for here was this clean-cut boy going back to his three prospective brides, and Barbara enroute to marry Roscoe Whitehead, the poker player.

At the entrance, we employed a vicious-looking native known as Effendi Attaba, whom we called Attaboy. He wore the usual red robe and looked as if he would murder an entire family for five piastres. We explained that we wished to explore the catacombs, and Attaboy took charge of the party.

THIS was my first trip into a catacomb, and I do not intend to go again, for there is little to be seen beyond skulls of uncertain age. Attaboy carried an electric torch and charged six dollars for the job and in we went. Inside, the Dayaram Pyramid is much larger than it seems from the back of a camel, and we followed Attaboy up this alley and down that corridor, stepping gingerly by the light of the torch. Nobody else was visiting that afternoon and the place was spooky and after he had got us thoroughly lost in the maze of skulls, Attaboy threw away his torch and fell on the floor among the bones, giving me a thorough fright.

I was slightly ahead of our guide when he fell, with a moaning noise, and Bill Byrne brought up the rear. Barbara gave a shrill cry, but I maintained the appearance of calm.

"Turn on that light," I shouted, the only response being Attaboy's groans from the floor where he lay amid the remains of a departed race. At first we couldn't find him.

I discovered a small packet of matches in my pocket and lighted one, and there

(*Continued on page 44*)

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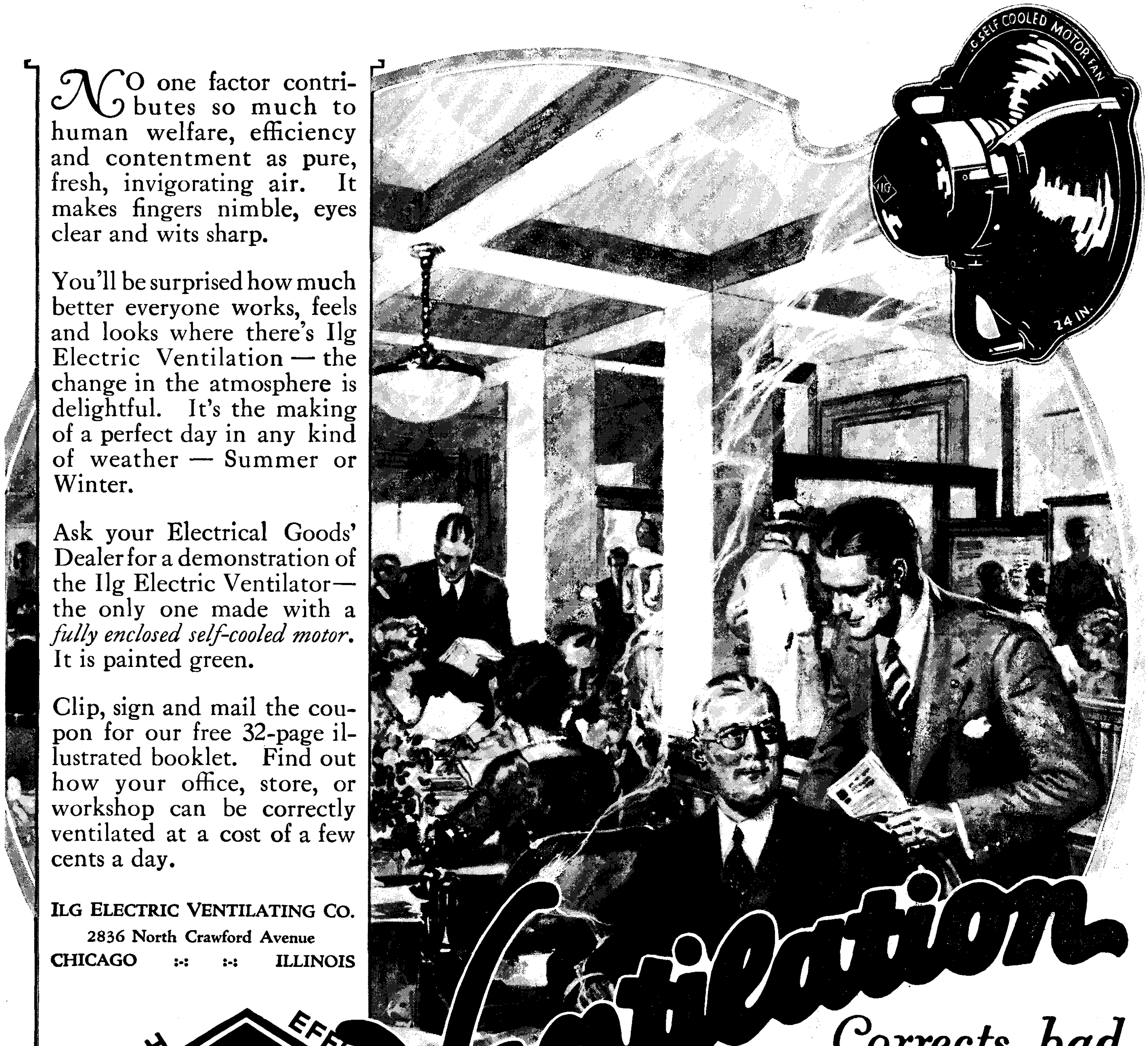

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Trip Number Ten

Continued from page 42

was our guide lying on his stomach, clawing the ground convulsively and making his body twitch.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked harshly, bending over him.

"I am dying," he replied, clutching at his chest and kicking out his legs.

"You would have to die here," I said nervously.

"Where is the torch?" Bill asked, taking his first interest in the expedition. "It is pretty tough for the man to be dying here in the dark."

"Not any tougher for him than for us," I said. "If he dies here, we will all join the mummies."

THEN began a frantic search for Attaboy's torch, which we did not find for several reasons. There we were in the remote depths of an Egyptian pyramid, with a dying Arab and no way to get out and back to civilization. It would probably be years before anybody found our bodies, for we were at the back end of the pyramid, down a side alley, clear off the line of traffic. Attaboy continued to groan dismally and I lighted another match, which revealed two pallid faces, not counting mine. Barbara and Bill were standing against a shelf of scattered leg-bones and, to my astonishment, Bill had his arms around her and was telling her how glad he was they could die there together. She was trembling and clinging to Bill in silent terror, but she was a brave girl and did not shriek or make a nuisance of herself.

"You may feel like dying here together," I said, "but I don't, for I have to get back to the Kashmir."

I lighted more matches and walked up and down the corridor in a vain hunt for egress, but all I found was succeeding shelves full of deceased Egyptians. It was plain that our end was at hand and about that time, my supply of matches gave out.

"This is unlucky for me," I stated, "because the Kashmir people will think I ran out on them."

Feeling my way back along the wall, I discovered Barbara still comfortable in Bill's arms. He was telling her he loved her and was glad he could speak about it, now that death was nigh. Barbara sobbed quietly and the both of them paid no more attention to me than if I was a leg bone. I tried to move away and give them privacy, but there was no place to go.

During this excitement, amid words of love and the burning of paper matches, Effendi Attaboy remained prone among his ancestors, groaning feebly and repeating that he was practically dead. As my desperation increased, I happened to think of what a globe-trotter had once told me in Penang, a traveler who had been everywhere and was acquainted with the wiles of foreigners. Thinking of this, I felt my way along in the darkness until I located the person of Attaboy, and without warning, I kicked him with considerable force. He naturally howled.

"Get up there, you black baboon," I said, "and lead us out of this hole."

He informed me that he was dying and I was thus forced to kick him again and again. Finally he began to get up and I realized with a glad feeling that the man in Penang had it right. It was a trick. Attaboy had been faking, and was not dying, nor even ill, but was looking for money. When he was on his feet, I handed him two dollars in silver and, without hesitation, he reached over among some ribs and located the lost torch where he had concealed it.

On the way out, he fell down twice more, for such is the simple mind of the Egyptian dragoman, and I had to encourage him with kicks and silver coins. In due time, he brought us through the endless maze of catacombs and out into the sunlight, where we stood shaking and gazing at each other. It was a very trying experience, Mr. Watts. Barbara was deathly pale and clung to Bill's arm and Bill wore his old grin that he had when he came aboard the Kashmir at Hong Kong.

Apparently they were now engaged, for they had the look of an engaged couple, which you can always tell by the way a girl hangs on to a man's elbow and glances up at his chin. We were buried in the perilous catacombs for more than one hour, during which time they had clung to each other firmly, and that probably constitutes an Egyptian or pyramid engagement. One could see that Roscoe Whitehead, the poker player, had successfully five-carded himself out of a bride. We returned to Cairo on our camels, and in the hotel lobby Bill led me to one side.

"Grover," he said in a gay voice, "I will never be able to thank you enough for this afternoon. I am not going back to New York. I am returning to Hong Kong on an east-bound steamer and will take Barbara with me."

"I congratulate you," I said sincerely, "for she is a wonderful girl."

A friendly dinner was enjoyed that evening in the rotunda of the hotel, and Mr. Maclay slapped me on the back with gusto, and invited me to try out a little Cairo champagne of a very special brand, which offer I declined, as I am personally a teetotaller and always will be. Mrs. Maclay wore a happy look and said she would be glad to turn around and go back with the children.

"When you get to New York," Bill said in a confidential moment, "I wish you would go around to Jersey City and sort of straighten this thing out for me. Here are the names and addresses of those girls, and if you are a good sport, you will do what you can."

"Yes," I said, looking at him with a smile, "I ought to be able to fix that up easy for you, Bill—I and the United States Army."

"Tell them," said Bill, "that you don't think they would like China anyhow."

I promised and late in the evening, in time to catch the Alexandria express, I bade farewell to my friends and departed. Bill and Barbara almost wept.

"I will give you a word of advice," I said to Bill. "No matter how many fountain pens you sell in China, have your firm transfer you to the United States. Hong Kong is a good town, but there are more bathtubs in Kansas City."

"I will think it over," he said grinning, and I was on my way. Barbara gave me a letter to deliver to Roscoe Whitehead when I reached the Kashmir, and I guess I don't have to tell you what was in that missive, Mr. Watts. I did not see the gentleman until ten o'clock the following day, by which time the Kashmir was sticking her nose into the blue waves of the Mediterranean. He came walking down B Deck, red-eyed and excited.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked sharply. "Where are the Maclays?"

"You ought to know," I said politely. "Didn't the letter inform you?"

"You had your paw mixed up in it," he said in his snarling way. "I never liked you from the minute I saw you."

"That is all right with me, Mr. Whitehead," I said. "I am only the purser on this ship and you do not have to like me."

"Your job is going to be worth that much," he said, snapping his fingers. "I am going to have you fired off this ship. I will show you if an interfering little jackass can go around poking his nose into other people's affairs."

WELL, I could have answered him, Mr. Watts, but I refrained, for it is against the rules for a purser to lose his temper. He snarled a few bitter remarks, called me a number of harmless names and went below, and at Genoa he left the Kashmir, after complaining to Captain Hadley and making more threats. Where he went, I do not know, but naturally I expected to hear some aftermath from all this.

I have here related practically everything that happened having a bearing upon the Whitehead incident, and will, as stated, mail the communication in New York City, so that you will have at least one month to mull it over in your mind before I walk into your office on December third, which will be a Tuesday. Having these facts at your command, if you then wish me to resign as purser on the Kashmir, I will do so without further comment.

Yours truly,
GROVER URISH,
Purser, Steamer Kashmir, at Sea.

H. C.
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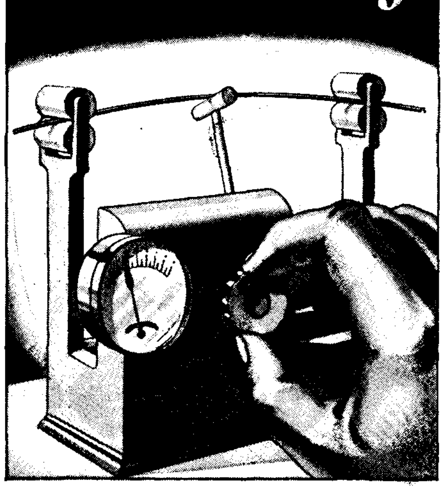

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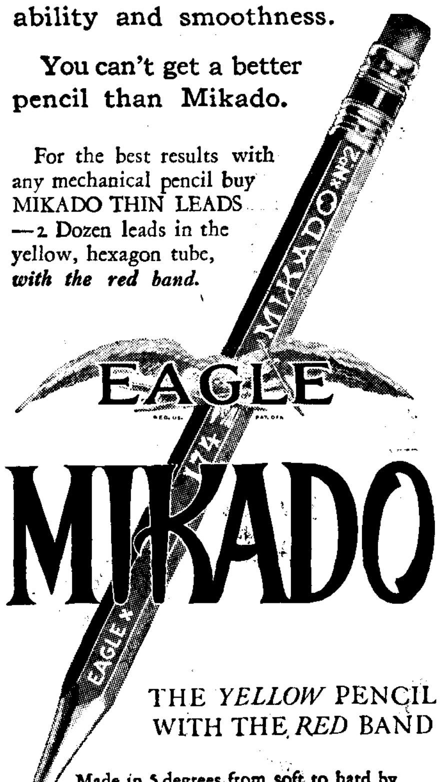

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A Special Providence

Continued from page 32

should wear, though it made little difference what so great a beauty wore. He saw her walking in white beside General Fair, over her head a canopy of crossed swords.

In kitchen and dining-room moved the footsteps of Bessie. Already she had laid fires in the dining-room, in the room of Mr. Jones, and in her father's bedroom; she had set the table and had the dinner on the stove. She had put on her white dress which was so like that of a nurse or a servant. Opening his drowsy eyes Anthony saw her moving between him and the court-cupboard. He had often been puzzled to understand how she came to belong to him; he explained it in the light of the social life of the bee. "There are queens," said he, "and also those who are intended by nature for a life which is useful."

Last of all the household arrived Henry Jones. He came in whistling.

Hearing the door open, Anthony lifted his head; hearing the door open, Bessie stepped into the kitchen.

"Mr. Jones," said Anthony.

"Yes?" Mr. Jones stepped into the room.

"In the last week of October we shall have a sort of family gathering," announced Anthony. "Would we ask too great a favor if we should suggest that on that day you dine elsewhere?"

"Not in the least!" answered Mr. Jones, heartily.

"They are very important guests," said Anthony. "We shall do things in some state."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Jones pleasantly. "I hope you'll enjoy yourselves. I've never had time for social life."

Mr. Jones glanced back over his shoulder. There was a certain effect of firelight on an old painting—he liked to see it before he went in to dinner. Though it would have been hard to find any change in his demeanor he was, in the house and company of the Luffingtons, more happy than he had been for many years.

Anthony saw the backward glance, he heard a footstep at the top of the stairway. Anthony was gentle but he had the courage of the surgeon when it was indicated. He rose from his armchair.

"A suitor for my elder daughter," said he in a whisper. *"Parti tres desirable!"*

"Indeed!" said Mr. Jones politely.

Anthony felt for Mr. Jones as a sensitive person might feel for a crushed beetle. He too was very happy, he smelled odors of onion and spices.

"No offense, I hope," said he.

"None," said Mr. Jones, positively. "None at all."

JONES was deprived of his dinner but not of his bed. He did not mind getting dinner elsewhere, since as he approached the Luffingtons' he saw the house for the first time with the full moon shining upon it. He was not whistling when he first saw it, but he puckered his lips at once and muttered a single clear piercing note. He walked more slowly, and once or twice he stopped short and stared.

A car stood at the gate. The chauffeur sat in his place; he was probably asleep. The car was very fine—Jones saw it plainly as he went by. He went up the brick walk until he had almost reached the front door, then whatever may have been his natural human temptation to look in the windows, he turned aside. Voices and laughter came out faintly; not the voices of conversation, but those of leave-taking.

It was possible, he believed, to find a way back to the kitchen. There the servants, probably colored people hired for the evening, would be washing dishes and they would show him some rear way by which he could get to his room.

When he entered the woodland which came down to the side of the house, it was very dark, and he stood motionless, waiting for better vision.

Guided by a faint gleam, he stepped round a clump of bushes and found the kitchen windows directly before him. The kitchen was not very well lighted, but there was light enough to see the débris of a feast piled on tables and sink. There was no one in sight—probably the final work in the dining-room was being done, or the servants had stepped into the cellar.

HE LAID his hand on the door, opened it and entered a vestibule, between which and the kitchen proper there was a glass door veiled by a thin curtain. There was someone in the kitchen after all—before the sink stood a short figure in a uniform of white, covered by a brown gingham apron. The figure was motionless. The face bending above the sink was not black, but white; the figure was well known to Jones.

He was about to open the door, when the opposite door opened and into the dingy room entered a most magnificent figure. Anthony in daytime attire was imposing enough; Anthony in evening clothes was dazzling. He wore no softly pleated shirt, but a great expanse of shining starch, and on his lapel was a white flower. He drew from the sleeve of his coat a large handkerchief and tapped his lips. The movement had in it secret, cunning amusement; it was like the gleam in Anthony's eyes. One could tell that the decanter had an instant ago been in his hand.

"My dear," said he.

The figure at the sink gave a start.

"Can you not leave this work till morning?"

"I'd rather do it tonight."

"We made an impression. Your sister and I are invited to Washington next week-end."

"Are you going?"

Anthony laughed. "We are! I'm profoundly sorry that the cook did not come."

"I didn't expect her," said Bessie, briefly.

"It was a matter of special providence that the waitress came. You'll be glad to know that she did passably well."

Steam began to rise from a kettle on the stove. Anthony backed toward the door; he was not exactly unsteady, but he held to the knob. "I sent Aline to bed," said he. "I now send you."

Bessie walked to the stove and returned to the sink with the steaming kettle in her hand. When she had returned it, filled, to the stove, and herself to the sink, Jones spoke out loud and clear—"Miss Bessie, it is I," and turned the knob and went in.

"I stole round here, thinking I could go upstairs without being in anyone's way," he explained. "Can I?"

Bessie looked at him dully; she seemed neither surprised nor embarrassed; her look was that of one for whom the possibility of emotion was past.

"They're gone," said she. "You can go up the front way."

"You were at the party, weren't you?"

"No." Bessie spoke with unexpected positiveness. "I wasn't. The cook didn't come. Anyhow I'd rather have been here. I'm not ornamental, I hate conversation unless there's something to talk about, and I'm too stupid to play bridge."

"So am I," answered Jones with a grin.

"I"—Bessie began, then she paused, then she said, "I," again, and paused. "I beg you to leave me alone," she wailed.

"I'm not going to do that," declared Jones. "I'm going to give you my company till you're finished, and my assistance if you'll have it."

Bessie wrung out her dishcloth, and took off her apron. "Then I shall have to leave you."

"Very well."

She went toward the door, not that through which Anthony had entered, but another. Opening it, she exposed a stairway, steep and dark after the manner of back stairways.

"Will you put out the lights?" she asked, with tremulous dignity.

"I will."

A single whimper let itself be heard as Bessie climbed the stairs. Jones took from his coat pocket a pipe and hung it unlit in the corner of his mouth. He took from a chair the discarded brown gingham apron, and put it on. He unbuttoned his cuffs and rolled back his sleeves. He turned an experienced and appraising eye upon the assembled dishes.

"All stacked," said he.

"Bessie—"

Jones turned his head. The glorious apparition had returned, it supported itself now on both doorknob and jamb. Its tie was untied, otherwise it was intact.

"B-Bessie," said it, with a little less confidence.

"Yes?" said Mr. Jones.

Anthony blinked. He seemed to blink himself into a faint understanding of the situation. He chuckled. "You seem to have had experience in domestic labor," said he, quite steadily. "Waiter?"

"No," said Jones. "Dishwasher. Trained by an expert."

ANTHONY walked to the end of Sylvan and turned and walked back. He stepped briskly, his head a little bent. At the first corner he looked to the right, then to the left, but he did not moderate his pace; if he meditated a change of route, he decided against it.

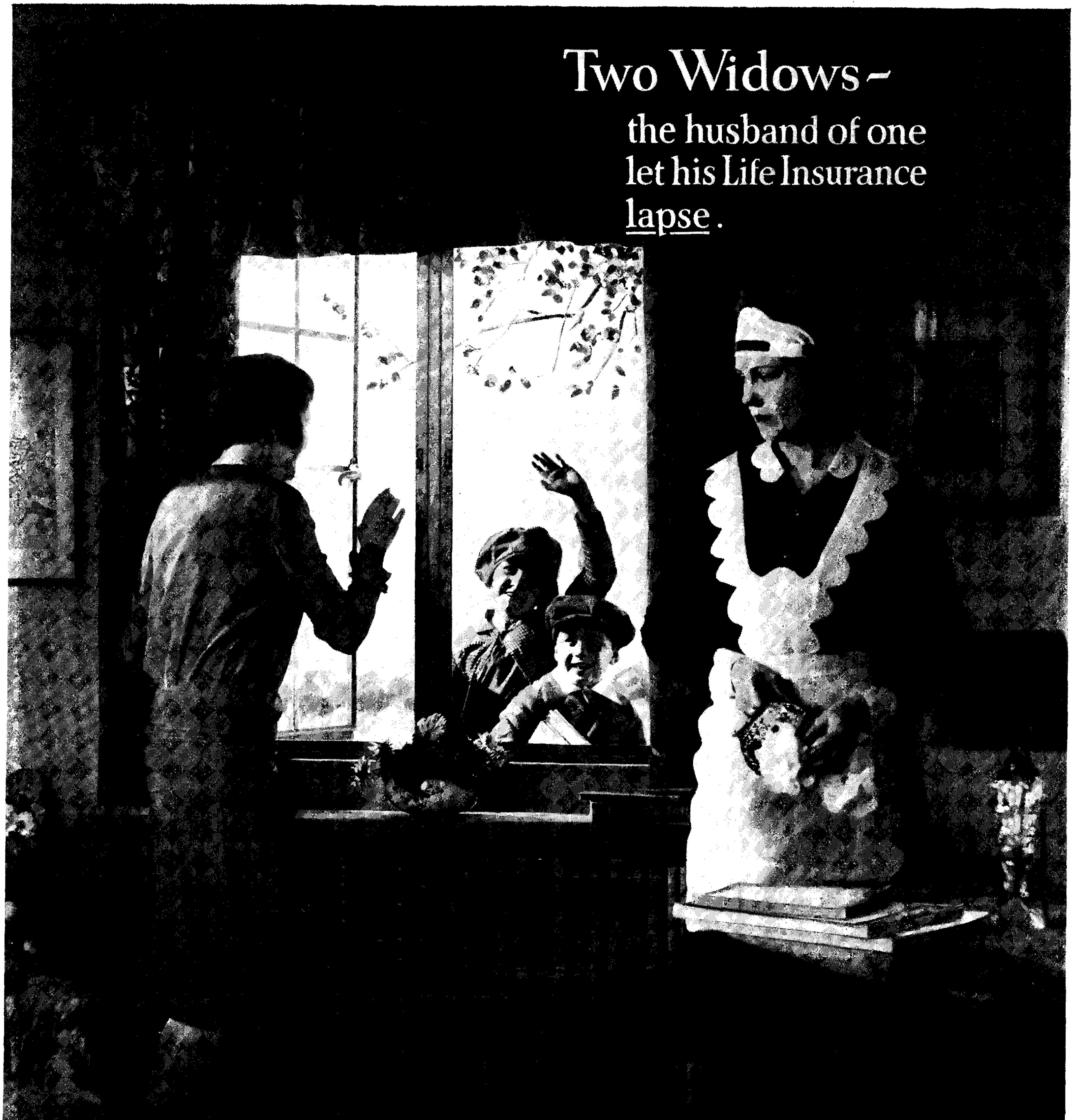
At the next corner he paused perceptibly, but again stepped on, his large body vibrating in what was either a shiver or a shudder. The December day was very cold, and his overcoat had grown very thin.

He also had mental anxieties. Warfel had summoned him once, twice, thrice, and he had not obeyed. He had not paid Warfel a dollar, having too many other uses for his meager funds to gratify Warfel's cruel greed. A subconscious sense told him that Warfel would wait no longer, that he was watching now, perched—Anthony fixed contemptuously upon this word to describe Warfel's attitude—upon the step of Jones' store.

"Or hanging by his tail," said he to himself.

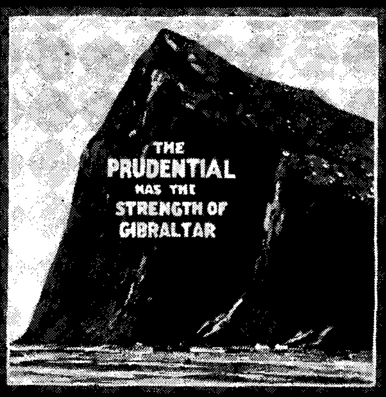
Anthony was right. He discerned Warfel from afar. He gazed desperately round—Mrs. Tyler was always on the street, looking after the poor—why was she not at hand? Aline—but Aline was gone to other and happier scenes, she had walked under her can-

(*Continued on page 49*)



Two Widows—

the husband of one
let his Life Insurance
lapse.


THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY *of* AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD, *President* © HOME OFFICE, *Newark, N.J.*

"Reaches Heart of the Home Market"

"Gets Home Owners Who Buy the Best"

ANACONDA COPPER—SHERWIN-WILLIAMS HOUSE PAINT. Two more important home products are getting the benefit of Collier's quick advertising action among prosperous home owners. And the results secured are now part of the business records of the great institutions behind them—The American Brass Company and The Sherwin-Williams Company. Here are their reasons for selecting Collier's—for ACTION! as told to their salesmen and dealers:

ANACONDA
from mine to consumer
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SWP
COVER THE EARTH
Trade mark registered

"The advertising of Anaconda Copper must reach the progressive type of home owners, architects and contractors. People who grasp our story of the long-range economy of spending a little more in the first place in order to save a lot more in the end.

"We consider Collier's an exceptionally good medium with which to reach the heart of the home market, because of its all-the-family appeal. Moreover, Collier's is read by the more intelligent kind of home owners who readily understand the economy of building for the future."

—THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

"It costs less to buy fine old SWP House Paint than it does to gamble with something cheap. That is the platform that Sherwin-Williams advertising places before the public.

"We have chosen Collier's because we feel that it is particularly suited to our message. It has an audience of more than 1,900,000, and its newsy, interesting, briefly-put reading matter cultivates the type of people best able to comprehend our story and profit by it. Confident that our story is *right,* we rely on Collier's to carry that story to the *right* people."

—THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY

Collier's — *for Action!*

now more than 1,900,000

A Special Providence

Continued from page 46

opy of swords, not in Sylvan but in Washington. For a blissful instant Anthony's thoughts dwelt upon the gorgeousness of her wedding, the items in the newspapers—"Owing to the fact that the bride's home is closed for the winter, she and her father and sister are staying at the Princess."

General Fair had been very good about wedding expenses, but with them paid, his filial devotion had come abruptly to an end. Bessie? But Bessie was teaching school, Bessie was saving her money to mend a roof which did not belong to her. Tomorrow, if he escaped Warfel today, he would meet Bessie at the schoolhouse door and have her company home. Warfel was not altogether inhuman.

WARFEL stepped from the steps of Jones' store down to the pavement.

"Mr. Luffington! Mr. Luffington! I want to see you."

"Another day!" said Anthony. "Another day!"

"I tell you then in public. I sold your house. It is gone."

Now, indeed, did Anthony lift his head. He was six feet and one inch tall, he seemed to become at least seven feet. To remain erect, to appear unmoved—that was his only thought. He crossed the Square, he walked a block, he met a lady, he bowed and inquired for her health. He passed all the shops which were becoming each day more busy. He passed three blocks of bourgeois houses, he came to the open space which divided his ancestral estate from the ordinary remainder of the town.

There he paused and looked about. A few more steps and he would see his house—his beautiful home. He did not take the few steps, he turned round and went the other way.

The sun declined, the stars shone out, he found himself standing at last upon the spot from which he was accustomed each day to view the landscape.

"I must go home," said he, and taking his large handkerchief from his pocket he delicately tapped his eyes. He turned round. "I have dreamed it," said he. "There will be a way. I shall simply pay rent to the new owner till I recover the property."

His head still erect, he walked out the street; his progress, except for an increasing unsteadiness in his legs, a public performance for which his afternoon's stroll had been a rehearsal. He met no ladies, but a few times he lifted his hat. He passed all the shops and all the houses, and the open space and saw the windows of his 'own house gleaming softly. There was a light in the dining-room, dinner would be ready, and Bessie and Mr. Jones would be there. He had grown a little accustomed to the presence of Jones; it was pleasant to have him now that Aline was gone.

He went in the gateway and up the walk, stepping as was his habit. The hall was very cold. He opened the door into the library; he would remove his coat there so that he should not be chilled.

On the hearth burned a bright fire, illuminating all the room without lamp or candle. There was also a fire in the dining-room, and the door was open into the kitchen so that the heat from the stove added itself to the heat from the fireplaces. From the kitchen came not only heat but heartening odors.

Cold and hungry though he was, Anthony was blind and dull to these pleasant sights and odors; his attention was attracted by something which might accurately be denominated a phenomenon. A sofa had been pushed before the fireplace and there sat a strange man with a strange lady—"woman" was Anthony's word for this person. Upon the shoulder of the strange man rested the head of the strange lady.

Anthony had few words of violence in his vocabulary, he used the first of which he could mentally take hold.

"Scat!" said he, loudly, waving his hand. "Outrageous! Scat!"

Instantly the lady sprang from the side of the gentleman. She wore a white dress, made like a sort of uniform; her face was scarlet, even tear-stained, but not exactly unhappy. Moving without haste, the gentleman turned and faced Anthony. He reached out and gave the shoulder of the lady a tender pat.

"Bessie!" gasped Anthony.

"Yes," said Bessie with a queer chuckle which Anthony took for a sob.

"I'm here to protect you. Sir!" Anthony gave Bessie's companion his full attention. "Unhand my daughter!"

"I have," said Mr. Jones quietly, "for the time being."

"We can dispense with your company," declared Anthony. "We can dispense with"—Anthony had tried in vain to recall all the events of the dinner party; he remembered them now clearly. He used what he believed to be a very ugly word—"with your services. Certain financial arrangements are altered; no longer have I any relation whatever with your friend." His lips refused proudly to utter Warfel's name. "We are not connected with you by any ties."

Jones looked at Bessie; Bessie looked at Jones. Into Anthony's mind came a shocking suspicion—did Bessie tolerate Jones?

"Go to your room, Bessie," he ordered both sorrowfully and sternly.

Again Jones put out his hand, his arm. "Mr. Luffington," said he gravely. "I would like to marry your daughter. My prospects are good. I have tried to take advantage of all opportunities though they were not inherited. I have but one living relative—a dear mother. It was she," added Mr. Jones entirely to himself, "who taught me the art of dishwashing."

A WILD jumble of thoughts filled Anthony's mind, a variety of retorts trembled on his lips. "I dare say you would!" was one. But Anthony was not small in nature; he resorted to no obvious retorts.

"That is impossible," said he with quiet dignity. "An alliance with"—he could not bring himself to be so cruel as to say "hardware," though that was in his mind. "My daughter, Mrs. Fair; my son-in-law, General Fair; my ancestry"—he became incoherent—"the name Luffington—my house—my house is gone!"—he broke down utterly.

Bessie came forward and took off his hat. In her face was amusement and tenderness and radiant happiness.

"The house is not gone," said she quietly. "Henry has bought the house. And as for names, Jones is no worse than Luffington. Let us eat dinner, and talk this all over afterward."

Helplessly Anthony let himself be divested of his overcoat. Unintentionally but involuntarily he committed a serious offense against good manners—he audibly sniffed the air. The rich odors consoled him, filled him with cheerfulness.

"Ah!" said he. "We can hyphenate the two names!" and let himself be led to the table.

SIDNEY LENZ tells Jim Henry

JIM HENRY, *famous Mennen salesman, is talking with Sidney S. Lenz,* the *bridge authority. Mr. Lenz—as every card player knows—is acknowledged the most brilliant player in the world.*

"Shaving finesse *works* when there's COOLNESS in the lather"

"I DON'T say, Jim, that this new shaving cream of yours helps a man's bridge game—but I do say that I, for one, am all for it.

"My opponents and partners at the card table are usually pretty well known people. Naturally I try to look fairly presentable. That's why I like the smooth shave that Menthol-iced lather gives me. But the best part is the *coolness*. I suppose it is the menthol in the cream that makes the difference. Anyway—it certainly makes my face feel cool and fine all evening long . . . Jim, I think that this new Menthol-iced idea is the extra trick in shaving!"

Mennen Menthol-iced—
The Young Man's Shave!

COOL—the moment the lather bubbles up from the brush—COOL while your blade does its work—COOL for a long time after—that's the new Mennen Menthol-iced shave! Its bracing, tonic-like stimulation suits young faces, young ideas—and young standards of well grooming.

Skin specialists say that cool shaves are *good for the skin.* The menthol, blended into Mennen Menthol-iced by a secret process, does these three things: (1) tones tired facial nerves, (2) soothes and heals tiny shaving abrasions, (3) protects the skin after shaving. Try this MODERN, young man's shave. Send the coupon now!

Both creams have Dermutation

Mennen Menthol-iced Shaving Cream is the team-mate of the regular Mennen Shaving Cream. Both creams give you *Dermutized lather*, the lather which whips up fast and thick in any water—hard or soft, hot or cold. Dermutized lather softens the beard and lubricates the blade—gives quicker, smoother, happier shaves!

Finish the shave with a dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. *It does not show. Protects the skin after the shave . . . Great after a bath, too!*

MENNEN MENTHOL-ICED SHAVING CREAM

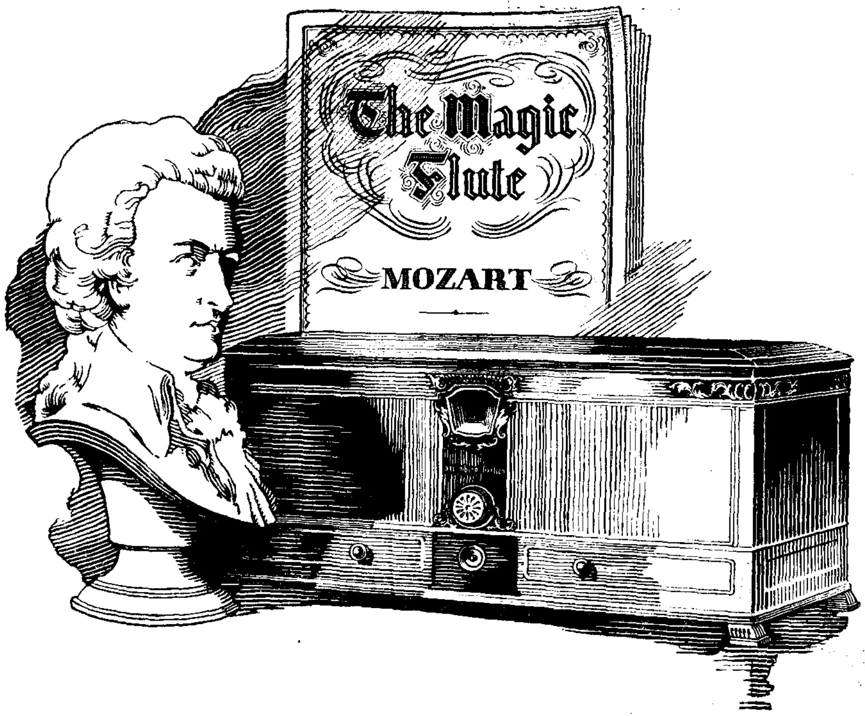
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
MENTHOL-ICED
NEW!

Jim Henry's treat—14 COOL shaves

JIM HENRY, The Mennen Company, Dept. C-3, Newark, N. J. All right, Jim. If Mennen Menthol-iced is as good as you and Sidney Lenz say it is, send me a FREE tube. And a trial tube of Skin Balm, too.

Name...

Address......................................



ALL of the ARTIST'S GENIUS

MOZART'S inspired melodies must come with every shading of tone *exact*—if the master's genius is to be preserved in a radio reproduction.

No flute note is too delicate, no crescendo of brasses too powerful or too vibrant for a Stromberg-Carlson to re-create. The full beauty of the orchestral blending is there—the spirit as well as the letter of the composition is interpreted. *Illustrated, No. 635 Stromberg-Carlson Treasure Chest, $185, (East of Rockies.)*

There are All-Electric Stromberg-Carlson Receivers for alternating current areas and for direct current areas, as well as Receivers operated with batteries.

Ask your nearest Stromberg-Carlson dealer for a home demonstration. You may learn his address from his advertisements in the newspapers or from your telephone directory.

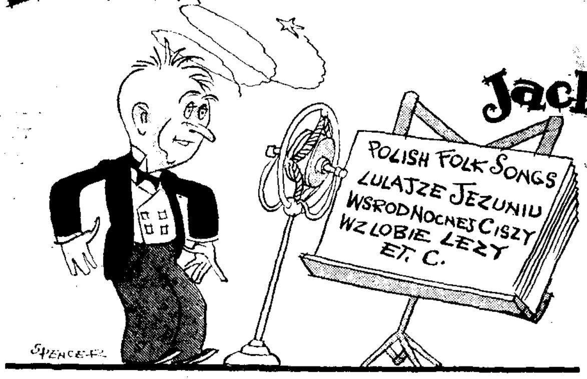
STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Stromberg-Carlson

MAKERS OF VOICE TRANSMISSION AND VOICE RECEPTION APPARATUS FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns



Try These on Your Larynx

A GOLD medal will be awarded to the radio announcer using the best diction. One of the conditions governing the award is perfect pronunciation of the most difficult words, including composers' names and the titles of foreign compositions.

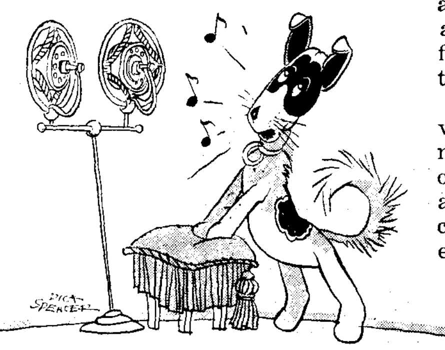
Johnny Johnstone, the genial purveyor of news from the NBC studios, informs us that Willie Perceval-Monger of their musical research bureau has unearthed the following Polish folk songs: Lulajze Jezuniu, Wsrod Nocnej Ciszy and Wzlobie Lezy.

Now putting those two items together one cannot escape the conclusion that the skids are being prepared for some NBC announcer's secret hopes and expectations.

It Means Shut Up

THE representative of a program sponsor blew into the chain studio at San Francisco and exclaimed: "When may I 'preview' our next week's program?" This little incident is recited to show the influence of the movies on radio. Honoré C. Connette, one of the Californian radio continuity writers, declares: "We already have the 'fade-out,' and I presume that the 'close-up' will come with television!"

You may be right, Honoré, but the radio fan already has the "close-up," but he doesn't pronounce it the same way you do.



Horning in on Music

AN ENGLISHMAN has invented a mouth organ with an amplifier horn and drum attachment, the latter being played by the user's fingers while his mouth supplies the motive power to the rest of the instrument.

A resident of Brooklyn has put amplifying horns under the ends of a piano keyboard, and not to be outdone another inventor has added three amplifier horns to a guitar.

Looks as though we will have some new whoopee music on the radio as soon as these devices become acquainted with each other.

Human Static

THE famous composer and pianist Serge Rachmaninoff declares he will not play before the microphone because radio listeners are too comfortable in their homes. To him the act of reclining in an easy chair and smoking while great music is being played constitutes an unpardonable sin. In his articles of faith he declares: "I believe one shouldn't be too comfortable when listening to really great music. To appreciate good music one must be mentally alert and emotionally receptive. You can't be that when you are sitting at home with your feet on a chair."

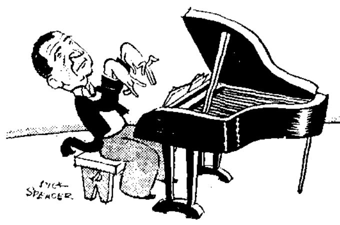
Far be it from me to take issue with such an august authority, but, speaking simply, as one of those units that are so necessary in the construction of an audience, I would rather listen to great music over a loud speaker, despite possible imperfections, than suffer the discomforting interference of coughs, rustles and whispers that generally heterodyne the good music played in concert halls.

Demiquavering Dog Dies

ALAS! Poor old Bimbo has gone! He was a quaint old cuss. He was discovered in the swamp region of Brazil and brought to this country. For the past six years he made his home in the National Zoölogical Gardens at Washington.

Systematic scientists called him Icticyon, but nature made him look like a dog and sound like a bird. Whenever Bimbo opened his mouth to give vent to his feelings there issued forth the high-pitched tones of an untrained soprano whose heart is willing but whose voice is loath. That was Bimbo.

Too bad one of those ambitious stunt-loving broadcast managers who delight in placing their microphones in tunnels, zoos and other queer places never met poor Bimbo. What a howling success such a broadcast would have been!



Reuben, the Young Artist

Continued from page 26

basement. The top pickle was equipped with a spring of some rough material that sent it hurtling through a ventilator onto the sidewalk, where it was suspended by trained gnats just at the height of the dowager's mouth. When the latter opened to receive the pickle, the proprietor of the delicatessen stepped on a clutch which released two caramels that were forced by vacuum through a French window and directed toward the dowager by a system of arrows.

Embarks in Cartooning Trade

One or both of the caramels crowded into the dowager's mouth just ahead of the pickle, which by now had lost its momentum, and the dowager invariably snapped her jaws together too late to avert calamity. All the gold fillings clung to the candy and continued to cling to it when she angrily tossed it into the gutter, where the accomplice immediately retrieved it and carried it upstairs by hand to "Dr. McNutt."

As a rule, the dowager's first thought was to reach a dentist's office as soon as possible and seeing "Dr. McNutt's" shingle, she became one of his patrons, whereupon he refilled her cavities with the same gold she had left in the caramels. But even if she went to her own personal dentist, Rube still had the gold, which he melted by holding a match under it and sold to the government as bouillon cubes. The accomplice was given the caramels and the delicatessen proprietor and both Mrs. Komisses paid off in toys and games.

Before his sabbatical year was up, Rube had saved enough money to buy a drawing board and at the next Goldberg convention spoke in such glowing terms of the cartooning trade that his people gave their consent to his taking it up, but only as an avocation; he must continue his regular pursuits—writing song words and fiction, reporting fights and instructing a selected class (Work, Lenz, Whitehead, Foster and Shepard) in "Bidding to Deceive the Partner." Also, to be eligible for membership in the comic strip union, it was necessary that he follow the precedent established by Fontaine Fox and undo his education. This he accomplished by reëntering the University of California as a senior and flunking his way back to freshman year. During this reverse college career, he was coxcomb on the football team and scored nearly all of Stanford's touchdowns.

The creator of Mike and Ike, Foxy Grandpa, Silk Hat Harry, Mr. and Mrs., The Gumps, Dr. Boob McNutt, The Yellow Peril, Gasoline Alley, The Timid Soul, and The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes lives in Central Park, New York, but has warehouses all over New Jersey. He is married (to the little gal he went to meet that day at the Oakland Mole) and it is indicative of his keen sense of humor that he calls his wife Irma, which teases her. They have two children, Tommy and George, named for a polo player and a porter, though both of them display considerable artistic talent and have already had some of their paintings hung in effigy.

Mr. Goldberg is excessively modest about his drawing and his golf. His invariable reply, when some admirer compliments him on a particularly funny cartoon or side-splitting brassie pitch, is "Goodness alive, Mr. Darswattle! I could do that left-handed!"

War takes the Air

Continued from page 13

battle nightmares. Aviators have them all the time. This fellow had apparently been a cavalryman. He bellowed out cavalry commands and screamed with an exultant kind of delight whenever his saber bit into the neck of some phantom infantryman.

A short while later, being unable to sleep, I sat down near the doorway not far from the body of the dead Russian. In the faint light of the lantern the thing looked very much alive. I thought I was seeing things. There was a faint glow of color in the Russian's face and the sunken, starved cheeks had given way to a rather well-fed look. I took down the lantern and looked more closely.

"Great God," I said, "this fellow has come back to life! We can't let the burial party take him away. He's alive, really alive."

But then I noticed the absence of the wounded arms. There was some trickery somewhere. Almost at once, to my great astonishment, the so-called corpse spoke to me. I couldn't understand, but I hung the lantern up as quickly as possible and backed away to a place where I could regain my composure.

A few moments later, a Turk touched me on the elbow. He spoke in very fair French. In a few words he explained exactly what had happened and he begged me not to give away the secret. I knew then why the Russian's body had been moved so often. One of the prisoners who had been sentenced to die at sun-up had, with the help of some friends, swapped clothes and places with the dead Russian. The condemned prisoner hoped the burial detail would not recognize the fact that the body was still warm, and, while they were transporting what they thought to be a dead Russian to the graveyard, a live Turk would wait his chance to make an escape. It was worth trying, and I have great respect for the fellow who thought it up.

In the darkness it may have worked, and although I left before the burial detail arrived I could imagine the state of mind those frightened fellows would be thrown into when their cadaver came back to life and put up a fight for his liberty.

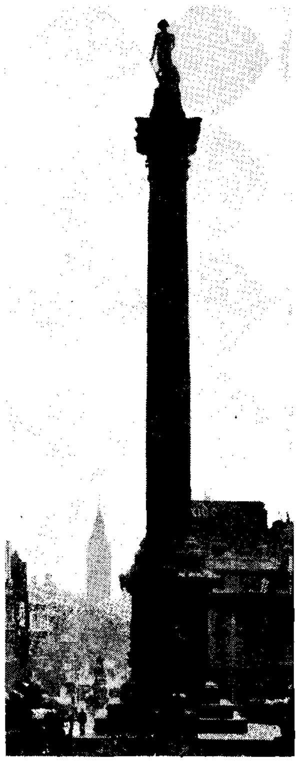
They Wanted Their Gold

Long after I had given up hope (in fact, it was past midnight) two guards with an officer came in and told me to prepare for an immediate departure. No preparation was necessary. I left at once. André Pierce had bought my liberty with part of the money he was carrying.

Several hours later, as André was spinning the propeller of my plane so that the motor would be started and warmed up with the first full daylight, I heard a burst of rifle fire. It was not very far away. Five volleys followed the first. Six men had been executed. I would have been the seventh but for the quick thinking and the dependability

(*Continued on page 52*)

WALK·OVER
SHOES



Thousands of American travelers will wear their comfortable American shoes abroad this summer. Thousands of them will wear Walk-Overs. And if they need replacements, they can buy Walk-Overs in all principal cities of Europe

When the traveler who wears this shoe strolls through the Burlington Arcade in London, passers-by will think he has just been fitted at one of the Arcade shops. Not so. The shoe is the Walk-Over "Buckingham," cut on truly British lines, and can be had in either Black or Tan Calf at $10 the pair.

**Geo. E. Keith Company,
Campello, Brockton, Mass.**

New Zealander Takes Stump For This Pipe-Tobacco

Shades of Sherlock Holmes! Mr. McDonald gives us a clue for tracking down lovers of Edgeworth

There are certain sure-fire clues on the books of Scotland Yard—an Irishman is marked by his brogue; a French chef by his cooking; a Swiss by his yodel.

And now from far-off New Zealand comes Mr. McDonald, who has discovered the telltale clue for tracking down the ardent Edgeworthite. Read the solution in his letter:

Ashburton, New Zealand
December 8, 1927

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

I read with interest in a recent copy of the Saturday Evening Post a letter from an appreciative Australian smoker of Edgeworth Tobacco.

I can assure you, however, that Australia has by no means a monopoly of Edgeworth enthusiasts. I am one of them myself, and New Zealand appears to possess quite a large number of them. Quite recently a spirited correspondence engaged the columns of one of our leading newspapers, the controversial subject being "Who has smoked Edgeworth longest?" In fact, a stranger to New Zealand at the time might have assumed that the bulk of our population was composed of octogenarian smokers of Edgeworth.

I have noticed that those who smoke this fine tobacco of yours appear to possess a vice (or is it a virtue?) in common. That is, that they are continually inducing, or attempting to induce, other smokers to get the Edgeworth habit.

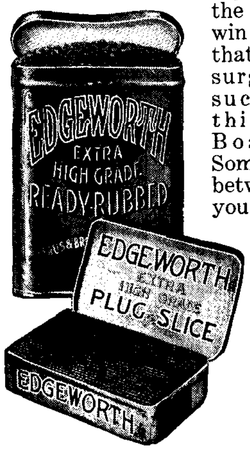
Good luck to your fine tobacco. I am,

Yours faithfully,

(signed) H. C. McDonald

A shrewd observation Mr. McDonald—but then pipe-smokers have a happy faculty of seeing clearly through any proposition.

Pipe-smokers as a rule are calm, thinking men. They are the kind of men that win cases in law courts, that perform delicate surgical operations successfully, that think straight in Board meetings. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply can't be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.



FREE Offer

How long is it since you've had *your* pipe out? Weeks? Months? Perhaps it's because you've lacked proper fodder. If so, let us send you, *free of charge*, a trial package of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed smoking tobacco so that you can try it in your pipe. Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 5 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm of the hand.

(*Continued from page 51*)

of my mechanic. It cost us quite a lot of money. The Bulgarian officers who released me were avaricious fellows.

We flew that morning to Nilkopo and then shipped the plane to Bucharest. At Nilkopo I learned why I had been convicted and sentenced to be shot. The Bulgarians didn't want me to get out of the country with all the gold specie André Pierce and I were carrying. It wasn't a matter of spying at all. They hated to see all their good gold fall into the hands of a foreigner, particularly one who made it with such apparent ease as an aviator.

André and I were surely glad to shake the dust of the Balkan war off our feet.

I Felt the Thrill

Early in 1914 I had an opportunity to come back to the States, but like so many other Americans who visit Paris I couldn't seem to tear myself away. And one must admit that for a soldier of fortune the Continent was the proper place during the summer of 1914.

When the mobilization was placarded throughout the city of Paris, it seemed that the entire city stopped a moment to read. And after reading, stopped another moment to think. After that moment of thought there was never a second of indecision. The French mobilization went on as smoothly as if they were having the annual maneuvers. Of course there were some scenes at the railway stations, where wives and mothers bade their men good-by. And those street parades with the women walking along at the sides of the columns, sometimes carrying a part of the soldier's equipment! It was the kind of thing we had read about in books.

I felt the thrill of it—even I, a hard-boiled soldier of fortune, a man who was not supposed to have the slightest trace of nerves. I felt my throat tighten, and several times the scene of the marching columns swam in oddly elliptical circles.

It was just sundown when I met (by previous arrangement) René Philezot in front of the Café de l'Opéra. As we sat there sipping our vermouth cassis and watching the endless throngs of newly mobilized soldiers, we planned to join the French army. Our outfit would be the American Volunteer Corps. We would ultimately have to go into the Foreign Legion. I, of course, wanted to fight in the air, but that was a future consideration. The French Government had only a few planes. For the present it would be the infantry or any old branch of the service; we didn't care, as long as we were fighting for the French Republic.

Next morning René and I went to see an American friend of ours named George Casmeze. He had an office at 11 rue de Valois. One side of his place opened on the rue de Valois and the other side opened on the Palais Royale Arcade. George Casmeze was a strange combination; his father was an American, his mother was a Turk; he was born in England, but was an American citizen. George's office became the headquarters of the American Volunteer Corps.

The French Government made a very diplomatic gesture by allowing us to drill on the grounds inside the Palais Royale. This was an unheard-of procedure. Imagine a group of American civilians going through infantry drill movements inside the Palais Royale. Queens, kings, courtiers and the legendary nobility of the past, the people whose names splash the romantic history of France, had sported their finery in that garden. In August, 1914, the walls of the Palais echoed the commands of Charles Sweeny, Esq., a soldier from West Point.

"Squads right! March! Column left, march! Left front into line, march! Company halt!"

The French looked on, that is, what few French were disengaged from the task of mobilization. They shouted cheers at our drill movements and once, after a particularly difficult movement had been executed, a group of women broke into the Marseillaise. I have never known a thrill like the early days of that war.

After two weeks of training, when we were sent over to the Invalides to take the oath of allegiance to the French Republic, many of our good boys fell ill or had business engagements or family matters or any one of a thousand other things that prevented them from taking the final step. We numbered about one hundred and fifty originally, but not more than half of that number fell in when we started on our march to the Invalides. The names of some of those Americans have since become household properties. The poems written by one of them, Alan Seegar, have been chanted throughout the English-speaking world; for example, his Rendezvous With Death, written in the trenches not long before his own death.

As we returned from the Invalides, a German aviator named Immelman was flying around overhead, dropping notes about the capture of Paris.

Next morning we left for Rouen where we were to join the Legion. That same day the government offices went to Bordeaux. It was a time when one wanted to go out with one's bare hands and kill and kill and kill. But all we could do was go away in the opposite direction from that to the war—go to Rouen, where we were to join the Second Regiment of the Foreign Legion.

Soldiers from Every Race

At the time of the World War the Foreign Legion was about one hundred years old. It is almost impossible to describe the conglomeration of races making up the enlisted personnel of that outfit. Almost every nation in the world was represented in 1914. There were entire battalions of Germans and Austrians. Some of the finest soldiers in the world and some of the world's most notorious criminals sought the protection of the Legion against the heavy hand of Justice. There were French deputies who had committed murder; there were highway robbers, deserters from West Point, renegades from Russia; Bourbon princes, Cossacks, Negroes from Harlem, planters from the West Indies, absconding bankers from Chicago, New York, New Orleans. One reputable citizen was there who had been three years wanted in Boston on a charge covered by the Mann Act. There were petty larceny thieves from Paris, heart-broken clubmen from London, French priests and chieftains of African tribes.

Our first glimpse of the Legion was something of a shock—the mixture of colors and races, the many languages, the rough-looking customers.

The first day I was seriously in the Foreign Legion, I encountered a Corsican named Passalaggi. He was an adjutant, the highest ranking non-com in the outfit. Now this fellow Passalaggi, through being a Corsican and a fellow of short stature, thought he would some time be another Napoleon. Never have I found a man I disliked quite so much as Adjutant Passalaggi. How he did ride us morning, noon and night for no apparent reason except perhaps, that we were Americans!

But in the Foreign Legion, as in any other military outfit, the officers and non-coms who live through the battles are the ones who treat their men right.

We soldiered around Toulouse and found it wasn't half bad. All the while things were going from bad to worse up in Paris. The official Communiqués told nothing much, but the letters we received told a lot. The Germans were at the gates of Paris. And there we were doing practice marches! We had enlisted to fight, not to do parade ground drilling.

But the old colonel knew his Foreign Legion. He was getting us ready to step in at the crucial moment. And he knew how to discipline that outfit too.

An Unwritten Law

One night when we were out on a little reconnoitering detail, several of my friends reminded me of how much we hated our Corsican adjutant, Signor Passalaggi. The word was passed along, and it was finally agreed that we had put up with the "little Napoleon" long enough. So we arranged to have the soldier who walked behind Adjutant Passalaggi hold his bayonet in front of him so that, if the unfortunate adjutant should stumble backward, he would accidentally be "run through" end to end. After marching along that way a bit the soldier in front of Passalaggi stepped back suddenly as if he had seen something. This movement threw Passalaggi backward and the bayonet did the rest. They never even went to the trouble of looking up the body. But next morning one of the boys was engaged quite a long time sharpening up his bayonet. That's what one might call the workings of an oft-used, unwritten law in warfare.

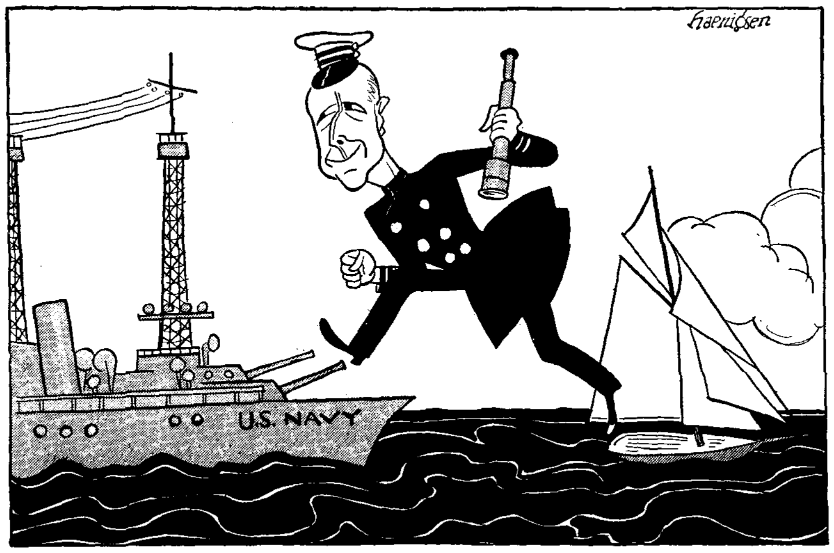
The first time I ever fought in close quarters I experienced emotions that are as impossible to put on paper as sunlight would be. We had been told to thrust and draw out quickly, since the falling body of our opponent would snap off our slender bayonets. For some reason, there seemed to be a pause before our little mêlée began. I afterward found that with the exception of air combats this is usually true. Then, the next thing I knew, a towering German was coming at me. My eyes having been trained to the darkness, I could see that his curved butcher-knife bayonet was aimed at my mid-section. I parried his thrust in an amateurish manner and let him have my three-cornered blade. He uttered a shrill cry and fortunately fell sideways; otherwise, I should have had a broken blade.

I wish I could get it down on paper exactly the way it was, but I'm afraid I can't. There was something besides the facts—something more than the mud and the blood and the grave-digging and shell-shocked days and nights—something ghastly, unbelievable.

We were supposed to bring back some prisoners, but the Legion lived up to its reputation. There were no prisoners, nor did we lose anyone to the enemy alive.

Bill Thaw, Jimmy Bach and myself applied for aviation some time early in October. This bolstered up our spirits in spite of the life we were leading. From the 17th of October, 1914, until about the 15th of December the same year, I didn't take my shoes off nor change my clothing in any way. Not being able to stand facial hair, I used to shave in the remnants of my coffee. Several lads went insane from the cooties, but after the first few days I just thumbed my nose at them and let them bite away. I don't believe that for four years I was entirely rid of cooties; that is, for a long period of time. When Thaw and Bach and I left the Legion for the aviation section, our good-bys were pathetic. So many of our best friends had been bounced off, but then I never was one to go in for good-bys anyhow.

(*To be continued next week*)



Salt for the Cabinet

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

THERE is a salty odor about Charles Francis Adams, President Hoover's Secretary of the Navy. If he had not been born rich he would probably have followed the sea as a fisherman or a sailing-boat captain. As it is, he has followed the sea in a gentlemanly way all his days as a yachtsman, is the best amateur skipper in this country, sailed the Resolute to victory in the last international yacht race, that of 1920.

At fourteen he had an eighteen-foot catboat, built by Herreshoff, that could beat anything of her class up around Boston and he has owned and sailed racing boats ever since. It runs in the family. His son, another Charles Francis, who is a student at Harvard University, is a sailor. His father, John Quincy Adams, the second of that name, grandson of John Quincy Adams, President of the United States, had also a passion for sailing boats. He was a great smelt fisherman. Once the supreme court of Massachusetts had to adjourn four times because John Quincy Adams, who was attorney in the case, failed to appear.

The court finally sent an officer after the lawyer, who was found on Hingham Bay fishing. But the lawyer sent back a scribbled note saying, "Can't come now. The smelt are biting like thunder."

Great Grandfather John Quincy was aquatic too. When he was President he used to swim in the Potomac. One day his boat in which his clothes were was upset and the President had to hide on the Virginia shore in next to nothing until clothes could be brought him from the White House.

An Odd Crew

The present head of the Adams family is not only a sailor but a great business man. I suppose he handles as much money as any other man in the United States. In the Directory of Directors the list of corporations of which he is an officer occupies a full page.

When he was out of Harvard ten years he was made treasurer of Harvard College and he has been its treasurer ever since.

These Adamses are an odd crew. Unlike most rich old families in this country they go right on working from generation to generation, taking life with vast seriousness, holding office, writing sad, disillusioned books about life as Henry Adams and Brooks Adams of the fourth generation—the present Charles Francis' uncles—did, or slaving away as the trustee of more than $100,000,000 as the new Secretary of the Navy has done ever since he was a young lawyer not long out of law school.

This Adams has his play side which the other Adamses lacked. Incidentally everybody in Boston calls him Charlie Adams. And that is significant, for it is hard to think of calling an Adams by a nickname.

No Rubber Stamps Here

The news that Mr. Adams was to be Secretary of the Navy took Washington by surprise. People wondered how President Hoover came in contact with him, for he had been so little in politics that even people in Massachusetts did not know whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. The President's contacts with Massachusetts were chiefly with that Brahmin law firm of which Roland W. Boyden and Thomas Nelson Perkins, former Reparations Commissioners, are members.

It seems likely that Mr. Hoover offered Mr. Boyden a place in his Cabinet. And he certainly considered Mr. Perkins for Secretary of State, until he learned that Mr. Perkins was a wet and voted for Governor Smith. Well, Charlie Adams was coach of the Harvard crew of which Thomas Nelson Perkins was captain. And the three probably sit on boards of directors of dozens of corporations.

The Boston Brahmins are clannish, so looking for Cabinet material, the President inevitably hit upon Charlie Adams.

Mr. Adams will be a real Secretary of the Navy. The Adamses are never rubber stamps. They have hard, clear minds and a habit of thinking for themselves. The average head of the military establishments of the United States is the man who says "yes" to a little group of Admirals or Generals or perhaps to some one Admiral or General who is the cleverest politician about the department. An Adams would hardly do that.

The Adamses have been the most independent-minded family this country has ever produced. They were originally Federalists and Republicans. Then they turned Democrats—out of disgust at the conduct of the Republicans in the reconstruction days of carpetbag government in the South. But when the Democrats put up a hodgepodge ticket with Horace Greeley at the head of it, the Adams of that day ran on an independent ticket for Vice President. The present Adams turned Republican in 1920, probably out of dislike for Wilson's international policies.

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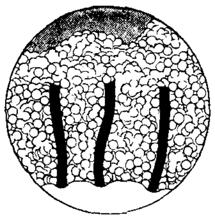

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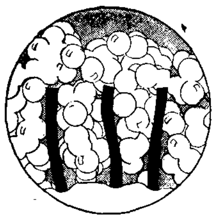

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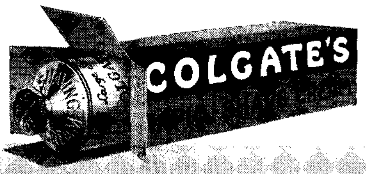

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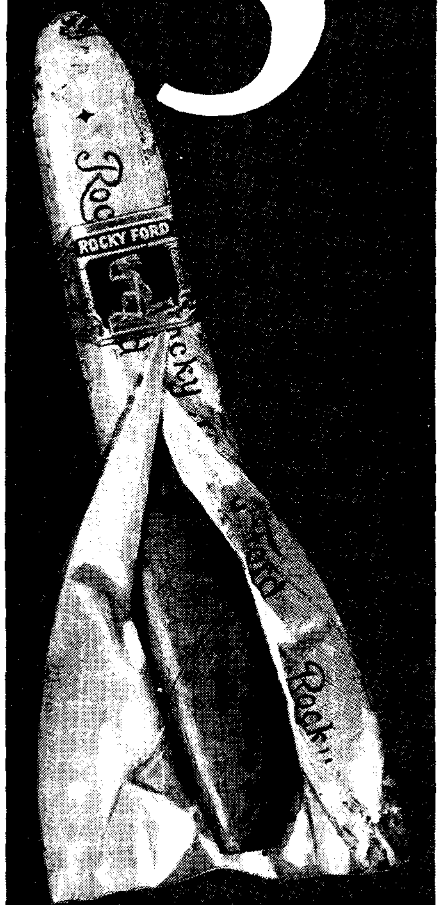

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The Red Van

Continued from page 18

stood with his head reared, gazing. Something flickered in his eyes. Triumph—perhaps? He appeared to stand stiffly, hesitating, as though carnal man and social man were in conflict. Then he turned and walked slowly away.

But a woman's voice had uttered a cry. The red curtains were pulled aside, and François' wife had her hands on her husband's shoulders. She drew him through the curtains. Both of them disappeared.

The crowd dispersed itself from about the red van, but much of it remained in doorways and under the shade of the trees.

One or two of the women approached the door of the van, and the eldest of them knocked.

"Madame, can we be of any use?"

Claire's face appeared in the doorway, very serious and pale.

"A thousand thanks. If we could have a little fresh milk. Monsieur François is resting. It is the heat which has affected him."

Meanwhile, inside the van, François was confronting his Waterloo. The pain had abated, and he was talking of resuming the battle, but Claire was obdurate.

"I told you this place was unlucky. That doctor and his goat's eyes! We will get out of it. We will go to Merville; Merville is a good place."

François, peevish and pale, was compelled to agree. Very well, then, but he would retreat in order; there should be no rout, with that beast of a Prussian in pursuit.

DUSK was filling the "place" when the professor arose and donned his helmet, the inevitable top hat. Looking very white, he stood on the steps of the red van, and addressed a few women and some children. He raised his hat to them and attempted a flourish, a jocular sally, but his wit lacked sparkle. The side of the van had to be raised and bolted, and Madame François assisted, standing on a wooden box, for she was too short to reach the bolts without it. François removed himself to the crank-handle of the red van, bent down, gripped a dumb-iron and gave a pull. But nothing happened. He tried again, groaning slightly, and uttering soft imprecations. His hat fell off. He picked it up, dusted it, flooded the carburetor, and tried again, but when he tried to pull, something hurt inside him.

"*Mon dieu*, she is a devil!"

He pushed his hat back, wiped his forehead, and readjusted his hat.

"My dear, we shall have to swing her. I am not myself."

His wife joined him, and together they bent and wound at the starting handle, their two bodies pressed together in a kind of anguish of effort. The engine, relenting, started with a roar.

François, livid and perspiring, climbed up behind the wheel; his wife joined him; the red van lurched forward over the cobbles of the "place." A few children scampered after it with shouts of derision.

Standing at his window, and conscious of a strange and accusing melancholy, Dr. George Blanc saw the red van go by.

"Exodus," he thought. "Paradis is purged of them. Peddlers of pills. But they are two and I am one. But for my work I would wish to die."

Night fell. The red van had lit its lights and had traveled a couple of kilometers when it swerved to the side of the road and stopped. A row of beech trees threw a mass of shadow over the vehicle. Monsieur François, with teeth set, was leaning over the steering wheel.

"O, *mon dieu*, the pain!"

He groaned.

"I cannot do it. It is too much, too bad. I am sorry, my dear, but I am beaten."

She embraced him, her face close to his.

"Where is the pain?"

"Down here. Like a hot iron—jabbing. I must lie down."

Claire helped him out of the seat, and into one of the narrow bunks in the interior of the van, and he lay there groaning and twisting. She sat on the other bunk, looking at him, her hands clenched under her chin. She felt helpless.

"François, you must have a doctor."

"A doctor! The devil! Why, no doctor would touch me. Anathema, outcast."

"But you are ill."

He groaned.

"The pain, oh, the pain!"

And suddenly panic seized her, but it was panic with a purpose. She reached for the cognac bottle, gave him a good draught, covered him with a blanket, kissed him and fled. François heard the door slammed, and was suddenly aware of the emptiness of that little cabin. He called after her.

"Claire, Claire, where are you going?"

The wind made a rustling in the leaves of the beech trees.

Madame François ran, she ran toward Paradis. She did not run as Madame François, the wife of a little wandering quack, but as a woman in search of help.

She was an impulse on two sturdy legs, compassion poignant and passionate. Her man was in pain, in danger. He was a little, whimpering, groaning boy.

Dr. George Blanc had put on his spectacles and was sitting down to read a scientific journal when the doorbell rang. It clanged; it appealed; it insisted. The doctor, who for thirty years had listened to the ringing of that bell, and could diagnose from the quality of its clangor the urge and the need of the messenger, looked over the top of his spectacles at his study door. "Most certainly a midwifery case. Probably young Blanchard. He is a very new husband, and excitable. Probably he has run all the way from Tête Bois."

The door opened, and his housekeeper put her head into the room.

"A message from the Blanchards?" said Dr. Georges.

"No. A woman. She says that she must see you."

"Very well. Show her in."

MADAME FRANÇOIS confronted the doctor. He did not know who she was until she began to speak and to explain with a kind of fierce calmness the nature of her need. She stood looking straight up into the doctor's face, like a determined child; she was flushed; her eyes shone.

"Monsieur, my husband is very ill and in great pain. We are the people who own the red van. Perhaps you will think it gross impertinence that I should come to you, but when a man is in pain—"

The doctor laid his scientific journal on the table.

"Exactly, madame, when there is pain—"

"You will come?"

"Of course."

Her little determined face lit up.

"You understand, monsieur? My husband is he who sells pills. We were not polite to you today."

Dr. Georges, looking even more like a fierce old grenadier, raised his hand to his forehead.

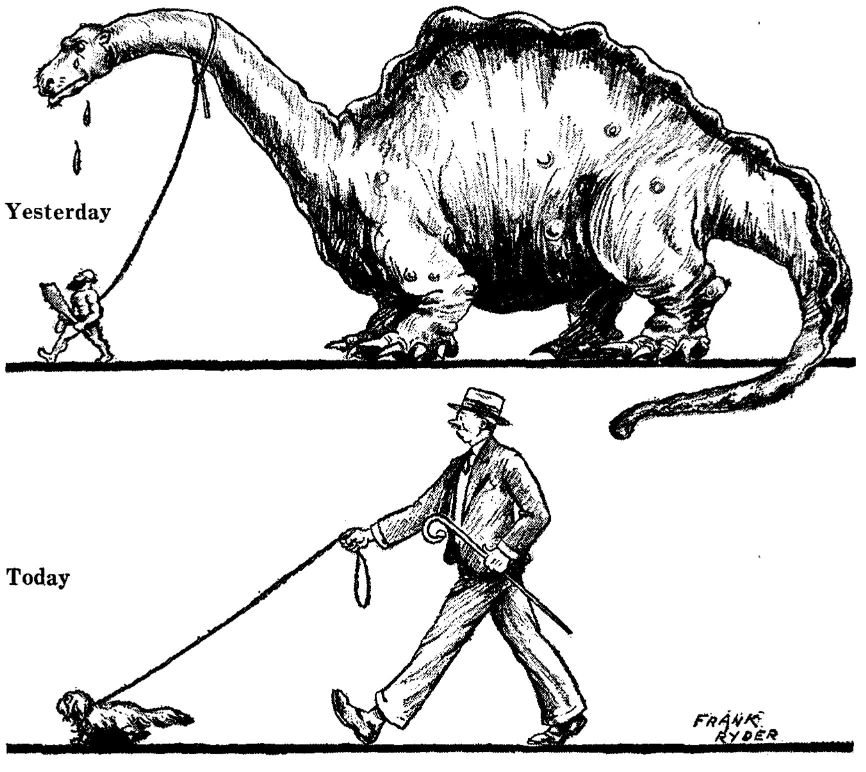
"I understand—perfectly. I salute the spirit of my profession. I am at your service, madame."

"Monsieur, you are a great man. You have the nature of greatness."

Dr. Georges smiled at her.

"Madame, we are two men in one, sometimes three men in one, but when my bell rings I am the doctor. Where is your husband?"

"In our van. He could drive no farther. It is on the road, not very far."



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"I will come with you."

So in the darkness of that summer night the doctor of Paradis and the wife of the peddler of pills set out together for the red van and the grove of beech trees, and the rising moon threw their shadows upon the road, a long shadow and a short one. And because of the mystery of things and the interplay of her emotions, Madame François' tongue was loosened, and she began to speak to Dr. Georges as though he was priest, doctor and man. She spoke of her husband, and how he in his early days had desired to be a doctor, but that the way of the world, and poverty and an early marriage had made such a dream impossible.

"He wanted to go to Paris, monsieur, and study, but in those days a crust of bread was a crust of bread. He would have made a good doctor. But now—of course—he is too old. We had to do the best we could. And his pills, monsieur, are really very good pills, and we are not swindlers, for people have been the better for them. Moreover, monsieur, I love my husband; he has always been *bon garçon.* So you will forgive me."

THE doctor's figure looked straight and thin; he carried himself like a grenadier, and he too had his head in the moonlight. He was walking suddenly in a world of memories, listening to a woman's voice.

He said—"Madame, I had advantages. In some of us there is a strange passion to help and to heal. But I love truth. And yet what is truth? We may see it by moonlight or at full moon, and sometimes we are a little arrogant. And I have my work to do."

She looked up at his fierce old face softened by the moonlight.

"Monsieur, if we come to Paradis no more will you forgive us? We do a little good in our own way."

He stalked along like a man thinking deeply.

"Madame, perhaps the little good that we do—is mysterious, willed into us. I do not know. The scientists dogmatize. Perhaps faith still works. It may be that faith can be compounded in a pill."

They came to the red van with its two eyes burning under the beech trees, and Madame François opened the door and spoke softly:

"François—François, the doctor has come."

Her husband's voice sounded small and faint.

"The doctor? *Mon dieu,* then it is a miracle. What doctor?"

"The doctor from Paradis. How is the pain, my dear?"

"The doctor from Paradis! Well, let him come in. I would take off my hat if I could. The pain, Oh—yes—the pain."

Dr. Blanc climbed the steps of the van and removed his hat, and sat down on the edge of the bunk beside Monsieur François.

Madame held the lamp, and the professor's face, all creased and puckered and pale looked up at them.

"Monsieur doctor—you came to see me! It is astonishing."

Dr. Georges gently turned back the blanket.

"It is my work."

"Monsieur, I apologize. I wish to withdraw—"

Said Dr. Georges—"Let us see what the matter is."

The matter was serious; a sudden flare of rebellion in that little vermiform appendage that man carries about with him in a smaller edition than does his brother the rabbit. Dr. Georges felt and stroked and tapped, and looking grave, announced the fact that Monsieur François could not stay in his van. An operation might be necessary; Monsieur François must be in bed.

But where? Madame, with a finger crooked against her chin, observed that they were homeless people.

Dr. Georges pulled a mustachio thoughtfully.

"We will take him to my house. There is a good, airy bedroom. I will send a telegram. I have a friend, a surgeon."

Paradis had its sensation, for next morning it became known that the red van of the pill seller was standing in the yard at the back of Dr. Georges' tall house, and that Monsieur François himself lay in one of the doctor's beds. Surely this was magnanimity. And the doctor himself had driven off in his automobile to the station five kilometers away, and had brought back another doctor with him. Paradis held its breath, and gossiped under the lime trees. It saw Madame François enter the church. Doubtless she went to pray there, and when she emerged it was seen that she had been weeping.

Paradis waited. It might be full of tongues, but it was human, and when it was known some days later that an operation had been performed on Monsieur François, and that it had been successful, Paradis in the spirit saluted Dr. Georges. Paradis had pride. Its doctor might sometimes appear to be rather a fierce old curmudgeon, but it seemed that he had the grace of *Le Bon Dieu.*

But the heart of Monsieur François was troubled. He lay in bed and pondered, for life had become perplexing. He could not boast as he had boasted of yore, and somehow his electric pills had lost their potency. He had a bill to pay, and other liabilities.

He said to his wife—"My dear, what shall we do? Something has happened in Paradis."

Madame François looked thoughtful.

"I have some money in a stocking. And the pills are good pills. Perhaps if we talked a little less. But then—people do like a mystery. It seems to me that we shall have to go on selling pills, but not in Paradis."

Such was their fate, but it was not to be final, for when Monsieur François had shaken hands with the doctor and made a little grimace, he knew in his heart of hearts that somehow the virtue was no longer in the business. He had had a shock. The little bladder of his gaillard boastfulness was shrunken. For a year or so the red van wandered about the roads of northern France, but Monsieur François had ceased to flourish his sabre and to boast of eternal health. He advertised the virtues of his pills more soberly, and the sale of them dwindled.

BUT one day the red van reappeared in Paradis. Its coat was the same, though its inwardness had changed. It glittered with crockery, hardware, and was gay with fabrics. It advertised sewing-machines; Monsieur François had obtained a traveling agency.

He stood up as of old and extolled the virtues of sewing-machines. He did it admirably and with conviction. His wife looked a little plumper, and quite happy. A little François inhabited the interior of the van.

Monsieur François called on Dr. Georges.

"Monsieur—my gratitude survives. I now sell sewing-machines. I know all about the inside of sewing-machines. I am a doctor to sick sewing-machines. No, it is not a boast."

The doctor brought out a bottle of red wine.

"Let a man know what he knows. Monsieur, I salute you. I will with pleasure buy one of your sewing-machines."

Said Monsieur François—"Monsieur, let us be honest. Already I have sold a sewing-machine to your housekeeper."

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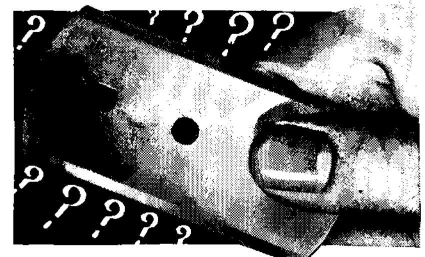
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The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 15

news item, Ken Burney, in the ranch automobile, was headed for Huachita. Arrived there he pulled up in front of the telegraph station and sent the following straight message to Dan Wilkins:

DO NOT CONSIDER ANY OFFERS FOR YOUR CATTLE UNTIL I HAVE HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET UP THERE AND LOOK THEM OVER STOP IF THEY ARE GOOD SMOOTH STOCK CATTLE I WILL BUY YOUR ENTIRE OUTFIT AND PAY YOU MORE THAN ANYBODY ELSE STOP WILL BE ABOUT TWO WEEKS HOWEVER BEFORE I CAN GET UP THERE STOP WIRE ANSWER TO

KENNETH C BURNEY
GENERAL MANAGER
BARDIN LAND & CATTLE COMPANY
EL RANCHITO DIVISION

Having filed his telegram he leaped into the car and fled back to the ranch again, for it was no part of his plan to linger, without reinforcements, in Huachita.

Two hours after his return the telegraph office telephoned out an answer to his message. It read:

HAVE SOLD BRAD BARDIN PROBABLY HUNDRED THOUSAND HEAD CATTLE LAST TWENTY YEARS AND TRADES ALWAYS VERY SATISFACTORY STOP PREFER DEAL WITH YOU BUT HURRY AS OTHER BUYERS ARE BOTHERING ME STOP WIRE ME DAY YOU START FOR OREGON

DAN WILKINS

"Well, that little detail is settled for two weeks," he reflected. "Wish I'd had a personal charge account with the telegraph company. It would have spared me a rough motor trip of eighty miles. Good old Dan Wilkins! He thinks he's going to do business with the king, whereas he's going to do business with a man who was the king's El Ranchito manager the day the deal was started. If old Dan'l will only refuse to wake up until I have him hog-tied all will be merry as a marriage bell."

HE DECIDED that his course, regardless of how he fared in El Cajon Bonita, was now set. If he should succeed in disposing of the king's enemies the king would be obligated to stock his father's ranch for him, loan him fifty thousand dollars and give him ten years in which to repay. If, on the other hand, he failed to dispose of the king's enemies, he would remain on the payroll long enough to buy Dan Wilkins' outfit for the Bardin Land & Cattle Company; in which latter event he hoped that by consummating a fine profitable deal much of the king's bitterness at his (Burney's) failure in El Cajon Bonita would be eradicated to such an extent that His Majesty might graciously consent to give him a good job in some other department of his immense business.

Win or lose, however, he must abandon his position as general manager of El Ranchito. That job belonged to Tom Bledsoe by all the rules of the game and Burney had, in a moment of impulsive generosity, promised the Quaker he would remove himself from the latter's path within sixty days.

The following three days Burney spent in the building of an orthodox army rifle range in a secluded canyon on El Ranchito. By that time the thirty rifles and the ammunition he had ordered from Los Angeles were in the express office at Huachita. They were sporting rifles, sighted up to a thousand yards and chambered to use United States Army Springfield ammunition. Burney would have preferred Springfield rifles also but owing to the inability of civilians to purchase these he had to be content with the next best, which he believed to be superior to the average rifle in any regular or guerrilla force in Mexico.

For the next week his thirty picked men and Tom Bledsoe practiced all day long at the rifle range.

Meanwhile the pictures which Burney had taken in El Cajon Bonita had been developed, printed and returned to the ranch, together with several enlarged views of the valley proper and the entrances and exits to it. With his force now trained to the point where he considered it able to cope with any force Miguel Gallegos and Martin Bruce might see fit to send against it, there existed no further reason for delaying the branding in El Cajon Bonita and accordingly Burney had overhauled and serviced six big motor trucks and a motorized chuck wagon. Into the trucks he loaded his horses, saddled and bridled—and they were the horses he had instructed Tom Bledsoe to select from the remuda because of their variegated colors. He put the horses in five trucks and loaded his personnel, with their arms, ammunition and bedding rolls, into the sixth truck; at daylight on the appointed day he moved out with his convoy to Huachita, at which point he planned to cross the international boundary.

The day previous the king, having been informed by Burney of his contemplated departure for El Cajon Bonita next morning, casually relayed the information to his daughter. "He had thirty-two trained fighting men, including the range boss and the cook," His Majesty added parenthetically, "so it appears to me that at last I'm going to get my calves in El Cajon Bonita branded before Gallegos runs Martin Bruce's iron on them. Next to getting rid of Gallegos and Bruce, the branding of those calves in defiance of those two crooks will mark a distinct mile-post in the march of progress in the affairs of El Ranchito."

The princess gazed at him wide-eyed. "Do you think he'll really have to fight for the privilege of branding those calves, Dad?" she queried interestedly.

"I do—and so does Burney. Gallegos has to make good or lose the game he's playing with Bruce, and, naturally, he'll feel much more cheerful over a fight on Mexican soil than we will, being foreigners."

"Gallegos will attack Mr. Burney, Dad?"

"Naturally. Burney may not attack him, although he'd like to, in order to gain the advantage of surprise and initiative. The offensive often wins, the defensive seldom. Burney is forced by circumstances to take the defensive because, in the event of international complications later, that will give him a leg to stand on. Gallegos is a bandit and Burney can plead that he and his men merely defended themselves against the outlaw."

"IS SOMEBODY likely to be killed?"

"Oh, there will be casualties, of course. However, I have purchased ten-thousand-dollar accident policies for every man on that branding party. Thus the dead and wounded will be cared for, while those who survive the fight uninjured will receive a bonus of a hundred dollars."

"You buy men's lives rather cheaply," his daughter told him with withering scorn.

"Not at all," the king corrected her. "I can hire any number of killers for a single professional engagement for fifty dollars. However," he added with self-conscious rectitude, "it has always been my policy to hire good men and pay them well for good work."

"But suppose Ken Burney should be killed?"

"His father will collect an accident insurance policy of ten thousand dollars and I'll ship the body home to Tres Pinos, California—sans flowers."

"Marvelous. Suppose, on the contrary, Ken Burney should be crippled for life?"

"The accident insurance policy makes provision for partial or complete disability. Of course, if he kills Bruce and Gallegos and becomes permanently disabled, he'll have his father's ranch stocked for him on long-time payments. He'd probably get by, even as a cripple. On the other hand, if he fails in his mission and becomes totally disabled also, that would be just too bad."

"Oh, would it? Well, you could pension him, couldn't you?"

"Of course not."

"Why?"

"Because he would not accept it and I wouldn't insult him by suggesting it. Men in his line of business realize the chances they take and they never whine or whimper when their luck fails to hold. They neither ask nor expect favors or bonuses for halfway jobs."

"WHEN is Mr. Burney leaving for El Cajon Bonita?"

The king thought he detected a slight difficulty in his daughter's speech, but elected not to comment on his discovery.

"Tomorrow after luncheon," he replied.

"Well," the princess pursued thoughtfully, "in view of the fact that he's your general manager, it would be no more than decent of you to invite him up for dinner tonight."

"But, my dear, aren't you in charge of the social department of the company?"

"I can't invite him up," the girl faltered. "I insulted him the last time he called to see you. You'll have to invite him up, Dad!"

"I hate to commit a social error," the king protested. "Anyhow, why do I have to invite him up? He doesn't expect it of me. He's just one of my hired men. And why should I risk his refusal to accept—for a very sound reason? I'd love to have him up, of course, but why trample on the man's pride?"

Here was an unanswerable argument and the princess knew it. "I—I suppose I'll have to apologize to him," she suggested. "I wonder if he'll forgive me?"

"Undoubtedly," boomed His Majesty, and immediately repaired to the veranda, where the spasmodic quiverings of his somewhat plump abdomen would not indicate to his daughter the mirth that clamored for expression. In a few minutes Muriel joined him.

"He'll not come," she informed the king. "He says he's liable to be killed tomorrow so he must make his will tonight and write some letters."

"You apologized, of course?"

"No, I did not. I thought he'd understand when I telephoned him an invitation to dinner, that that constituted an apology."

"What did he say?"

"He was brutal. He told me sweetly that he accepted my apology. I loathe him."

"Well, honey, I guess he understood

(*Continued on page 58*)

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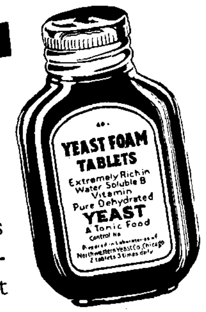
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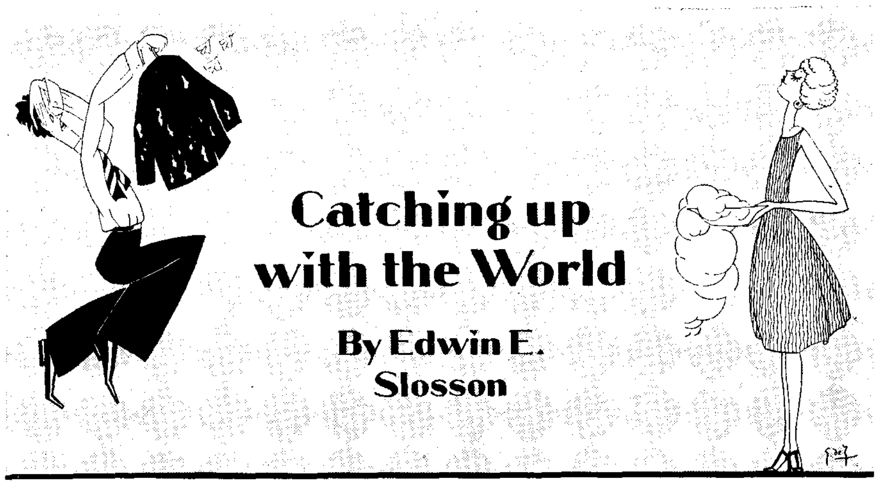

Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

A Moth-Hunting Molecule

WE DON'T mind clothes wearing out in due time. We somehow feel that they have earned a rest and anyhow we are tired of them. But it makes you mad to take down a new suit from the closet and find it shot full of fine holes where some provident mother moth has fed her young ones on it. For nineteen centuries or more (see Matt. VI, 19) the moth has laughed in our sleeves at our vain efforts to preserve our treasures. But now that the chemist is getting after her we are gaining the upper hand in the long campaign. No matter how deftly she may hide her eggs, the molecules of poison gas will search out the nest and destroy the brood. The difficulty is to find some chemical that will kill all the insect pests in a room and yet not harm the cloth, furniture, metals or us.

In the U. S. Department of Agriculture a chemist, R. C. Roack, and an entomologist, R. T. Cotton, have coöperated in the search for such a substance and have found a new and very effective fumigant. They hid away the most pesky of these pests, moths, beetles and weevils, forty of each kind, in cotton-stoppered vials, rolled up in rugs or stuffed into the upholstering of furniture, in an air-tight vault. Then they poured the liquid into a shallow pan near the ceiling and let it evaporate. When they opened up the chamber 24 hours later the insects were dead, 100 per cent dead.

The new fumigant is not patented and not secret. It consists of three parts by volume of ethylene dichloride mixed with one part of carbon tetrachloride. The latter is familiar to the public, though not by this name, since it is extensively sold under trade names for cleaning clothes and extinguishing fires. We all know therefore that it will not explode from a flame, nor spot fabrics. The other stuff is much like chloroform but not so strong an anesthetic, so there is little danger of your being put to sleep unless you should stay too long in a room too thick with it.

The two liquids cost only 6–7 cents a pound in carload lots, but if you don't want to buy the car you will have to pay whatever the druggist thinks proper to charge you. For a tight room of 1,000 cubic feet of space six pounds of the mixture evaporated in the course of 24 hours when the temperature is 85 degrees Fahrenheit will kill off all the insects. If cooler, more is required. At 65 degrees twice as much will be needed. Remember the vapor is heavier than air, so set the evaporating pan above.

Dust to Burn

ONE of the new measures for economy and efficiency in the consumption of coal is its use in finely powdered form. There are two different possibilities in this. One is that coal dust suspended in air makes an explosive mixture and accordingly can be used in the cylinder of an internal combustion motor in the place of gasoline vapor. This has been demonstrated in experimental plants but is not yet actually in use.

The other method consists in blowing a stream of coal dust into a furnace by compressed air and burning it like fuel oil for the production of steam, the manufacture of cement or reduction of metals. This is in successful operation in various plants in America, England and Germany. The United States now consumes more than 25,000,000 tons of powdered coal a year. Dr. G. E. K. Blythe of London reports the case of a tin furnace where the introduction of pulverized coal cut the fuel costs one third and saved one working day a week. The Hororata, a British steamer of over 11,000 tons, plying between London and New Zealand, has just been equipped with a pulverizing plant after tests showed that the boilers would furnish 30 per cent more steam from the same coal by this method of firing.

Fine and scrap coal, such as inevitably results in the handling of coal, can be utilized by pulverizing. In this form it can be shipped in air-tight steel tanks or forced through pipe lines by pressure or suction like petroleum. Such pipe lines for powdered coal, more than a mile in length, are in actual operation, and Dr. Goosens, of Aachen, Germany, calculates that for a distance of six miles powdered coal at the rate of 400 tons a day can be transported by pipes for one half of the cost of transport by cars.

The coal is carried through the pipes by a current of compressed air, insufficient to form an explosive mixture. At the furnace the pulverized fuel is blown through burners from the top, front or sides of a roomy furnace, with a forced blast of the necessary air for complete and quick combustion. Although the coal has been ground to a size between a hundredth and a thousandth of an inch in diameter, the particles are still about 250,000 times greater than the molecules of a gas. And so, in order that none of the particles of solid carbon shall escape burning, the supply of air, preferably preheated, must be several thousand times greater in volume than the coal, and the combustible mixture must be kept in a state of turbulence so that the flame is short and hot and does not touch the sides of the furnace to corrode them. The ash collects on the bottom in a granular or melted form and is dumped into water.

The chief disadvantage in the use of pulverized coal is that it must be dried and kept dry.

Great Races and Sauerkraut

FEW foods lend themselves to more combinations than Sauerkraut—the economical dish now so popular in America as well as in Europe. A distinguished scientist recently declared that great races are bred largely by what they eat. Deviate, said he, from a diet divided into the ratio of 10% proteids, (food containing carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur); 30% fat and 60% carbohydrates, (starches, sugars, etc.), and abnormal results will follow. These he enumerated as: Short stature; brittle bones, nervousness or some other deficiency, and inferior offspring.

Thus diet is all important, and this statement leads to Sauerkraut as a part of the balanced ration. Dietitians tell us that it has lactic ferments to keep the intestines free from disease producing germs; mineral salts for the bones and teeth and blood, and vitamins, those mysterious health-guards without which life itself is impossible.

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The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 56

you, all right. Still I fail to see where you have any kick coming. You expected him to understand that your invitation was tantamount to an apology, he so understood it and, realizing you would want some slight hint that he understood, the boy was decent enough to give it to you. And now you loathe him for it." His Majesty shook his head sadly. "Women certainly beat my time."

Suddenly he turned, half angrily, upon his daughter. "What do you mean by displaying such a warm personal interest in my general manager?" he demanded. "Officially, you're not supposed to know he exists. Seems to me you're in grave danger of stepping out of your social class. Now, you listen to your old man, because he's got something mighty pointed to say to you. Ken Burney has knocked you clear off the Christmas tree. Killer, cowboy, or cavalier, you're for him all the way, and it's got to stop. You get him out of your head, my dear. Kid yourself all you want to, but never try to kid your old man. Forget Ken Burney. This is an order and I expect you to obey it."

"YOU'RE horrible," the girl charged with spirit. "As a father you're getting to be thoroughly impossible. Do you realize that the only thing about Mr. Burney that renders him obnoxious is the result of your scheming, your rapacity, your heartlessness?"

"I admit he's got his fine points, but —he won't do for a son-in-law."

"Suppose," the girl queried with quiet fury, "he should surprise you some day by asking me to marry him?"

"I'd hire him killed," the king replied without hesitation.

The princess leveled an accusing finger at her sire. "What you don't know about cows just isn't worth knowing, Dad," she charged, and, strangely, her momentary anger had evaporated, "but what you don't know about some *other things* would fill a book. Now, you listen to me, old-timer. Some day Ken Burney's going to ask me to marry him, and when he does, provided his hands are not stained with human blood, I'm going to accept him and marry him and not even invite you to give the bride away."

"You do that," her father replied coldly and slowly, "and you'll certainly take a course in being a cow-boy's wife. I'll disinherit you."

"I don't believe you will, but if you should insist upon it, you'll certainly have a grand excuse for doing it, Dad."

She was flesh of his flesh, blood of his blood, bone of his bone, and he knew she meant it. "Well," he retorted, "we'll cross that bridge when we come to it." His bluff had failed.

A little later he strolled down to the ranch office and found Ken Burney slowly pecking out a letter on the typewriter. The king handed his new general manager one of his famous cigars, and sat down.

"I've *been thinking this El Cajon* Bonita deal over, Mr. Burney," he began in a most paternal tone, "and I've come to the conclusion that the game isn't worth the candle. I can't risk sacrificing your life and the lives of my cowboys. My conscience would trouble me the remainder of my days. So forget this El Cajon Bonita snarl and Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos."

"It's too late to give up the enterprise now, sir."

"The devil it is. Young man, it's never to late to obey an order of mine. I forbid the expedition."

"But you entered into a verbal contract with me. I agreed, in good faith, to eliminate your enemies and for the same you agreed to certain covenants—"

"Yes, I know I did," the king interrupted, "and don't you go hinting that I'm running out on my contract. I'll perform as I said I would, but you forget your end of the deal."

Ken Burney sat back and stared at his boss. "Will Your Majesty, in words of one syllable, kindly explain what the devil has run up his back?"

"It's Muriel. She's raising such a riot with me about suborning murder, etcetera and more etcetera, that I'm in danger of getting in Dutch with my own daughter. I can afford anything but that."

"Is she afraid I'll get killed or that I will kill somebody?"

"Both."

"Let her continue to think so. What I do cannot possibly be any of her business. But I wouldn't fool you, boss. I wouldn't have you worried. Take it from me—accept my word of honor—that I'm not going to get killed nor am I, personally, going to kill anybody, save in self-defense. My plans do not call for work as coarse as that."

"But a man's plans may get upset. You're going down there tomorrow—"

"And I'm going armed. If I'm attacked that part of Mexico will date history from the moment I'm fired upon. I'm going prepared to fight if I have to, but—I don't think I'll have to. And I can always change my plans. I can retreat if I want to or I can fight. I'll choose the least dangerous plan. Do not worry. I want to earn the fee you promised me. You say you'll give it to me anyhow, but unless I give value I may not accept it. And, by James, Your Majesty, I need the money; I've just got to have it."

"Why?"

"Because I want to be my own man and get married and settle down—"

"Settle down where, you young idiot?" roared the king.

"On my father's ranch at Tres Pinos, California."

The king bit savagely into his cigar. "Got the young lady picked out already, Ken?"

"Yes, sir. I've had her picked out for more than a year. My reduced circumstances have, of course, inhibited my plans—"

"YOU certain she's the sort of girl to make you happy, to make you a crackerjack wife?" It seemed to Ken Burney that the king was paternally solicitous. "Remember, son, the girls nowadays are a lot different from the sort of girls your father and I married. They're high-rollers, but they don't know it, because the whole damned world is rolling 'em high. They're high and mighty and disobedient and independent. They think man was made for their convenience, and the first little *thing he does to inconvenience them,* they get rid of him and all he has is a memory and alimony. Be sure you're right, my boy, before you take a step that may ruin your life."

"Thank you, sir. I realize the truth of what you say. The girl of my choice, however, has one advantage. She is a lady. She has a high intelligence, good health and beauty. The only drawback is that she is inclined to be dominating and would rather have her own way than great riches. However, I expect to knock that out of her. There's only going to be one head to my house and that will be me. She'll do what I tell her to do or hell will pop.

"I'm not the sort of man to be twisted around a woman's finger by her tears and smiles and coaxings. I have observed that the happiest marriages are those where the wife trembles when her husband comes home and gives three cheers when he leaves the house. An inflexible set of rules—fair, just and courteous—from the altar to the grave is my policy, and if my wife doesn't like that she can take her straw suit-case and her old tin trunk and go back to her former estate."

"You're so young and cocksure, Ken, I could weep for you. Well, I hope you get away with it. I never could. So you insist on going through with our contract, eh?"

"I'll quit if you insist, but I prefer not to. I need the reward and I must earn it, otherwise I may not accept it."

"How about forgetting you want to go into business for yourself and holding on to your present job?"

"Impossible. I promised Tom Bledsoe I'd quit and let him have his chance at it."

"Well, suppose I give you a nice job in the main office in San Francisco?"

"I should not accept it. I want to be able to go fishing or hunting when I want to."

"You really think you can pull off this contract you've entered into with me without getting yourself or any of my men hurt?"

"I'm certain I can."

"WELL, then," the king agreed sadly, "hop to it," and without further ado he returned to his house and sat on the veranda throughout the remainder of the day, staring gloomily off into space. At dinner he raised his head suddenly and fixed upon the princess a penetrating glance.

"I've had a talk today with Burney and offered to throw up the deal to get rid of Bruce and Gallegos. I offered to pay him for the job anyhow. He declined and held me to my contract. Says he wants the money and needs it but can't accept it without giving value received. Like that about the boy. No grafter. Says he wants the money to go into business for himself and marry a girl he met a year ago. So I reckon that let's you out and puts my mind at ease."

The princess' face paled. She stared at the king unbelievingly a half minute, then resumed her meal.

"Took it like a thoroughbred," her father mused. "Damn that crazy Ken Burney. If he wasn't a blind fool he'd know I could make him the finest father-in-law in the world. Poor Muriel. Poor old sweetheart! Well, hard as it is on me, I'm glad I butchered that dream before it took concrete form."

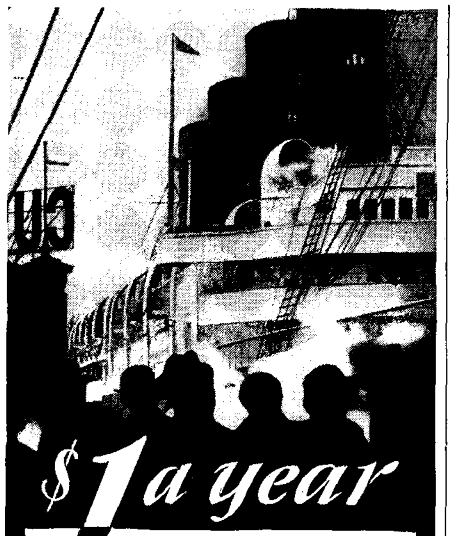
He ached to take his daughter in his great arms and permit her to spatter his vest with the tears he knew were welling in her heart but which would never show in her eyes.

The princess did not sleep that night. At dawn she heard the exhaust of a number of motor trucks and ran to her bedroom window and looked out. Ken Burney's convoy was lumbering down the road past the house.

"Good-by, Ken," she called at the top of her voice. "Good-by and good luck!"

From the cabin of the leading truck an arm was waved at her; then the dim gray light swallowed them and the princess went back to bed—to weep at last—and hate herself for doing it.

(*To be continued next week*)



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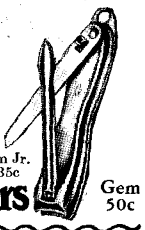

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Teeing off with Babe Ruth

Continued from page 24

there I give it everything I've got every time I swing."

That perhaps is the real secret of Ruth's supremacy. He won't smoke a cigarette, because it is easy work; he doesn't like to hit a slow ball; he presses when he drives in golf because in everything he does he "gives it everything he's got."

Babe lost the first hole, and pulled a new cigar out of his caddy's hatband. That was the secret of the seventeen cigars. He had one for each hole!

Ruth never knows how far he can drive. At the next hole, Miller Huggins and Rube Marquardt were a couple of hundred yards down the fairway when Babe drove off. He caught one right this time, and the ball whistled past Huggins' car, almost grazing him.

Two Balls Lost on Every Hole

When we came up to the pin, Huggins was sore. "Be careful, Babe," he begged. "What would you think if you'd killed me?"

"I'd just wondered," replied Ruth, "what kind of a manager Charlie O'Leary would make!"

The course now followed along a main highway, which was filled with a string of big cars moving slowly in low, loaded with wealthy people out to watch Babe Ruth play golf. Occasionally at a tee, women would get out of these cars and come over to take Babe's picture or to get his autograph. Once a little boy climbed down out of a big foreign car and came over. "Are you Babe Ruth?" he asked the big Bambino.

"Yep, that's who I am, sonny," Ruth replied.

A big grin spread slowly over the youngster's beaming face. "Gee!" he gasped. He never said another word!

Teeing off from this hole, Ruth drove his ball into Conley's bag itself over the shoulder of the caddy. When we came up Ruth asked, "Well, what'll I do? Play it?"

The bag was a brand-new leather beauty. Conley grinned and said, "Sure, you gotta play 'em from where they lie."

"All right," said Ruth, taking his stance. "I'll get it out of there."

But Conley protested in time to save his bag. "I'll let you take it out," he conceded.

On almost every hole Ruth lost a couple of balls and two bits. He ran out of golf balls at the ninth hole, and gave his caddy a twenty-dollar bill to get a dozen more.

Then another striking peculiarity of Ruth was revealed. Although he has all the money any man could want, he suggested that for the second nine we drop the betting.

"I think it's bad luck," he said. "I always want to pull for a fellow I'm playing with, just as I pull for a man on our club to get a hit. I can't pull for a man when I'm betting against him. Let's call off the bets."

We did, and Babe played a marvelous game the rest of the way in.

For lunch Ruth had three club sandwiches, over which he poured a whole bottle of catsup. He drank three cups of coffee, and after he had finished his three big sandwiches, he ate half of my club sandwich!

While we were eating, a photographer came in and wanted Babe to pose for a picture.

"I've had my picture taken twenty-five times already today," Ruth complained. "That's enough."

"Jess Petty and Dazzy Vance are out here," the cameraman explained. "They want to have their pictures taken with you."

"Oh, if there's a couple of ball players, that's different," Ruth said, and out he went.

Afterward we went up to Ruth's room to rest awhile. There was a rope, like a clothes line, stretching across the room from corner to corner, and I guess there were 500 neckties dangling from it. Ruth wears nothing but blue or brown suits, and I saw his pressing bill for the week. It was $28.

As we lounged around, he talked about his work in the movies. "The last movie I made," he said, "I got $125,000 *cash*. It was The Babe Comes Home, and they adapted it from a story called A Piece of Soap. It was a good picture, too. I've seen it ten times. Every time I go to a town where it's being shown I go down and look at myself again."

"I suppose you'll make a lot more dough out of the pictures," I said.

"No," he replied. "I was blind for two days from those Klieg lights. I couldn't take the chance on my eyes. It's the home runs that count. I gotta keep socking the old onion over the wall."

Presently we started out for the afternoon round, and now the Babe was singing. He's always singing these Irish songs—Where the River Shannon Flows and My Wild Irish Rose.

"What's the idea of all the Irish tunes?" I asked.

"My mother was Irish, my father was German," he said. "Most people think I'm all German." Then he added seriously: "One of the greatest regrets of my life is that my mother died before I became famous, and I never had the chance to give her the benefits of all the money I've made."

While we were talking several prominent visitors at the club, who had heard that Ruth was around, came in. Barney Debeck was there drawing Barney Google, and Cliff Sterrett was doing his Polly and Her Pals. George Haldemann, who flew over the Atlantic with Ruth Elder, came in, and tripped over Ruth's golf bag.

"Can you beat that," chuckled Ruth. "Here's a fellow who flew over the Atlantic Ocean and comes up here and then picks out my golf sticks to fall over."

"They'll Never Be the Same Again!"

Ruth is no more solicitous of famous people than he is of the most obscure friend. I have seen him walk nine holes with an old fellow, a sort of "character" down there named "Doc" Magurie, yessing the veteran every step of the way, and when we got in he asked, "Who was that old fellow?"

While Ruth was getting into shape, we played forty-five holes a day for six days, sixty-three holes on Sunday, and fifty-four on Monday. He is allowed ten days of golf each spring, and when he starts that he never takes a drink until the season is over.

As we dragged into the clubhouse after that last round of the grind, Ruth mumbled:

"Hug sent me out to get my legs in shape, but I think I've ruined 'em! They'll never be the same again!"

Proving once more that when Ruth starts out to do a thing, he gives it everything he's got, even though it may prove to be a handicap, like his pressing, with his tongue protruding between his thick lips, as he "swings from his heels" with his drive off the tee.

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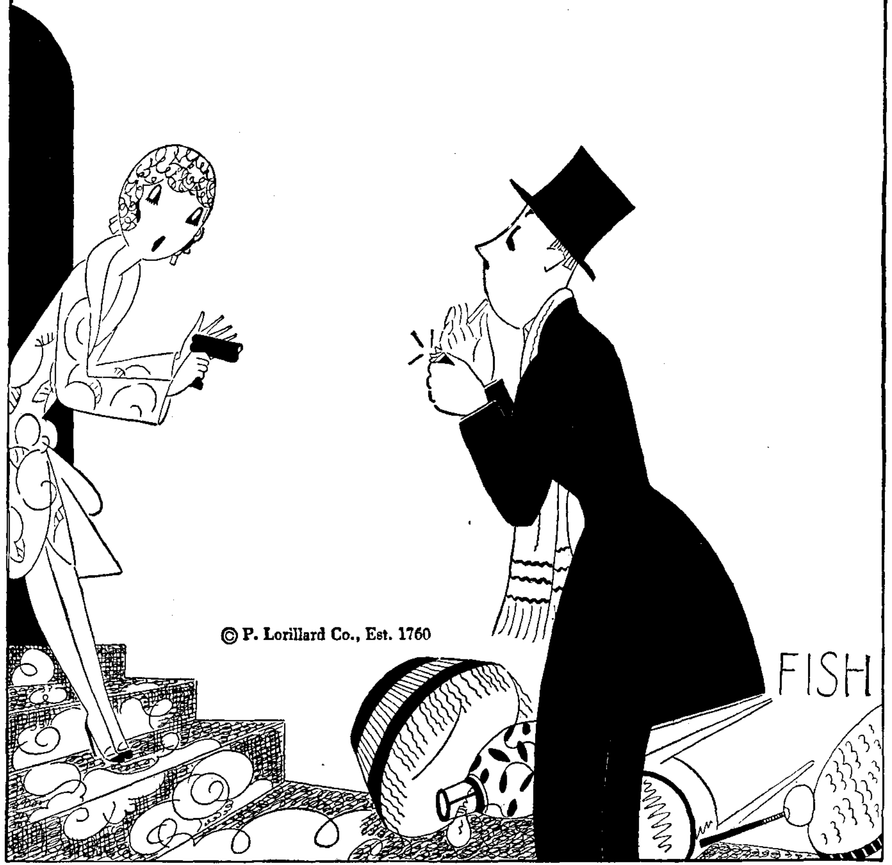

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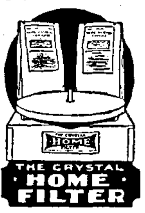

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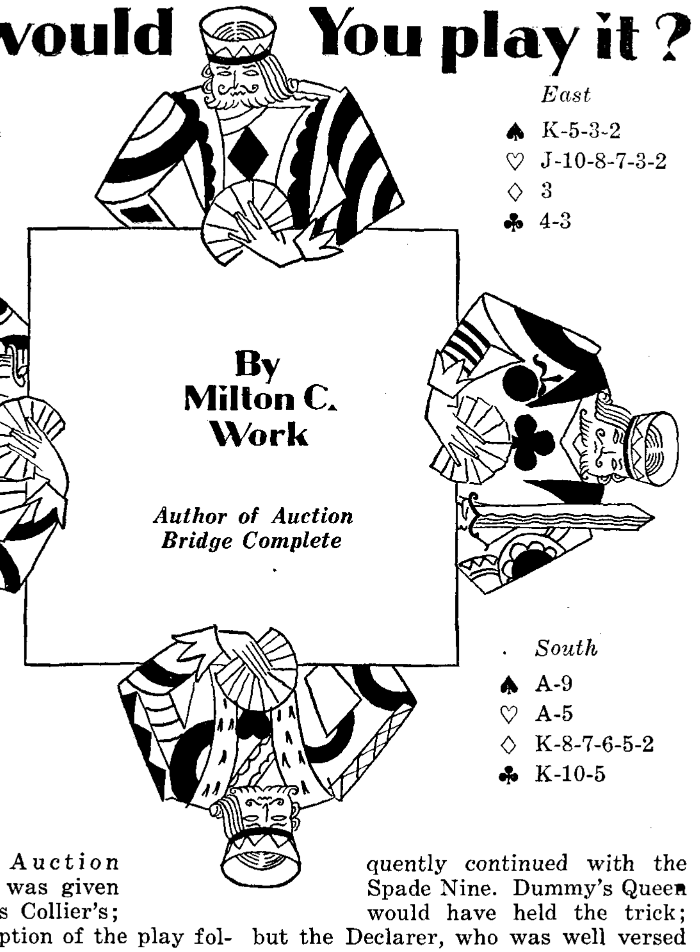

North
♠ 10-8-7-6-4
♡ 6
◇ J-4
♣ A-9-7-6-2

East
♠ K-5-3-2
♡ J-10-8-7-3-2
◇ 3
♣ 4-3

By
Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West
♠ Q-J
♡ K-Q-9-4
◇ A-Q-10-9
♣ Q-J-8

South
♠ A-9
♡ A-5
◇ K-8-7-6-5-2
♣ K-10-5

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the detailed description of the play follows:

The Auction

The Dealer bid one No Trump, West doubled, North bid two Spades, East three Hearts, the Dealer and West passed, North bid four Clubs and East four Hearts. The Dealer then doubled, and the contract went to East at four Hearts doubled.

Dealer's No Trump and West's double were quite sound. It is true that West had only two Spades—a dangerous holding for a doubler; but if East bid Spades, West had the strength to bid No Trumps. North was anxious to show his two-suiter, but his strength did not justify his interpolating a bid of two Spades at this particular point because a bid over a double shows strength.

East, with six cards of a Major suit, a side King and a singleton, facing a partner strong enough to double a No Trump, had an excellent chance for a Heart game and so he was justified in bidding three Hearts.

North continued his wild bidding career when he called four Clubs; and while the question of whether East should venture four Hearts was close, it probably was a sound declaration facing a partner whose informatory doubles were dependable.

South, with the Ace of Hearts, another Ace and two Kings, supported by a partner who could bid two suits, was justified in his business double; one of the dangers of weak bidding is that it may lead the deceived partner to double an adverse declaration that can be fulfilled.

If the hand had been dealt in a game of Contract, I believe the sound bidding would be: South one No Trump, West double, North pass, East three Hearts, South pass, West four Hearts.

The Play

North having bid Spades, South, with an excellent Spade combination to open (Ace and one small), led the Ace; Dummy (West) played the Jack, North the Four, and East the Five. South, missing the Trey and Deuce, reasoned that North had one of them and had played a card other than his lowest to encourage a continuation of Spades so that he could make his King; South consequently continued with the Spade Nine. Dummy's Queen would have held the trick; but the Declarer, who was well versed in the subtleties of the game, knew better than to allow the Queen to win. He had lost one Spade and must lose the Ace of trumps; if he should permit Dummy's Queen of Spades to take the trick and then lead trumps from Dummy, the adversaries would win with the Ace of trumps and, as North had bid Clubs, would lead that suit and win two tricks with their Ace and King. In that way Declarer would lose four tricks and be defeated.

No discard that Dummy could obtain on East's King of Spades would be of any service, so East properly overtook Dummy's Queen with his King, established the Spade suit for the adversaries (but that was immaterial as Dummy could ruff it), and then led his singleton Diamond from Closed Hand. South, having bid No Trump, probably had the King of Diamonds, so it was a reasonably safe play to finesse Dummy's Queen and, when the finesse won, to lead the Ace of Diamonds and discard one of East's losing Clubs on it. After that the play was easy. Declarer had to lose a Club and a Heart, but made four-odd.

If South had led a Club after he won with his Ace of Spades, two Clubs could have been taken in, and game saved. North did his best to induce South to shift by playing his lowest Spade on South's Ace; but the effect of North's Spade bid could not be wiped out as East was able to hide his Trey and Deuce by false-carding with the Five. It was natural for South to place at least one of the small Spades in North's hand (he might have them both) and assume that North was signaling.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North
S. 9-7
H. A-8-5
D. K-10-7-6
C. 10-8-4-3

East
S. J-10-8-6
H. K-6-3
D. Q-J-9-2
C. 9-2

West
S. 3
H. 10-9-7-4-2
D. 5-4-3
C. A-K-7-5

South
S. A-K-Q-5-4-2
H. Q-J
D. A-8
C. Q-J-6

Let's Stay Young Together

Continued from page 22

In order to accomplish the postponement of the limitations of old age we must know two things: First, what constitutes physical old age; and second, what, if anything, can be done to hasten or retard such physical developments.

We are on dangerous ground here. It is easy enough to define and describe the tissue and functional changes of old age; but when we talk about preventing these changes we get into the realm of speculation.

One Great Law of Life

No one has ever propounded a theory about prolonging the prime of life, *and then proved it.* Metchnikoff believed that old age resulted from intestinal putrefaction and could be prevented by controlling intestinal putrefaction with the bacteria in fermented milks. Victor Horsley believed it to be the outcome of degeneration of the thyroid gland, but how much he expected to accomplish by feeding or injecting thyroid substance I don't know. But if drinking sour milk or eating thyroid could keep people young we would all of us be doing it.

There is one great law of life which is very illuminating in this connection. When an organ or part of the body is no longer useful it deteriorates or atrophies and eventually dies. Certain parts of the unborn infant begin to deteriorate before it is born; the maternal part of the embryo dies when the child is born; the milk teeth of the child die and are cast off; the thymus gland, which controls growth, begins to die at birth and has disappeared by puberty in normal individuals. Similarly, when the entire organism is no longer of use it begins to die. The lesson to be learned from this law of nature is obvious. If we don't want to *begin to die,* which is another way of saying "grow old," we must retain our usefulness.

We don't, in civilized life, grant that our usefulness need cease when we cease to bring children into the world and educate them. We have, fortunately, other functions and other uses. And another fact about the aging process should cheer and help us. Although the function of motility, or physical activity, begins to diminish at the thirtieth year, and the function of nutrition diminishes from childhood on, the function of cerebral activity, and the development of the brain, may go on actively until the sixty-fifth year or later. I say "may" advisedly, because the brain, like all other organs, follows our first law of nature: if unused it deteriorates. Therefore, however little we may be able to prevent the onward march of physical old age, there is nothing to prevent our staying mentally young except our own laziness or indifference.

But I am bold enough to hazard a guess about ways of staying physically young, at least until the age of biological senescence sets in. We know that the final picture of old age is one of an organism which has gradually stiffened, shrunken and dried. The back is stiff because the cartilages between the vertebrae have dried and shrunk. The legs and arms are thin and misshapen because the muscles have atrophied and fibrosed from disuse. All the tissues are withered and shrunken because the water has gone out of them. And although it may not be a cause of this general change, at least an accompaniment of it has been a gradually lessened activity. Why might we not, then, by keeping active, retard the shrinking and drying process?

To hark back to our two friends of the first paragraph, the one who was forced into activity kept her youthful characteristics; the one who paid someone else to do all her work for her was prematurely aged. At this old-age conference of doctors there was one point on which they all agreed, that the best way to keep the prime of life with one was to stay determinedly in it. Two things make most people give up the struggle against age soon after they feel its first warnings. These are fear, and lack of purpose. To quote the Bible again, or paraphrase it—he who fears for his own life must lose it.

If we are afraid that we are getting too old to exercise, and behind our fear there always lies a slight disinclination for exercise, that is the time to begin a carefully graded and systematically carried-out plan of exercise. If we are afraid we are too old to work hard, that is the time to try working hard.

To quote Sir Farquhar Buzzard's speech again: "In my opinion the view that there are permanent results from overwork commonly responsible for the onset of old age, is one which we must accept with great caution, if at all." He excepts, of course, enforced work in childhood; his opinion applies to those in the prime of life. And he gives us another valuable suggestion: "A sense of intolerable fatigue engendered by intense activity in a limited field may be dissipated by altering the scene of interest. . . . Is it possible that herein lies a cue to one of the principles governing the prevention of the pains, penalties and prohibitions of old age? I suggest that a multiplication of interests in early life . . . is a measure to be encouraged, and one which may well be calculated to check the advances of senility."

In speaking of mental senility, Mr. Menas Gregory said practically the same thing: "An old man should never be advised to give up his business activities unless his physical condition and business interests absolutely demand it. Even then every effort should be made to induce him to occupy himself with some other activity or hobby requiring less energy and effort."

Use Your Talents

Interest in life—that seems to be the important thing. It is impossible not to be interested in life when one is in the midst of it—bringing up children, earning a living, facing problems. But when children no longer need you, and you have saved enough money to live on in comfort, and your responsibilities are reduced to a minimum, then interest in life begins to fade, and with it activity. With most people the period of fading interest and activity in chronologically coincident with the approach of old age. Then they must beware that their increasing physical infirmities do not take the place with them of a legitimate life interest.

Granted that our natural tendency to motility or activity decreases normally soon after 30, we must begin to guard against old age before any of its symptoms are apparent. We must supply ourselves with a motive for the future, with habits of activity not easily broken, with mental tendencies that are continuous, not interrupted with the termination of formal education. In other words, we must *use* the talents God gave us, or they will atrophy from disuse, and the age which we dread so greatly will overtake us before we have become reconciled to the idea of it.

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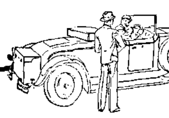

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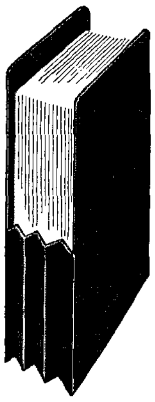

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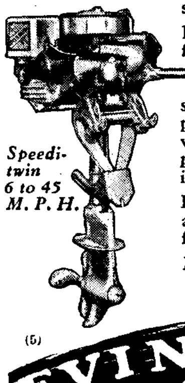

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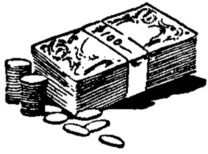

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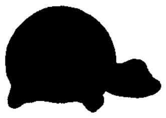

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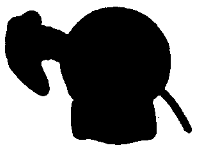
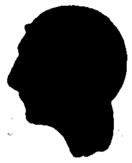
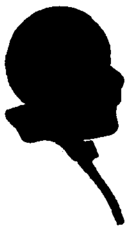


"Spark Plug," by Mrs. E. F. Rueff, 2648 10th Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.



Frederick Schmalz, Jr., 699 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.



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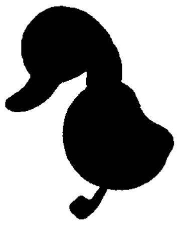
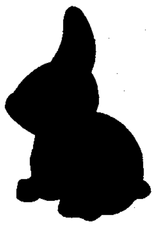


J. A. Wells, 65 Jones Ave., Morgantown, W. Va.



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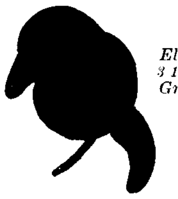

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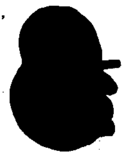
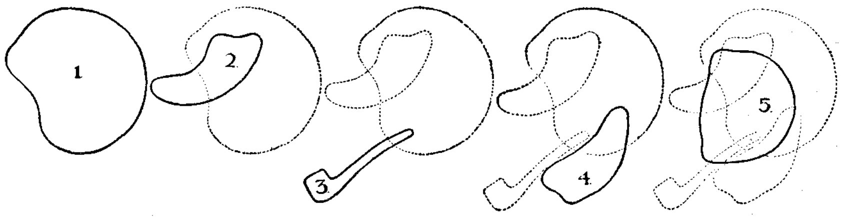
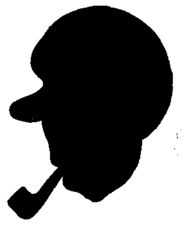


George Hodgdon, 901 Milton St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

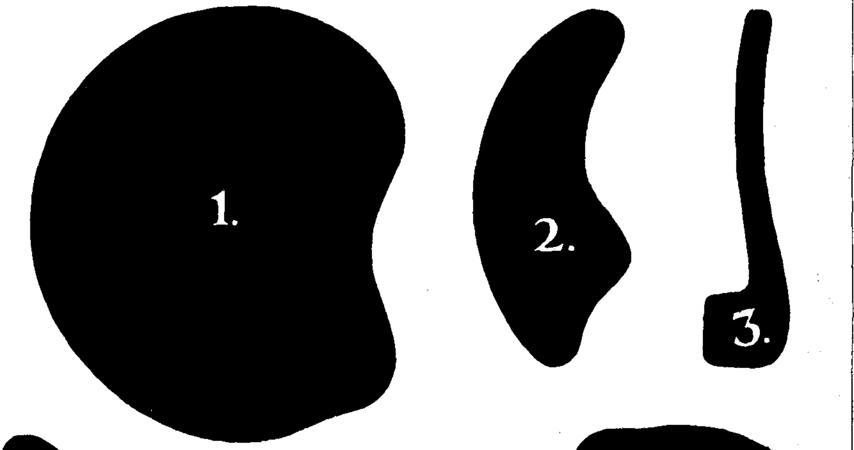


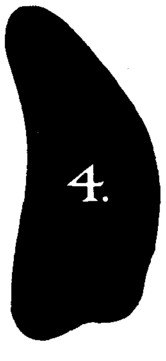
How to Do It

Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.



Here are the pieces—cut them out





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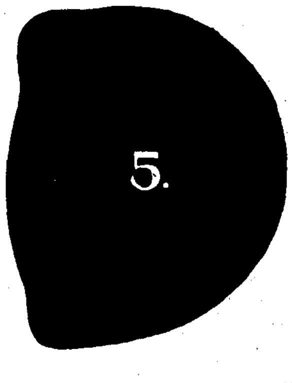


Excuse My Clouds

Continued from page 9

can get the additional flying time at the rate of $20 to $25 an hour if you use a school ship.

Of the slightly fewer than 6,000 pilots in the country today, only 26 are women. Many medical examiners and flying instructors claim women are not qualified to fly. They lack balance and attentiveness according to one doctor I interviewed: they are dumb, according to a pilot I questioned.

The chief pilot of a famous school told me: "There is no reason to believe that a bright girl will be any slower to learn than a bright boy. Yet the fact remains that in our experience the average male student has been ready to solo after seven hours; while the average girl has not been ready until she has had fifteen hours."

In a Tail Spin

You will be astonished by the light, slight touch with which an airplane is controlled. You can't steer it with a heavy hand. You must be sensitive to the movements of the ship. An expert pilot rides with his ship, fuses himself with it, as an expert horseman becomes part of his horse.

You will learn (and never forget) that the danger points are in landing and taking off. But once aloft there is precious little to do.

Your first thrill will be in your first bank. Suddenly the bottom of everything seems to be falling from under you; you clutch at the cowling and the earth appears below your third vest button. Just when you are ready to shut your eyes and die, a calm voice explains, through the headphone: "We are banking to turn."

You open your eyes, and fall in with a graceful settling of the ship as you fly in the new direction. A bigger thrill one day when the nose of the plane suddenly goes down, and you are rushing toward the ground down the windings of a giant corkscrew.

To make things worse the instructor's hands have appeared above his head. You are sure he has gone insane. Then the calm voice: "We are in a tail spin, falling out of control." . . . Good heavens, how can a man be so calm with death only yards away. Then the voice, just as calmly: "So I'll neutralize the stick; give it hard rudder in the opposite direction to our spin—and we'll come out—so." And you do—and you whistle and laugh to yourself, "Hellsbells, how long has this been going on—cinch!"

After six or seven hours the Chief Pilot takes you up for a check flight. He thoroughly tests out your knowledge, your judgment, your courage, your coolness, your skill. If there is the slightest doubt in his mind of your ability to solo *safely* he turns you back to the instructor. If not, he grins comradely at you and says: "O. K. You're ready to solo."

Your biggest thrill comes with your first solo flight. Your pride is beyond bounds. Ten hours of it, and you are ready for the Department of Commerce inspector. No use to hand this fellow a perfecto, and ask him how's the wife and kids. You've got to fly and write your way through this test.

Your examination for a private license will consist of two parts: First, written, on the air traffic rules and those portions of the Air Commerce Regulations pertaining to pilots' privileges and limitations and the inspection and operation of aircraft.

Then in the air. You must execute a series of five gentle and three steep figure eights from 800 to 1,000 feet respectively. With engine throttled, you must execute a spiral from an altitude of 2,000 feet and land in front of and within 200 feet of a line designated by the examiner. In addition you must make three satisfactory landings to a full stop.

The minimum passing grade in the written test is 70 and nothing less than perfection in the practical test.

You pass! Now you are all ready to enter upon that most interesting and enchanting adventure a man who earns his own living may find just outside his prosaic doorstep—the ownership of a private airplane and the freedom of the skies.

The whole glittering list of small planes flash before your eager mind, and flip their rudders tantalizingly—there's a bright blue Travel Air, a red and gold Arrow Sport, a blue and gray Commandaire from Dixie, a black and silver Eaglerock, a brown and gray Waco, an all-silver American Eagle, a red and tan Fairchild low-wing monoplane, a black and gold Monocuope, a red and gold Mohawk Pinto and a dozen others, equally good, equally tempting.

If you seek the Chief Pilot at the school where you learned to fly, he's on the line, watching fledglings. "I'm going to buy a plane," you tell him, "and my mind's in a tail spin. For Pete's sake help me to decide."

The Chief's chipped-granite eyes never waver from a soloing student: "For what purpose do you want the plane?"

"Well, just for pleasure flying. I want to come out to the field on fair Saturdays and Sundays, and any afternoon I can sneak away from the office, to take my wife and children and friends for hops. I want to take my family on short picnic trips across country. This summer I'd like to take them on an air tour of the country, when I get my two weeks' vacation. Then, I have my eye on a farm about a hundred miles up in the country. If I buy it, I'd like to use the plane to commute—"

What Type of Plane?

"In other words you want to use the plane more or less as you use your auto—except that you expect more from it?"

"Righto! Is that practicable?"

"Sure, for you, although until you've had a lot more experience take my advice and stay down on dirty days that wouldn't stop you from driving your car."

"All right. What type shall I get?"

"For what you want, I don't think it makes much difference whether you get a biplane or a monoplane. You can afford to forget design and think about beauty—so long as you make sure that the ship has a Department of Commerce Approved Type Certificate number plate, and a license number. Let your artistic soul have its head."

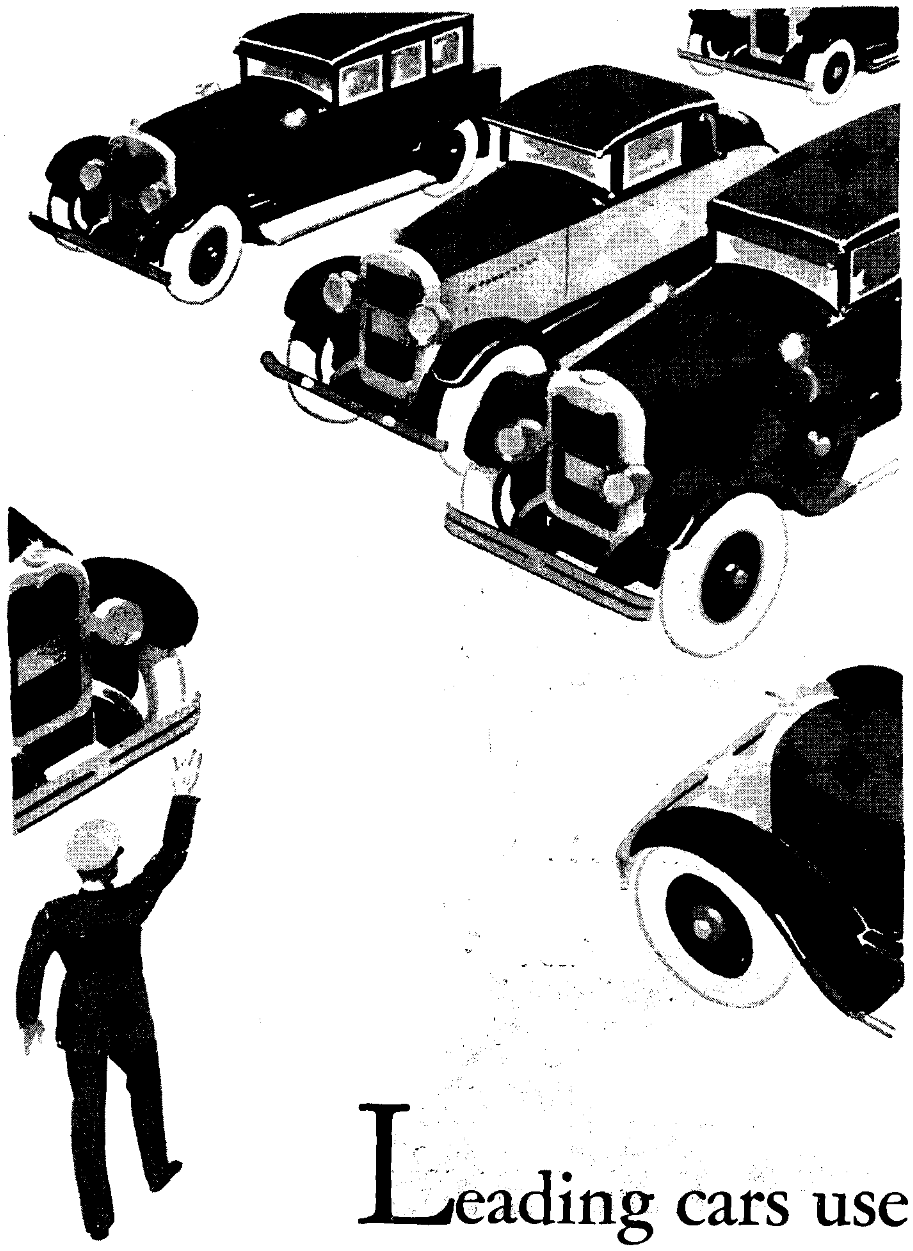
"Closed or open?"

"Ask your wife. You can decide this pretty much the same way you decided whether to get a touring car or a sedan."

"I have a 15-acre square lot on the farm. It's not precisely level. There are a few boulders. But when I have had them dragged out, and have touched the field up a bit—do you think it would make a good landing field?"

"Well, just remember that the average small ship has a gliding ratio of

(*Continued on page 64*)



Leading cars use this Quiet NEW Brake Lining

Johns-Manville Moulded offers every car owner an end to screaming brakes

It was not alone the fact that J-M Moulded Brake Lining ends screeching, noisy brakes that caused it to be chosen as factory equipment by seven famous car builders. Besides its quietness in action, J-M Moulded takes hold with a new smoothness—never grabbing, gently gripping yet with mighty force this new Johns-Manville Brake Lining will stop cars more safely, and go on doing so for more months, than was ever thought possible.

Leading cars—over a million of them—will be factory equipped with J-M Moulded during the next year. You can easily modernize your own brakes. J-M Moulded is now available for 150 cars and trucks, made by 41 manufacturers. Order it installed in your car at the first sign of worn lining. You will probably never have to buy any more brake lining while you drive the car.

Johns-Manville Moulded takes hold with a sure, safe grip for tens of thousands of stops.

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1¾ c. granulated sugar
⅛ tsp. cream tartar
½ c. boiling water
2 egg whites
½ tsp. Mapleine

Boil sugar, cream tartar, and water till it spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon (or 240 degrees F). Do not stir after mixture starts boiling. Pour syrup gradually over stiffly beaten egg whites, into which a pinch of salt has been added. Add the Mapleine, continue beating till mixture is thick enough to spread.

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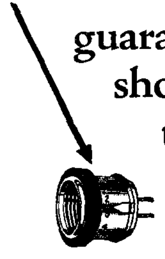

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(*Continued from page 63*)

eight to one: you glide eight feet forward for every one you come down. That is, if there are fifty-foot obstructions at the side of a field, your wheels won't touch until you've gone 400 feet into the lot. If your lot is only 500 feet long, that wouldn't do. Anyhow, if you can't land right at your country home, perhaps there is in the vicinity a suitable lot which you can get permission to use. And you might not be far from an airport. The Department of Commerce has 1,598 listed now, with 1,000 building.

Wearing Apparel and Accessories

"If you use your own lot for a landing field I'd suggest that you stick up a wind-sock. You can make one for a few dollars; or buy one for around $15. Then, in the center of the field, put a circle of pebbles flush with the grass and paint them white. And on each side of the field, the proper gliding distance in from the boundary obstructions, put a white spot. That will help you a lot in judging your landings."

"What sort of clothes will we need?"

"If you buy a closed ship, your ordinary clothes. If you buy an open job and fly it only in fair weather, helmets and goggles for yourself, your wife, children—this will give you a "spare" for friends. Windbreakers are comfortable. If you're going to do any winter hopping you'll need fur-lined flying suits and helmets for yourself and your passenger. Good summer helmets can be bought for around $3. The lined winter ones cost about $6 or $7. Fur-lined suits cost from $30 up."

"I'm wondering what accessories I'll have to buy for the ship. What instruments does the usual light ship come equipped with?"

"Air-speed indicator, altimeter, tachometer, to tell how many R. P. M.'s your motor is turning, oil pressure and motor temperature gauges, also a gasoline supply indicator."

"How about controls?"

"Some ships are standardized with dual controls—that is, a complete set of controls—stick, rudder, gas throttle and the like, in both cockpits. On others you have to pay about $75 for the extra set. My advice would be to get the single-control ship for private use; have the extra controls taken out if they're there. They invite accidents: passengers grabbing and freezing on to things they don't understand."

"Do I need any extra instruments?"

"If you're going to do much cross-country flying, with the possibility always of running into clouds of fog, I'd suggest a turn and bank indicator and a compass. The first will cost you about $200. The compass will cost you, say $50. And if you do cross-country flying you'll be easier in your mind if you have parachutes—one for you, one for your passenger. They will cost $250 and up."

"I don't like the thought of cranking the motor by the propeller. How about a self-starter?"

"The present self-starters are heavy. They weigh about 85 pounds, and cost about $200. That's why they aren't standard equipment. This year, however, I expect they will be improved, reduced, and made a part of standard equipment—perhaps by Department of Commerce orders."

"If my plane hasn't brakes—what then?"

"Order them! They help when landing in small lots. You can ground-loop—that is—swing your plane around like turning an auto around a corner, to avoid running into the end of the field. The brakes are useful in swinging your plane for a take-off run, too."

"What tools do I need?"

"The private light plane comes equipped with a full set of tools."

"Suppose I build a home hangar. What tools would I need?"

"No more than for your home garage. The only repairs you might have to make in a home hangar would be the soldering of a gas or oil line or the cleaning of spark plugs. A handbook for the motor, and a rigging blueprint of the plane, come with it. Study both."

"How much lubrication shall I have to attend to?"

"You'll find this much simpler than with your car. A little grease on the wheel hubs once in a while. And keep the rocker arms greased. That's all."

"How often should I have the motor gone over?"

"Oh, let them look over it for you at the hangar service say once a month. Perhaps once a fortnight to be absolutely easy in your mind."

"How often should I have a complete overhaul of the motor?"

"Once every 600 hours. That will cost you $150 to $250."

"What is the life of the motor?"

"The new air-cooled light motors you are getting this year ought to be good for 1,500 hours. At an easy cruising speed of 90—you'll get that easily if you put the new cowling on—that's 135,000 miles. Cared for, the ship itself ought to outlast 3 motors. That would be half a million miles."

"That's what I want to get at—mileage costs?"

"Twenty miles to the gallon ought to be average performance when the new 60 to 80 horsepower four or five cylinder motors become standard equipment on all light ships."

"How much does aviation gas cost?"

"About three cents more per gallon than automobile gas. Oil costs the same."

"How much will hangar space cost?"

"Twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a month. This includes servicing—I mean, the mechanics will watch your gas and oil, and will have the ship on the line and warmed up any time you set."

Budget for Plane Upkeep

"How about keeping the ship clean?"

"You can get it washed at the service hangar for from $2 to $3, depending on its size. About the same charges as at an auto laundry. Say, out of all these figures we ought to be able to make up a pretty accurate budget. Let's write it down."

He scribbles on a paper for a few minutes; talking to you the while: "If you use your plane three hours a day, three days a week, twenty weeks a year—and you certainly won't use it much more—that would be 240 hours. Add another 60 for incidental hopping. 300 hours will represent about 25,000 miles conservatively. Well, here's what we get," handing you these figures:

FUEL: Gasoline: 6 gals. per hour, 300 hours, 25 cents per gal.	$450
Oil: 1 qt. per hour, 300 hours, 25 cents per qt.	75
UPKEEP: Hangar rent: $30 a month, for 6 months	180
WASHING: once a month at $2.00, for 6 months	12
(Other six months store in your own barn, or dead-store it at public hangar for about $10.)	
MOTOR: Checking, routine, one hour fortnightly at $1.50, for 6 months.	18
Overhaul—half the cost of the bi-yearly complete servicing.	100
	$835

"Now, that's neither a minimum nor a maximum budget. You can save considerable if you do your own laundry work, and are enough mechanically inclined to do the minor engine checking.

"Then, again, a minor accident—if you are careless or have tough luck—might run the year's total up. For instance, if you nosed over on a bit of soupy ground you might wash out your propeller. A new one would cost around $150. If the old one merely required straightening, the work would have to be done by experts, who might charge $15—or $50."

"We haven't touched upon insurance," you remind him.

"Insurance is the sorest spot in the whole picture of private ownership right now, I'm sorry to say, but we're all hoping for a big break this year. Private plane insurance today is in somewhat the state that automobile insurance was seventeen years ago. Then you couldn't get liability coverage. Last year that item alone was an eight-billion-dollar business.

"It costs the average school or commercial operator close to $1,000 a year for complete coverage. Of course they require heavier protection than you do. I figure you should get complete coverage for your small ship and limited activities for about $750 this spring. But it will be several years before private plane insurance is down close to private automobile coverage."

"Well, now I know what's what. Thanks a lot."

"Glad to have talked it over with you. Don't buy or use any ship that isn't licensed. Don't take your plane off the ground without testing all the controls. Ever watch Lindbergh getting ready to take off?—he spends ten minutes testing everything as though he had never seen a ship before. Don't take anybody's word for it that you have gas and oil. Don't take chances. Don't stunt or show off—grandstand flyers have grand and early funerals. Now run along and buy your ship. And I give you the old-time flyer's blessing—I wish you—happy landings!"

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P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
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Will you not, in fairness to us both, accept a tube to try? 60 years of soap study stand behind its creation. 129 formulas were developed and discarded in perfecting it. It is different in five major ways from any other preparation you have ever used.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THOMAS H. BECK
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Managing Editor

Bigger and Better Bandits

IN HIS very first official utterance President Hoover said crime is increasing and that confidence in rigid and speedy justice is decreasing.

The new President added: "I am not prepared to believe that this indicates any decay in the moral fiber of the American people."

Of course it does not. Measured by any test you please our generation is as honest as were the men and women of any preceding time. In many respects we maintain higher standards than did our fathers and grandfathers. Business certainly has fairer rules. Government is less corrupt. Personal relationships are upon a franker and more honest basis. Yet undeniably it is true that crime is increasing and that confidence in rigid and speedy justice is decreasing.

What is the answer? What can we do about it?

Crime is increasing in the United States for at least three reasons.

First of all a great war is usually followed for some years by increased violence and corruption. After the Revolutionary War we had open rebellions in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and outlawry everywhere. After the Civil War crime increased spectacularly with the Tweed Ring in New York and corruption in Congress and in President Grant's Cabinet aroused the nation to the peril. The reaction after war always gives criminal elements new opportunities.

A second explanation of the present increase in crime is to be found in our high prosperity. So much money naturally tempts thieves and at the same time makes crime easier and more profitable.

Finally, prohibition is a tremendous factor in the present rise of the criminal elements. Whenever new offenses are created by new laws crime increases.

Sumptuary legislation, laws enacted to control habits and to improve conduct, inevitably invite crime in every country and at all times. Wherever a large and powerful group opposed to the law can be found, the law will be disregarded.

So simple is the explanation, but what are we going to do about it? We can't change history, and we don't want to diminish prosperity. PROHIBITION IS IN POLITICS AND NOTHING RADICAL WILL BE DONE ABOUT THAT DURING THE NEXT FOUR YEARS. What then can we do?

Most important, we can tackle the issue at home and not look to Congress or Mr. Hoover to save us. Under our system of government we have no right to expect the federal authority to do our police work. Accept our own responsibility and quickly crime will diminish.

Take these gang crimes which have been so shocking. Chicago, reviving an old word, calls its gangsters racketeers. Actually they are bandits. They exist wherever the government is weak or corrupt.

During the last few years the gangsters have been more audacious. Last year a legislative commission estimated that general crime cost us thirteen billion dollars. Business paid more to criminals than to the United States Government in corporation taxes.

Gangsters have invented new forms of stealing. The crime called racketeering is merely extortion. Various trades and industries are organized by gangsters.

The honest shopkeepers who resist this extortion are attacked by criminal gangs. Hundreds of bombs have been exploded in Chicago and in other cities in this warfare.

Commercial rates have been fixed by bombers and gunmen. A simple bombing in some cities can be had for as little as $50, a cold-blooded murder by machine gunners may bring $10,000.

Of course these gangsters are tied up with the liquor traffic but they existed long before prohibition.

They can be stopped by any community willing to fight them.

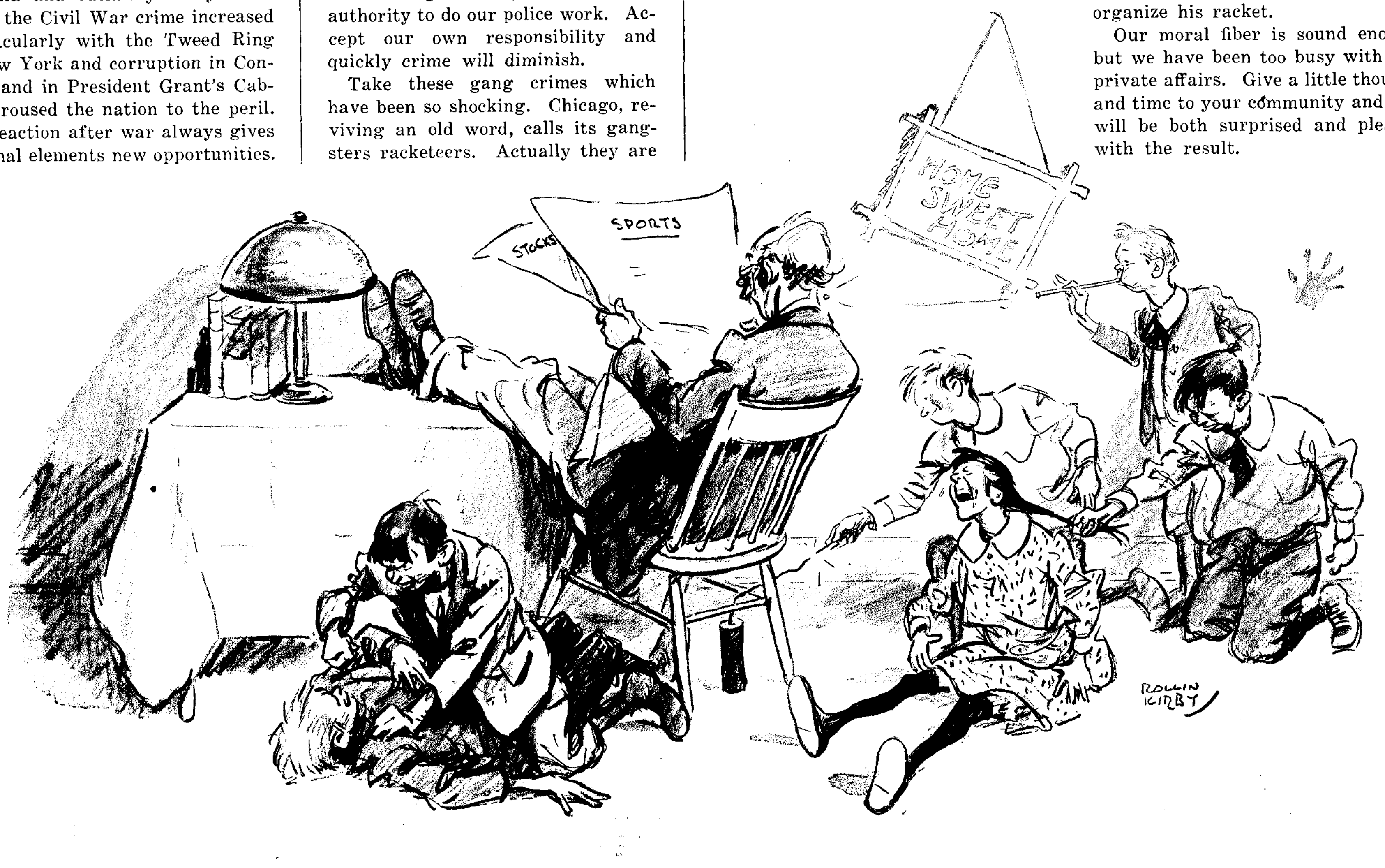
Criminals, after all, are a very small minority. They operate because the great honest majority are apathetic. Given an aroused public sentiment in any community and the mayor and police are quickly compelled to fight crime.

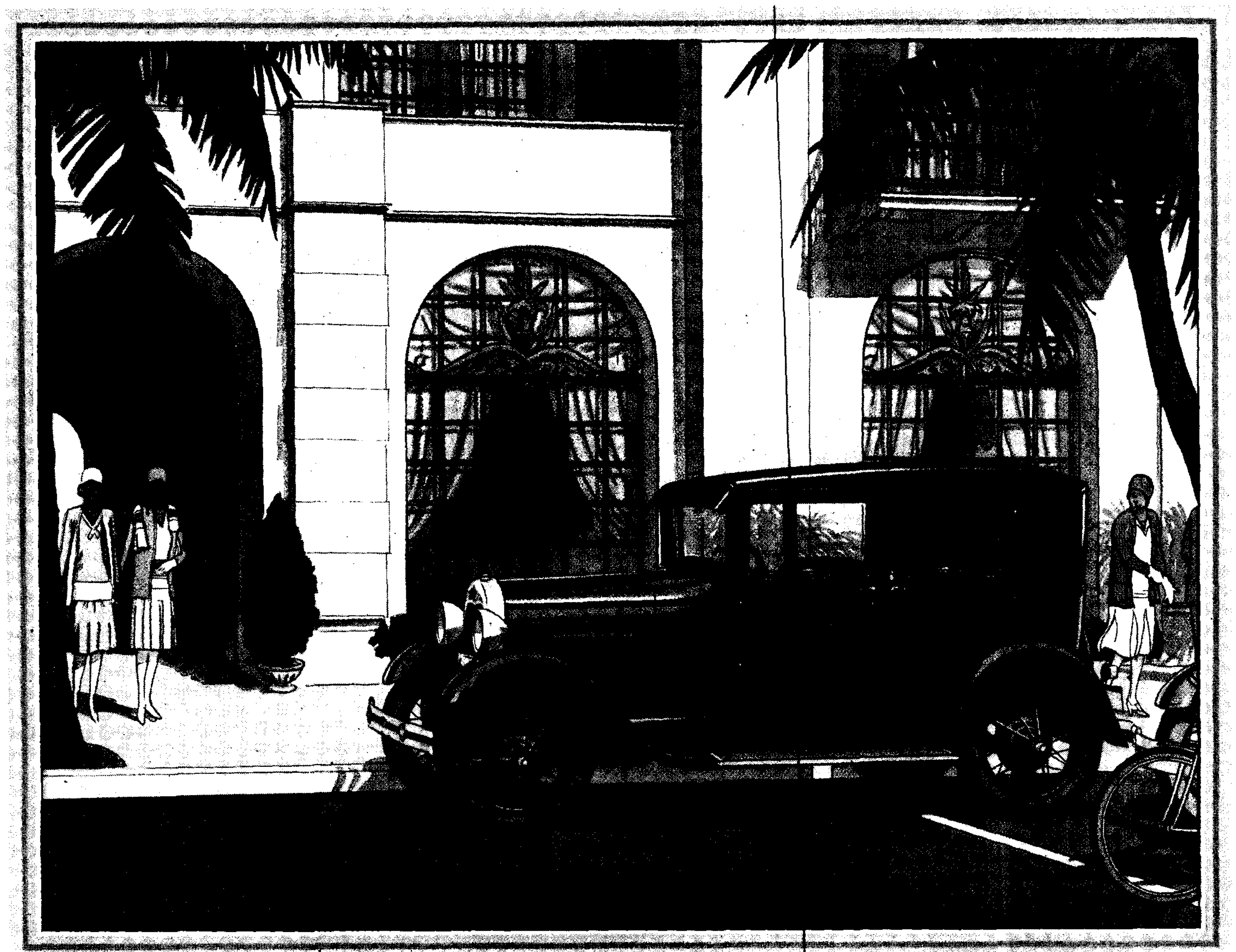
Gangsters prey upon unorganized industries and trades. Payroll robberies and murders occur when the police tolerate the existence of known gangs of criminals. The police may not have legal evidence of who committed a particular crime but they always know the criminal population.

The police and sheriffs, for the rural sections also suffer from these bandits, tolerate these gangsters only as long as we permit them to do so.

Remember that and if your community is being made the victim of some of these new criminals get together with your neighbors and friends and insist upon action. Let only ten per cent of the decent people of any community organize and without delay the criminals can be routed. Let a small group of honest men in any trade or industry get together and no gangster can organize his racket.

Our moral fiber is sound enough but we have been too busy with our private affairs. Give a little thought and time to your community and you will be both surprised and pleased with the result.





Fuel system of the new Ford has been designed for reliability and long service

The practical value of Ford simplicity of design is especially apparent in the fuel system. The whole purpose is to give you many thousands of miles of use without trouble of any kind.

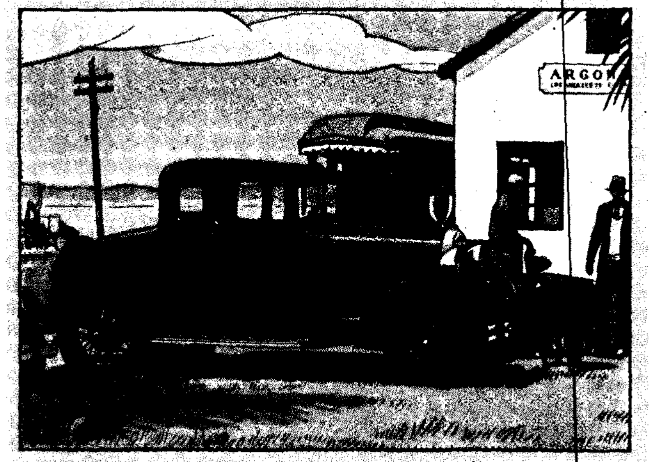
The very location of the gasoline tank is an example of this careful planning. It has been built integral with the cowl to permit the use of a direct gravity feed without any intermediate step—the simplest and most effective way of supplying gasoline to the carburetor without variations in pressure.

Because of the central location of the gasoline tank in the new Ford, there is no need of a long fuel line with its multiplied possibilities of trouble. The Ford fuel line, as a matter of fact, is only eighteen inches long and is easily accessible all the way.

The tank itself is made of heavy pressed steel, and is terne plated to prevent rust or corrosion. An additional factor of strength is the fact that it is composed of only two pieces, instead of the usual three or four, and is electrically welded—not soldered.

The carburetor in the new Ford also has many interesting features. It is unusually reliable in action because there are no moving parts in any way affecting the mixture. All adjustments are fixed except the needle valve and idler, so there is practically nothing to get out of order. "Keep-it-clean" and "don't tinker" are the two big things to remember in the care of the Ford carburetor.

The choke on the dash of the new Ford acts not only as a primer but likewise provides a convenient way for you to regulate the gasoline mixture and thereby increase gasoline mileage.



This new Ford is distinguished by the trim, graceful simplicity of its lines and the beauty of its colors. Without being extreme, it has struck a new note in automobile designing. Shown here is the new Ford Coupe.

For quick starting, the choke button should be turned one full turn counter-clockwise and then pulled outward, to be released the instant the engine starts. As the engine warms up, the choke should be turned clockwise until it is approximately ¼ turn open.

Throughout, the fuel system of the new Ford is so simple in design and so carefully made that it requires very little attention.

There are really only three things to do, at intervals of 1000 to 2000 miles. (1) Clean the sediment bulb. (2) Remove the carburetor screen and wash it in gasoline. (3) Take out the drain plug at the bottom of the carburetor and drain the carburetor.

Make it a point to have your Ford dealer look after these little details for you when you take the car to him for oiling and greasing.

A periodic checking-up costs little, but it has a great deal to do with long life and continuously good performance.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

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The Frigidaire Cold Control with six freezing speeds now installed on all new household Frigidaires.

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This new Frigidaire is quiet . . . so quiet that you don't hear it start or stop or run.

The cabinet is beautifully proportioned. Exterior is finished in enduring white Duco. All mechanical parts are completely enclosed yet easily accessible. No space need be wasted above it or around it . . . a decided advantage in the efficient modern kitchen. The interior is finished in gleaming white porcelain enamel with rounded corners to make cleaning easy.

Since the mechanical parts are at the bottom, the food shelves are all at a convenient height making stooping unnecessary. The ice trays have self-sealing fronts which hold the intense cold of the freezing unit.

Surplus power, characteristic of every Frigidaire, keeps the temperature constantly below 50 degrees on warmest days and when the preparation of meals makes the kitchen excessively hot . . . a feature vital to healthful refrigeration.

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